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BY SLEDGE TO THE MIDDLE AGES

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DEAREST FAMILY, —

You know I always did maintain, against the popular assumption and your grave doubts, that a woman could travel alone more easily than a man. A man is expected to look after himself and do things for himself, and besides he is often darkly suspected of being a spy or some sort of subterranean agent, and is in consequence cross-questioned and harried, examined and watched, until he begins to wonder himself if he has any right to be there. Whereas a woman alone, whether she wants it so or not, seems always to be an object of public concern and beneficence. In fact it seems probable that she could travel to any iniquitous city or barbarous country in the world and be convinced that it was full of kindly people. For everywhere there are some who take pleasure in good deeds and she is their involuntary target. To officials she can completely explain her 'profession' by the innocuous term of 'housewife,' and the 'purpose of her journey,' 'to join her husband.' These anyone can understand and warm to. Her existence is explained, her journey justified.

And now I feel as if this journey of mine were going to prove or disprove my theory forever, for I am sure that

nothing could be much more difficult for a woman to do alone than to set out across the snow wastes of Siberia in the dead of winter toward a vague spot in Central Asia with the ridiculous name of Chuguchak.

Do you remember how, less than three years ago, when Dorothy and I crossed Siberia on a comfortable modern express train, it seemed an adventuresome and daring journey fraught with unknown dangers? How ridiculously simple that seems now compared with what I am about to do! We would walk up and down the platform at stations like the one where I am now and feel delicious thrills at being in Siberia, and yet we felt so protected, knowing that we should jump back on to the train again and should n't have to leave it until we were safe in China. I should no more have thought of stopping in a town like this than I should of letting go Mother's hand and venturing across the nursery before I had learned to walk. Yet this morning I watched the Trans-Siberian express disappear into the snowy distance with a feeling of exaltation that now I was really in Siberia with a journey ahead of me into a region few foreigners have traveled.

I have been in Siberia, as a matter of fact, for four days now, but always

under the protection of the friendly express train. So far my journey has been beautifully simple and proved my theory to perfection, for it might easily have been difficult if the world were n't so full of those people who like to be nice to women traveling alone.

In fact I feel as if I had been handed along from place to place on a series of silver platters. In Peking, in the short week I had after Owen's wireless came from Urumchi, everyone set to work helping me, and with shoppings and packings and farewells I left there in a whirl. Then at Mukden a young Englishman, friend of a friend in Peking, tended to all the irksome business of transferring luggage for me, securing my reservation and seeing me safe on to my next train.

The train this time was on the Japanese line which runs from Mukden to Changchun, and had Pullman cars so exactly like those in America that it made me homesick, since I felt already out of China and yet not in America, for the porters were small and Japanese instead of big and black, and there were neatly folded kimonos and leather slippers supplied to destroy the illusion of the curtained berths.

From Changchun to Harbin I felt farther still from China, for the train and porters were Russian. The porters in the Harbin station were Russian, too, and wore big white aprons.

At Harbin I was looked after again by friends of friends, who helped me to secure my visa for Chinese Turkestan and changed my money, partly into yen for my railway ticket, partly into Harbin dollars for last odds and ends of shopping, and partly into rubles to use in Siberia; who entertained me delightfully and gave me introductions to people in Manchouli and here; and who saw me off at the station with fudge and fruit cake and mince pies.

I wish I could tell you about Harbin, as I am sure it is like no place else on earth. It is a Russian city in China, ugly and crass like other frontier towns, full of riffraff, and famed for the extravagance of its night life and its cabarets crowded with the débris of the Russian imperialist refugees and Chinese a little carried away by the feeling of race superiority given by their ability to domineer over the ragtag and bobtail of white Russians who form a large part of the city's population. The Chinese flaunt their Russian women in an attempt to live up to the youngsters of the American and European business communities, who flaunt their Russian women in an attempt to live up to the East.

In Manchouli on the Russian border I had to wait a day to arrange with the customs for permission to carry four cameras and a lot of films and photographic supplies through Siberia. I was met at the station by the Chinese postmaster and by Manchouli's only English-speaking inhabitant, the latter a most surprising person to find in that scraggly frontier town—a delightful hermit who raises goldfish and Angora cats and who entertained me charmingly in his little study lined with books and Persian rugs. All my meals in Manchouli I had with him and wished there might be more.

At Manchouli, too, I had my first experience of a Russian hotel, cold and ugly enough, where I managed to ask for tea and hot water, and where a price list on the door, which I laboriously spelled out with the help of my pocket dictionary, informed me how much I must pay for each, as well as for the towel and sheets and pillowcase which I had also ordered in my best phrase-book Russian, and how much I should have had to pay had I had a samovar or a bath.

While I was being entertained by

the friendly postmaster or the charming Englishman, by some mysterious means permission was obtained for all my luggage to go through uninspected and my ticket was bought, and I had only to wait in the station master's inner office while other passengers' suitcases were being emptied and their most private belongings exhibited to the public gaze. Then post-office coolies carried my luggage on to the train, where I discovered to my delight that I had a pleasant compartment entirely to myself.

On Russian trains one travels 'hard' or 'soft' or 'wagon-lits'—a 'hard' ticket entitling one to an unupholstered berth in a car much like a third-class sleeping car on the Continent, a 'soft' ticket to a berth in a well-fitted second-class compartment, and 'wagon-lits' to a place on one of the old international sleeping cars taken over by the Trans-Siberian and run only on the semiweekly express trains. I traveled 'soft' and found it clean and comfortable, probably more comfortable with my compartment all to myself than if I'd traveled grandly 'wagon-lits,' though I was amused to discover that I was looked down on socially by the other foreigners on the train, who spoke of it condescendingly as traveling 'Russian' in contrast to traveling 'international.'

Out of the window of my compartment was snow—crisp, sunny snow everywhere as far as I could see. Lake Baikal was buried deep, with little sleighs darting across it like black flies, and I wondered if they were anything like the sleigh that I should travel in after I left the railway.

It was a great lark to hop out at little stations in the tingling cold and eat a bowl of hot cabbage soup with sour cream in it at the station buffet, or buy a circle of hot fresh bread, new butter, and a little roasted chicken for

my supper from a peasant woman at a wooden stall.

After four sunny, snowy days of Siberia I reached here this morning and wished again that I were n't trying to carry quite so much luggage to the middle of Asia. Watching it on and off trains had become a dizzier process at every stop. Here it was speedily loaded on a sledge, and when I told the white-aproned porter I was waiting for the train to Semipalatinsk he trundled it half a block to a sort of left-luggage office and deposited it in a heap on the floor.

I had rather expected I should have to spend this eighteen hours' wait between trains sitting on it in the station, but I find that it would not have been allowed in the station at all, which is far too crowded with people to leave room for their luggage, so I am free of it till 3.45 in the morning, which is the ungodly time my train departs for Semipalatinsk.

The ticket office is closed till train time, and with my six phrases of the Russian language, the jam of passengers, and my jam of luggage I felt quite hopeless about ever getting it and me on to the train without assistance. I had a letter to somebody somewhere here, but when I looked out of the station door the city seemed a long way off and the day felt very cold. However, I took a deep breath and set out.

There was a row of droshkies across from the station. I chose the kindest-looking of the drivers and showed him the address on my letter. He answered with a torrent of language which I finally assorted into meaning that it would cost me five rubles to get there in a droshky, but I could go in an automobile for thirty kopecks.

'Where is the automobile?' I asked.

'I'll show you,' volunteered a small boy at my heels, and led me to the top

of the hill, where a motor bus was rapidly filling with passengers.

After a ride of twenty minutes all the passengers helpfully put me off at a street corner, and one of them, who was also dismounting, led me to a building the address of which corresponded to the one on my letter. A great many people lived in the building, none of whom seemed ever to have heard of the man I was looking for until one told me he had moved away, he did n't know where. Well, Nova Sibersk is a rather large city, and I was on a wide street of shops and public buildings; but, now that it seemed to be difficult, I wanted more than ever to find my friend of the letter. So I kept on showing people the name on the envelope and rather enjoyed the sensation of feeling like a waif. And after a while I was somehow shoved along to a large new office building and into a room filled with clerks and typists and up to a very busy and important-looking man at a desk in one corner. He was friendly and to the point.

'What do you want?' he asked.

'I want someone to buy my ticket and help me on to the train for Semipalatinsk to-night,' I answered.

'Very well,' he said, and spoke to a clerk.

In a minute a villainous-looking chap in a huge fur hat swaggered in. He looked like a very tough driver of a very big brewery wagon.

'This man,' said my friend, 'will do all you want. He will come to the station at ten to-night. Pay him three rubles for his services. Is there anything else?'

'No, thank you,' I answered gratefully, and came back to the station.

I am ensconced here in the first-class buffet, a small room with a fancy counter covered with fruit in piles and pastries in rows, and two long tables covered with once white cloths and

laden with rubber plants and Christmas trees in pots and silver candelabra and three-tiered cake plates, and surrounded by a varied collection of jaded travelers, all of the men in high boots and huge coats of every known kind of fur and fur hats, some of them quite as big as dishpans. And all of them have beards. Siberia should have been called 'Sibeardia'!

In the waiting room outside, too, there is a wonderful collection of humans — Buriats and Tatars and Mongols and others of the strange races who occupy corners of Siberia, many of them, in fur hats and tight-waisted coats and high boots, looking exactly like various versions of Santa Claus.

My guide may look like a ruffian, but he seems to have a good heart. He has just come in, though it is only three instead of ten, and has gallantly brought me some tea and cakes and settled down to be friendly. With the aid of my pocket dictionary we have been holding spirited conversation. He has no feeling for the alphabet at all, but is indefatigable in thumbing through pages of the dictionary until he finds the word he wants. He has told me how many Communists there are in England, in France, in Germany, and the total for the world, and has asked me numberless questions about both China and America. I am writing this while he looks up words in order to tell me something new and remarkable about Soviet Russia. 'Did you know John Reed?' he has just asked me. 'I worship him. He was Russia's wonderful friend.'

He has also been pointing out to me various individuals here in the waiting room and whispering to me darkly that they are 'white' and 'no true friends of Russia.' Then, pointing to a young woman across the table with whom I had been trying to talk before he came

in, he scrambled through the dictionary to point out to me that she was an 'entertainer of suspected persons.'

This city used to be called Novo Nikolayevsk until the people who no longer honor tsars changed it to 'New Siberia,' and it has been growing fast since the building of the branch railway to Semipalatinsk has brought Central Asian commerce here instead of by river to Omsk. And it is a New Siberia. I wish I could tell you what a feeling I have had of the difference between the people here and on the train and the Russians of the old Russia whom I have known in New York and Peking. The latter live so tragically in the past, whereas these people live so hopefully for the future.

But my ardent guide has brought me some soup, so I must change my pencil for a spoon. I'll write more on the train.

February 2

I am on the last train I'll see this year, and not only is it a very strange train, but I am very surprised to be here.

At ten last night my guide was still entertaining me when a woman with a shawl over her head came up and muttered in his ear. 'That's my wife,' he grinned. 'She wants me to come home. I'll be back before one to tend to your luggage.'

As my train did n't leave till 3.45 I had n't worried when at one he had n't returned. But a few minutes after one the 'entertainer of suspected persons' came rushing up to me, talking very excitedly, and others joined her, all trying to explain something to me in very rapid Russian, which I finally gathered to be that there was a rule that no baggage would be weighed and checked after one o'clock, also that the left-luggage room closed at one. Well, I knew that a rule was a rule in Russia.

I'd been running into them all day. No luggage allowed in the waiting room. No sleeping allowed in the station. It was almost as bad as America. I began to see visions of waiting another twenty-four hours in the station without sleeping, and knew it could n't be done.

By this time a crowd had collected, all trying to tell me what to do. But the young woman took me by the arm and marched me to the baggage room, where the man was just locking up. He was surly at first, but weakened at her tale of my sad plight and promised to wait till I could bring my stuff to be weighed. Then we rushed to the left-luggage office half a block away and found it locked. She banged on the door and a very cross man appeared, but she finally melted him too and he promised to keep open till we could find a porter.

But we could n't find a porter. She told my tale to every porter in the station, but they were all busy. Finally we went to the first baggageman with a second tale of woe. He was grumpy, but produced a porter, and the porter got my eleven pieces of baggage over in several trips, my efficient friend waiting at one baggage room and I at the other; it was weighed, I paid the excess, and we sat on it till train time, having kept both baggage offices open an hour after their closing time.

All this to prove that it is lucky for women traveling alone that there are so many Boy-Scout-intentioned people in the world.

Miss Entertainer of Suspected Persons was very friendly and saw me on to the train, which was a good thing, too, as the porter put me on the wrong car and there was a most awful fuss and I should n't have known what it was all about.

Just before the train started, who

should appear but the faithless guide, with a pathetic tale of how he had gone to sleep, and demanding his three rubles for what he had n't done; and since I could n't explain to a car of interested spectators about how he had n't earned it, it seemed easier to pay.

This train is all 'hard,' but I slept well on my broad berth, across from a frowzy woman in a red kerchief who ate raw fish in the middle of the night. We are jogging slowly across more fields of snow, stopping longer than we go and yet running quite according to schedule. This leisurely rate gives me long walks at the tiny stations, where I buy *piroshkies*, delicious hot meat pastries, and eat them as I walk and feel farther and farther away from anything I've ever known before. To-morrow I reach Semipalatinsk, the jumping-off place where I start my long trip by sleigh to Chinese Turkestan.

SEMI-PALATINSK, February 3

Life becomes more and more surprising. You'd be aghast at where I am living, but it's wonderful — a tenement room with a family of four and a dog and a cat and two boarders. And none of them can speak anything that I can speak, but just the same we have a merry time.

This journey is being so difficult that I feel more exhilarated and on top of the world each time I accomplish a stage of it. Whereas certainly the fact that I am here at all is no credit to me, but only because Russia is so full of nice people.

I must confess that when I reached here I felt somewhat as if I had come to a blank wall across my way, and that a rendezvous with one's husband at a place called Chuguchak in Chinese Turkestan seemed almost as impossible as everyone in Peking had told us it was. It must be possible. Chuguchak is on the map, and other people

go there. But it is four hundred miles away, across desolate wastes of snow. The road, they tell me, is well-nigh impossible and the cold terrific. To get there I must hire a sleigh and, if possible, I must find a traveling companion, as the sleigh drivers are unreliable and there are Kirghiz bandits on the road. And I'm sure I don't know how to accomplish all this. The people here seem horrified at the idea of my attempting it. Of course, lack of language is my chief difficulty, as my Russian is quite inadequate for anything so complicated.

My only move when I came to Semipalatinsk was to find a woman about whom I knew nothing at all except that her name was Kosloff and that her husband worked in the post office. I had met her brother when we were marooned in Kwei-hwa last summer and he had given me a letter to her.

When I arrived, after thirty-three hours 'hard,' and climbed out of the dim car into a glittering world of snow, I was assaulted by a mob of drivers all inviting me with howls to ride in their sleighs. They were mostly grinning red-skinned Orientals, Sarts or Tatars, and they had comic little sleighs about the size and shape of baby carriages attached to horses that looked huge and rawboned compared with China ponies. Beyond the sleighs was a white plain across which rose roofs and towers and church domes of the city.

The frowzy woman watched my luggage in the car while the porter made trips back and forth, and then she slid merrily off with her man in a tiny raft of a sleigh lined with straw. I picked the merriest driver; he piled his baby carriage with my luggage, and me perched on top, till I was certain we'd topple over. And sure enough we did, right in the middle of the plain. The sleigh turned quite over, the driver and

I and the luggage flew in all directions, and the horse ran away.

Everything retrieved, we drove into the city, across a great market place full of Russians and strange Orientals and stalls and carts of produce, past a wild-looking chap galloping in with a string of huge horses, the halter of each tied to the tail of the one in front, and to the post office, where I found Kosloff. He was cordial and sent me on home to his wife.

We drove up to a two-story unpainted log house and I banged on the front door to no effect. I went around to the back and a woman in a shawl pointed me up some steep stairs and through a door into a kitchen littered with dirty dishes, remnants of food, dogs, cats, and babies, where several women with rough red hands and faces were working. A merry roly-poly girl owned to being Mrs. Kosloff and took me into her little room, a typical tenement-house room where she and her husband, two small children, the dog and the cat, all lived together in grubby squalor.

The Kosloffs insisted on my staying with them, which seemed impossible, as, except for sharing a kitchen with the other occupants of the tenement, they had only the one room, which was nearly half filled with my luggage. But I saw they were going to be really offended if I would not accept their hospitality, so here I am. Mr. Kosloff has given me his bed, two boards on horses, Chinese style, and he sleeps on the floor.

Mr. Kosloff came home at four and we had dinner — a *piroque*, which was a sort of fish pie, soup, and little birds. We sat on packing boxes around an oilcloth-covered table. There were n't enough dishes and everything was dirty, but it tasted wonderful, as it was my first real meal since leaving Manchouli a week ago. Mrs. Kosloff feeds

two men who live in the next room, as well as her own family.

It is easy to see that the Kosloffs have not always lived as they do now, and I liked their manner of being apologetic about and at the same time unashamed of their poverty. We have had great fun laughing over our pocket-dictionary conversations, and they have told me a little about themselves. At the time of the Revolution many of their friends and relatives fled from Russia and some took an active part in General Anenkoff's attacks against the Bolsheviki from across the Turkestan border. They themselves were undecided whether to attempt to flee to America or remain in Russia, but could not bear the idea of living in any other country and so stayed on, hoping for the gradual return of prosperity under Communist rule. The Communists, however, were suspicious of them because of their many connections with imperialists. For a while Mr. Kosloff was imprisoned and later had much difficulty obtaining work, and, while he has become a thoroughly loyal Communist, it is only very recently that he has been really trusted by his party.

They seem very confident that better times are coming soon, and suffer their poverty cheerfully for what they consider a great cause. The two handsome youths who board with them, now actors in a local company, also talked of Communism ardently and with the idealism of youth, and the little girl proudly showed me pictures of Lenin in her schoolbook.

February 4

I slept well on my board bed, and helped wash last night's greasy dishes in a saucer of water with no soap and dried them with a dirty rag. Then we had breakfast of the cold remains of the fish pie, tea, and bread and butter.

The room was cold, shivery cold, and the baby spread his tea over most of the table and hit us all with his spoon. They feed him all the sugar he yells for. Neither the dog, the cat, nor the baby is house-broken.

After breakfast we made a gesture of cleaning up and Mrs. Kosloff took me to the Soviet House to register. It was bitter cold, but sunny. It all looked exactly as a Siberian town should look — houses of plaster or log lining wide snowy streets that lead to a green-domed church. On the way home we stopped in the market to buy fresh butter and honey and black bread. Everywhere I have been in Siberia food seems plentiful and very cheap, though other prices are high. It was there in the market place, with its frontier mixture of races and costumes and its camels and horses and ponies, that I realized that I was really at the gateway of Central Asia.

Mrs. Kosloff enterprisingly accosted every group of Orientals we met while we were out to ask if they had come from Chuguchak and how they came and what the road was like. They all reported that the road is bad and cold and that it takes from ten to twenty days to make the trip. We've followed several clues as to possible drivers, all in vain, and now I feel balked and discouraged and at a loss what to do next. I was told at the Soviet House that I must leave Semipalatinsk in a couple of days in order to cross the border before my visa expires.

But what really worries me is that I can't get in touch with Owen and so have no way of knowing if he has been able to get to Chuguchak himself. I expected to find letters or a telegram here, but none have come. There is a telegraph line from here to the Turkestan border, from which messages can be sent by courier to the Russian consul in Chuguchak to be delivered if

advisable. I sent two messages, but no answer has come. He had wanted to come here to meet me if he could get a Russian visa, but there has not been time for him to do that since he wirelessed me from Urumchi, and as my visa is expiring fast I can't wait on the chance that he will come. But it would be tragic to pass him on the way. It is all very confusing.

February 6

Suddenly I seem to be on my way. Instead of living in the Kosloffs' merry, grubby tenement I am sitting on the felt-covered floor of a mud-walled low-ceilinged Kazak hut, with scarcely enough light to write by at nine o'clock in the morning, for the hut is buried in snow.

But first I must tell you how I got here. Yesterday morning, still no telegram, and only one day left. My Russian friends had failed to find a sleigh for me, so I determined to look for one myself. I went first to the Chinese consulate, thinking that they must have made arrangements there for Chinese travelers passing through and might be able to help me. The consul was cordial, and I was so stirred to find someone with whom I could talk that my Chinese has never been so fluent.

He told me that a courier from the consulate was starting out that very afternoon, traveling down with some cargo, and that I could go with him if I wished. I shied a little when I heard 'cargo,' knowing how slowly freight usually travels, but he assured me that we should n't be more than ten days on the road. He spoke of it as a wonderful opportunity, and yet when it came I was almost afraid to take it because I had n't heard from Owen. I explained my fears to him and he reassured me again, saying that even if he had started from Chuguchak I could n't miss him, as there was only one road

and everyone traveling it stopped at the same inns at night. So he called the courier, a merry Chinese youth, and it was all arranged on the spot that a sleigh would call for me at three that afternoon.

It was then twelve. Mrs. Kosloff dumped the baby with a neighbor and went out to help me buy food for the trip and big felt boots. Everyone in Siberia wears felt boots to the knees, huge and shapeless and awkward to walk in, but the only things to keep feet warm in this bitter climate. I tried on a dozen pairs in as many little stalls in the market before I found some that were in the least comfortable.

The sleigh was waiting when we got home, and Mr. Kosloff with a bottle of vodka, which he said I must drink when I got cold but must not give to the drivers. I packed and got into my furlined leather suit in a great rush and swallowed some dinner and kissed all the Kosloffs. They had been so generous and hospitable that I wished I could have done more for them than leave some clothes behind that I said I had n't room for.

We drove to the inn from which we were to start and found fourteen sledges in the yard all loaded with crates of matches. It seemed that the courier and I were supposed to perch on top of the matches. The consul had told me that the courier was taking two sleighs and that I should have one all to myself, but the courier assured me that fourteen sledges were better than two because of bandits, and he had the drivers arrange one of them more comfortably for me.

The sledges are crude triangular little rafts made of a rough network of small logs and dragged along on very low runners. The usual passenger sleighs have covers over them, something like a Peking cart, and are pulled by two horses, but these were

quite uncovered, and as they were heavily loaded and had only one horse apiece my heart sank to think how slowly they would travel.

The Russian drivers, who look like pirates but seem to be good-hearted enough, fixed a little nest for me, put straw on the logs and my bed roll on top of that, and matches and my luggage all around the edge. There is n't room to stretch out my legs, so I get cramped, but it is better than being exposed to the weather.

They were hours getting ready to start, with a great bustle of roping boxes and feeding horses and mending harness. The sun had set and I thought they were really ready at last when everyone yelled 'Chai pit!' ('Drink tea!') and we all piled into the low, dark little inn. It was full of men sitting around long rough tables, and fitted exactly my picture of what a den of bandits ought to look like. The men were swarthy and unshaven and were dressed in rough, dirty sheepskin clothes with gay sashes around their waists.

A red-bearded chap at the head of one table, evidently the innkeeper, was settling accounts with a crowd of men, which consisted in much shouting and pounding of the table till I thought there'd be a riot. At another table there was a huge samovar and men were drinking tea out of wooden bowls and munching hunks of black bread. They called to me to sit down with them and gave me a bowl of tea and sugar for it. They all seem to know the Chinese courier, and call him 'Kitaiski,' which means 'Chinese.'

We were off at last, about seven. The drivers tucked me into my sleeping bag as far as I could get with my big boots and fur suit and big fur coat on top of that, and covered me over with fur and canvas till I thought I could never get cold, though the town

thermometer registered forty degrees below zero Fahrenheit when we left.

I could n't see out of my nest at all, and we went crunching along on the snow with bells jingling for what seemed like days and nights before we stopped. And when we did I was so numb that I could scarcely struggle out from under cover. When I got my head out the world seemed very weird indeed — nothing but wide stretches of snow in every direction. Misty flurries of snow were falling and there was no light but the light from the snow. The air felt biting cold on my face. In the dim white light I could see that the drivers were unhitching the horses, which seemed mysterious, as there was no sign of any shelter.

Then I saw that they were leading them into a black hole in a snowdrift. Kitaiski went in, too, and I tumbled out of my sledge and followed him. He lit matches so I could see a little. We were in a great low square cave full of horses, on the far side of which was a mud wall and a little door in the wall about three feet high. It all seemed like the weirdest kind of an Arabian Night — out of a completely white and empty world into that black cave of horses, the flare of a match lighting it a little way; the brown side of a great horse, heads of others; then darkness and stumbling till the next flare.

Then the little door pulled open and we climbed into another wide low room, smoke-filled, and lit with candlelight and firelight. Near the door a scrawny woman in a loose dirty white cotton garment and a once white kerchief was stuffing great branches of twigs into a crackling fire in a low mud fireplace. Behind her, in the centre of the room, was a round table about a foot high with a samovar beside it and pirate drivers sitting around it drinking tea. In dark corners sleepy heads were appearing from under bed covers and

brown arms and legs struggling into white clothes.

Kitaiski led me into an inner room, where the floor was covered with felts and a dozen figures were sleeping. I looked at my watch and it was two o'clock. Kitaiski helped me bring in my bed roll and I was soon asleep on the floor.

I was half conscious of a good deal of talking and shouting and opening and closing of doors all night, but the first time I really wakened daylight was beginning to creep in through the one tiny window, where a shaft was dug from the surface of the snow. An old woman crawled out from under covers on a wooden bed against the wall. I watched her dress and wash in a basin of water and go over to the little window, kneel, and bow her head to the ground, muttering prayers all the while, all this in the half dawn. Then children began to cry and other women appeared and dressed them. They brought out a low round table and a samovar and invited Kitaiski and me to have tea with the family.

I fished a loaf of bread out of the sack in my sledge to eat with my tea, and it was frozen as hard as a lump of ice. The old woman put it on the top of the samovar to thaw.

Kitaiski tells me these people are Kazaks, a tribe of Kirghiz. The Russians call them all Kirghiz, but the true Kirghiz live mostly in the Pamirs. They are Mohammedans, though not very strict about it. He can talk their queer guttural language. The women wear white kerchiefs with a square of red embroidery under the chin and loose calico clothes, full long gowns and tight short-skirted jackets, and silver rings, bracelets, and earrings.

The only pieces of furniture in the room are two wooden beds, curved up at the ends like a Chinese sacrifice table, but lower and wider. They are

painted in gay colors and piled high with different-colored felts and quilts that were used by the members of the family, who slept on the floor.

The outer room, where the drivers slept and had their tea, is also occupied by cats and puppies and chickens and tiny lambs in pens. There are saddles and harnesses and queer crude implements hanging on the walls, and a fire of twigs is crackling in a little mud stove.

It is very cold outside and the wind is blowing bitterly. I have always thought of Siberia as a land of exiles, chain gangs, desert wastes, cold, strange people, and strange languages, and this really feels like that Siberia.

February 7

Life is gorgeous and wonderful. We're having weather. Weather always stirs me, and now I am not watching it through a windowpane. I have been right in it all day, with no roof over my head. All day there has been a snowstorm, a real blizzard, biting wind and whirls of snow, but the horses struggle through it, the drivers shouting and whistling to them and beating them out of holes in the road. The road is scarcely a road at all, but only a long trail which goes up and down like a roller coaster over endless stretches of snow. We bump and bounce along, half the time along the side of hummocks at almost right angles with the earth. Most of the sledges

have completely capsized during the day and I expected mine to at any minute with all my luggage on top of me, but I finally learned, as one does in a sailboat, that just at the minute one is sure it will capsize it usually rights itself.

I had to stay under cover most of the time because of the icy wind, so I just jounced along and trusted in the gods.

There was always something the matter with one or another of the sledges, so that we stood still more than we went, and at five, when we reached another Kazak hut, we had traveled only twenty versts. Kitaiski says there are huts or little mud villages all along the road where we shall stop to rest. They are the only shelter on the way and are from twenty to thirty versts apart, thus dividing the road into what the drivers call *stanka* or stages. To-day we have done only one *stanka*, whereas, if we are to reach Chuguchak in ten days, we need to cover two or three a day.

Our lodging to-night is much like last night's except that it is smaller and dirtier. When I went out this morning I saw that we were in a tiny village of huts all buried in the snow, and to-night we are in its exact duplicate. All that is visible is doors in the snowdrifts and chimneys sticking out the top. There are sledges at them all, and it seems quite hopeless to think of finding Owen on the road if he has started.

(To be continued)

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE MODERN MIND

A PREFACE

WE met in England. A mutual friend presented me. I still recall the words of introduction: —

‘John, here is an American priest who will listen to you!’

Almost immediately the scholarly-looking clergyman and I fell into a discussion of religion. He heard my case with a tolerant, even a sympathetic air. It took a little while to tell the story of my Catholic training as a child and my attraction to Anglicanism at the age of fourteen. Afterward the discord of my years as a student of the Jesuits was sounded.

Then came a description of the confusing, baffling influences — Dante, Francis of Assisi, Martin Luther, Emerson, Carlyle, Huysmans, William James, Chesterton, Fogazzaro, Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, Dr. Roderrick MacEachen, Dr. John A. Ryan. I told him how disturbing Darwin had been to me, and I was conscious of his look of thoughtful sympathy as I sentimentalized over Durtal in *En Route* and philosophized over *Varieties of Religious Experience*.

During those formative years my quest was the purest modern reflection of primitive Christianity. At first the twentieth century’s Catholic image had struck me as being innocently distorted; later it appeared to be deliberately false. There was no trace of apostolic footprints in the present-day unevangelical field of Catholic Theology. Although admiring the Christian economics of the early Church, I marked in despair how the Christlike voice of Dr.

John A. Ryan of the National Catholic Welfare Council cried in an American Catholic wilderness.

I made a clean breast of everything. I told how my religious bark drifted into Christian Science waters soon after my graduation from a Catholic college. Not to anchor there. It tarried merely long enough to take on another cargo of doubt, and was caught once more in the swift current of Anglicanism. ‘High Church,’ although it did not satisfy my intellect, brought some meed of balm. Dogma had not sealed the stained-glass windows. There was a sweep of air, and I could breathe.

Finally I spoke of residence at Rome. Throughout my life Rome’s titles carried certain messages to me: ‘Mistress of the World’; ‘The Holy City’; ‘City of the Popes’; ‘The Eternal City.’ Once I had gone so far as to invent my own title — ‘The Tabernacle of the World.’ My childish imagination had visualized Rome as the central tabernacle, the holy of holies, in the white marble altar of universal Catholicism. Perhaps this focal point of a world religion, through some divine magic, might mend the shattered vase of faith. Ave Roma!

But for me in those youthful years Rome proved not the world’s tabernacle but the ‘kitchen of the Pope,’ as the pamphleteers used to call it. The odor was not of sanctity. Thousands of pots were kept boiling. There were politics to brew and clericalism to stew. Skilled hands prepared the bill of fare for the world-wide Church.

Everywhere Catholic clergy and laity would follow it — everywhere but in Italy itself. Vale Roma!

I was no stranger to Rome. My experience both as American press correspondent and as an official of our government afforded me unusual opportunities for observation and study. The conclusions of the late twenties were not the results of an emotional Cook's tour of Italy, but the silted knowledge of several years in Rome.

Gradually my Catholic faith had left me. My spirit, long troubled, was become strangely quiet. For the moment I was an agnostic. But my agnosticism was not the end but the beginning of constructive thought.

It was just a month after I had left Italy that I met the American priest in England. The attraction of mediæval church architecture had drawn me to the English cathedral towns. We stood together in the vast nave of Canterbury. In the past there had been other clergymen upon whom I poured the mingled currents of my soul. Not many — six or seven, perhaps; all Roman Catholics save one Episcopal bishop of happy memory. The Romans had become instantly 'professional.' I was a 'lost sheep,' or an 'intellectual upstart.' One beautiful exception there was — an American Jesuit of 'the understanding heart,' now dead, whom I had met in the Gregorian University at Rome.

And now here was this indulgent 'Father,' standing in the shining beauty of the reredos of Canterbury! My youthful rationalism touched but did not revolt him. He was human enough to hear my dilemma and divine enough to comment upon it intelligently.

'Do you go to church now?' he kindly asked when I had finished.

'Occasionally to an Anglican service,' I replied. 'But even there I find that one is invited to sleep upon the stuffy

pillow of Theology. The fact that Theology has all but smothered religion in the Roman Church does not seem to trouble or influence anybody.'

At this remark the good Father's eyes lighted with sudden humor. For a moment only. The smiling twinkle passed and he spoke seriously.

'That's right. You are an apprentice. Go to some church and manifest a good intention toward the Master. In the end the God of humanity will set your topsy-turvy religious house to rights. Love is the divine housekeeper.'

'Do you mean, Father, that there is no essential error in individual religious thinking?'

'I say, my son, that there is essential religious error in your *not thinking*. The more highly organized, the more ecclesiastically authoritative the Church is, the less conspicuous the religion of good works among its members. Scientific history will not bear false witness against its neighbors!'

That was all. The priest went his way and I went mine. He took my American address, but did not offer his own. I had nothing but his ordinary family name. The time was almost a decade ago.

Upon returning to the United States I made some confidential inquiries about the background of this priest who so instantly and completely understood me. The findings had interest and significance. He was a prominent professor at a Catholic college in the West. For thirteen years his public writings on religious subjects had enjoyed the episcopal imprimatur of approval. To the hierarchy's outer eye he was orthodox, or at least sufficiently orthodox to be tolerated.

Indeed, I found out more than this during the investigation. Extraordinary facts came to light. The priest-professor was one of a growing number of Catholic clergymen who in their

14 THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE MODERN MIND

own consciences were interpreting the Church in terms of personal experience and modern science. The fetish of ecclesiastical authority grew more and more difficult to bear. Some opposed celibacy and advocated marriage for the clergy. Some favored public-school education over parochial-school education; they recalled the late Archbishop Ireland's opposition to the existing parochial-school system and declared that time had 'proved Ireland right.'

'Why has this state of things been kept a close secret?' I asked a Catholic physician known throughout the country. He was startlingly frank.

'Because Catholic modernists on this side of the water as well as on the other side hope for a peaceful religious revolution in the Church itself. Were they to reveal themselves at this premature date, they, like Luther or the more recent Loisy, would be forced from the Church. Their Catholic influence would be gone. For officially they would be non-Catholics. As non-Catholics they would have no effective approach to nonthinking Catholics.'

'But what about conscience?' I heard myself asking.

'We are acting not only in the light of reason but according to the instinct of conscience as well. Catholic modernism is nothing but an honest and holy attempt at the resurrection of the undogmatized Church of the first three centuries. Catholics like that priest-acquaintance of yours are the true Christian Catholics of to-day.'

The material concerns of a workaday world began to fill my nights and days. I paid too little heed to my innermost self. Indeed, I became almost indifferent to it. I smile as I remember the reminders of well-meaning friends. In my Christmas stocking there was always a highly polished replica of the rock of Peter. A kindly relative preached this annual sermon in stone.

The gesture amused but could no longer convince me.

Nevertheless, certain religious impulses would not be suppressed. Under their propulsion the business of living for others as well as for myself became a kind of religion. Just when I supposed I had done with formal controversy, life turned and laughed at me.

I received a packet from the half-forgotten priest of Canterbury. It was a sheaf of manuscripts in a paper folder. The postmark was an isolated monastic town in Central Europe. The writer, in a covering note, identified himself as the helpful acquaintance of long ago. He wrote briefly and to the point: —

It must be almost ten years since I heard your confession in the Canterbury Cathedral. Will you hear mine now? Afterward, try to publish it anonymously. There might be strengthening inspiration in it for some dying soul. It is the life breath of my spirit, though my body, like a wheel, whirls on.

(Signed) FATHER —

I am thus become the literary executor of a living man.

The unexpected appointment staggered me. My ears were no strangers to the requests of the dying. But never was there such a last wish as this. There was something thrilling in the message, as of the last request of a dying soul.

I read the articles, read and reread the message. It seemed a voice beyond the grave. A moral compulsion seemed to be in the call. Here was a command which no man must gainsay.

It is in this mood that I have given these four papers to be published in successive issues of the *Atlantic*. Explicitly they are a modernistic philosophy of the Roman Catholic religion. In their implications they form an appealing autobiography of a wounded and loving human soul.

JOHN HEARLEY

I. AN ANCIENT PRIESTHOOD IN A NEW WORLD

THE series of papers of which this is the first is designed to constitute constructive criticism. In preparing them I have not been animated by any sense of bitterness or resentment. Contrariwise, I am prompted by love for the dear old Church to which I owe allegiance. She has been a tender Mother, not only to me, but to my ancestors; to them in a land where fealty to her often entailed the throes of persecution. Had I loved the Church less, my pen might have remained listless.

In fact, I have written not one word against my Church. The abuses which I attempt to delineate refer no more to the Church than they do to Christ. They are the barnacles which have grown on the bark of Peter through long centuries. I am writing, therefore, in the hope that those constituted in authority may come to see the necessity of dry-docking.

For obvious reasons I am constrained to take shelter behind the screen of anonymity. To reveal my identity would not aid the cause which I have at heart. With no name attached, the articles will necessarily be judged by their content alone. The issue will not be confused by the intrusion of a personality.

I

Why don't priests marry? Priestly celibacy is the great paradox of Catholicism. The Church insists upon the supreme importance of family life. Her priests are exhorted to be moral patterns for the people. It is not, then, a question why priests do not marry. The great problem is, Does a bachelor priesthood fit into the scheme of the modern world? Not only the lay mind, but that of many a cleric, pauses to reflect upon this grave issue.

Celibacy of the clergy does not touch directly upon the sphere of dogma. It is purely a matter of discipline. The fact is that there are thousands of priests to-day who are living in the marriage state with the blessing and sanction of Mother Church. These belong to the Ruthenian or other Oriental rites. Many of these dwell with their wives and children here in the United States.

When the ecclesiastical law of celibacy was first promulgated is not known. It is, however, not ascribed to Evangelical or Apostolic origin. Christ healed Saint Peter's mother-in-law. Hence the Prince of the Apostles was a married man. The New Testament argument for celibacy is taken from Saint Paul (I Cor. vii. 32-33): 'He that is without a wife is solicitous for the things of the Lord, how he may please God: But he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife, and he is divided.' The context here, however, clearly shows that Saint Paul was speaking to 'all men,' without special reference to the clergy. No law of celibacy prevailed in the early centuries. An attempt at the Council of Nicæa (325 A.D.) to formulate such a law failed.

Be that as it may, the rule of celibacy is taught in all its force to-day. In these later times it has even achieved a certain dogmatic position. The teaching is that the vow of celibacy is implicitly contained in the ordination to the diaconate. It may surprise many to learn that priests do not pronounce a vow of celibacy. Nor are they questioned upon the subject at ordination. Every candidate knows, nevertheless, what is expected of him. The young Levite has been carried from his early

youth upon a wave of pious fervor and enthusiasm. He has been taught that he is choosing the better part. He is aspiring to a nobler estate, from which the 'baser' concerns of the flesh are excluded.

Most priests have made their decision to renounce the world and its pleasures, particularly those 'lesser joys' of marital life, when they were as yet children. It is the custom to seek out likely boys who manifest signs of piety and to convince them that they have a vocation to the priesthood. This vocation is supposed to represent some mystic calling from God. Yet it is practically of Catholic doctrine that the priestly vocation consists in the official call to ordination which comes from the bishop. However, many boys of twelve or fourteen are admonished to follow the vocation which has 'manifested itself' (*sic*) in them. Sometimes they are even threatened with the loss of their soul if they fail to follow the divine call.

It is a particular mark of zeal on the part of priests and bishops to 'foster vocations' among the youth subject to their care. Lately a nation-wide campaign for vocations was conducted in the United States. If a boy consents to become a priest, he will be taken gladly and educated free of charge as soon as he completes the grades. Bishops order special collections for this purpose each year, at Pentecost. Of late years many bishops have established colleges particularly to develop vocations. The tendency is to segregate these youthful candidates from secular students. It is thought thus to guard them against the danger of losing their priestly vocation. There might be such a loss were they too much in contact with worldly-minded boys, not blessed with a vocation. Some zealots would fain apply the Italian method. In Italy boys are taken at ten or eleven years of age,

clothed with the priestly habit, and then kept apart from the seductions of home and the outside world in general. During the vacation they spend the time at a country place under the surveillance of priestly masters.

The present course of instruction prescribed for priestly candidates extends over a period of twelve years. Six years are required for classical studies, foremost among which is Latin. Then follow two years of scholastic philosophy and four years of theology. These latter six years constitute the seminary course proper. It is a course which embraces practically no modern elements. It is mediæval in character. In the first two years Aristotelian philosophy in its scholastic dress is the form and basis of the course. Modern philosophy, psychology, and the infinite research of the last two or three centuries find little place in this sacred curriculum. The philosophical textbooks are written in Latin, as are the theologies. Professors are enjoined to deliver their lectures in Latin, though they may afterward use the vernacular to explain the meaning. In theology the Church has prescribed a textbook compiled by Saint Thomas seven hundred years ago. However, modern Latin commentaries on the work are permitted. Besides theology, the students are given courses in Scripture, church history, canon law, and liturgy. In all these studies they are simply supposed to memorize the ideas handed down by great minds which have gone before.

In the whole course of this education no individual thought is required, nor for that matter permitted. In the texts the problems, thought out centuries ago, are stated. Then follow the proofs and the line of argumentation, covering Scriptural texts, decrees of the Pope, and the like. At examinations the students are required to reproduce these

data as faithfully as possible. The teaching is polemical. In moral theology, solutions are generally obtained by casuistry. Volumes are written, filled with moral cases of which the author states the solution. The student studies these. Thus he is educated in moral principles.

In Scripture the same cut-and-dried system prevails. Texts are interpreted for the student. He has but to con these interpretations and give them out at examination. The Biblical professor, too, is provided with ready-made interpretations, from which he may not depart without endangering his reputation for orthodoxy. There is a commission at Rome established to solve all Biblical difficulties. But Rome did not feel secure even with this provision. A recent papal decree requires that all Biblical professors must attend a Roman Jesuit school, — over which, incidentally, an American presides, — known as the Biblical Institute. It seems that all others are subject to suspicion, liable to teach heresy. In history the student memorizes the opinions set down in the prescribed textbook. Trained in childlike trust, he accepts this deposit of knowledge as his own.

II

In all the years of his training the candidate for the priesthood must strive to mould his mentality to a fixed pattern. If he succeeds he is then said to possess the spirit of the priesthood. His whole seminary life is one of routine and formalism. Every hour of the day is regulated for him. He leads a community life, follows the group in his prayers, his studies, and all his activities. It is thought by these external practices to develop a man of regular habits. It is a system little adapted to produce men of thought and individuality.

VOL. 141 — NO. 1

The course of training for the priesthood is a narrowing process; it produces fixed ideas. Always the priesthood is glorified. The students must listen daily to pious discourses on the high dignity to which they aspire. From this continual preachment a peculiar psychology is developed in them. They become jealous of the high honors for which they are being groomed. They feel constrained to become champions of the priestly dignity. They grow impatient when confronted with the opinions of those who have not been trained in sacred science. In this frame of mind they go out into the modern world to become leaders of men.

Then it is that the power of the priesthood makes movement in their being. Though they are yet in their early twenties, they are wise from their mediæval studies. Though they have no experience of the world and its ways, they are aglow with the supernatural graces of the holy priesthood. They are fathers of the faithful. They have been sent to preach in the name of Christ — to preach the theological conclusions which they have learned by rote. They have been empowered to offer the sacrifice of the Mass. Proudly they stand at the altar, clad in sacerdotal robes, while the people kneel before them.

The people respect them, having been taught from childhood to honor the priest as God's own representative. They bow the head, lift the hat, before him. He in turn is a zealot for the honor of the priesthood which is in him. He stands before them and speaks in a strange tongue. When he baptizes their little ones, he must first address them in Latin. Then the whole ceremony is performed in this mysterious tongue. Likewise does he use that dead language when he anoints the sick; when he officiates at funerals; when he

assists at marriage; when he administers the sacrament of penance; when he says vespers and benediction; when he offers the sacrifice of the Mass. He also trains his choir to sing this unintelligible tongue at solemn services.

'Oremus,' he says to the people. Few, perhaps, in the congregation know that he has said, 'Let us pray.' Even now that he is proceeding with a prayer they do not comprehend one word, though he uses the first person plural. The mind halts at this strange procedure.

Strange, indeed, it is to assemble people into a church and then conduct divine services in a language which they do not understand. Why should it be so? Perhaps it has to do with the centralization of ecclesiastical power in Rome. Who knows? But to find a rational basis for the practice is beyond the most zealous protagonist. It is said to be necessary for unity in the Church. Why, then, is it not necessary in the Orient, where some twenty languages are used in these same Catholic services? Latin is not universally used in the liturgy of the Church. It is used only in the so-called Western World.

The Catholic liturgy is beautiful. Yet how pathetic to hear a priest mumbling in a strange idiom such touching prayers on a dying person: 'Depart, O Christian soul, from this world in the name of the Father Omnipotent, in the name of Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, who suffered for thee; in the name of the Angels and Archangels . . . ' The use of Latin is indicative of the spirit which the Church engenders in her priests. They feel that they are officially dispensing salvation.

To be saved, it suffices for the people to follow the routine mapped out by the priest. They are taught that it is their first duty to attend Mass

on Sundays and holy days of obligation. They need not bother their heads about what is going on, in Latin, between the priest and God. The law which makes it a mortal sin to miss Mass on the days appointed does not call for any intelligent attention. Physical presence fulfills the precept. However, it must be admitted that the people are not required to pray in Latin, as they were in the Middle Ages. To-day none other than priests and certain religious are bound to pray in Latin.

The priest is bound under pain of mortal sin to pray approximately one hour daily. For this purpose he has a book known as the Roman Breviary. Here the prayers, called the office, are set down for each day of the year. The law requiring him to say this daily portion of prayer does not, however, obligate him to follow the meaning of the words. He need but formulate the words with his lips and tongue. In fact, certain religious, most of whom understand no word of Latin, recite the Latin office daily. It is all based on the principle of formalism, which prevails throughout the practices of the Church. The people are taught to serve God in much the same manner as boys are taught to serve the priest at Mass. These young lads learn to make the responses in Latin without understanding what they are saying. In their haste to follow the priest they usually make elisions and abbreviations that would be ridiculous were the matter not so pathetic.

When the priest gives Communion, he holds the Sacred Host before the people and says in Latin, 'Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world. Lord, I am not worthy . . . May the body of our Lord Jesus Christ keep thy soul unto life everlasting.' The poor devout communicant kneels there ignorant of

all that is being said — unless perhaps he has discovered the meaning of the words from a double-column prayer book. The childlike faith of the people is remarkable.

Traditionally they are Catholic. If conditions are favorable, if respectability demands, and if piety is simple enough, they remain so. They merge their individuality into a form of worship which demands no personal effort on their part. The priest is the one great personage in the procedure. He tells them what to do. He rates the spirituality of his parish, not by the lives of his people, but by the attendance at Mass and the number of Communion and confessions in his record.

III

It is the Catholic teaching on divine grace, perhaps, which has produced this mental attitude. Scholastics long ago evolved the theory that grace may be gained automatically from the reception of the sacraments. More grace, of course, could be gained by those who had fervor. But the mere worthy reception of a sacrament sufficed, even though it were a perfunctory act. Hence the desire on the part of priests to have their people receive the sacraments of the Holy Eucharist and penance frequently.

The people are urged to go to Communion daily and to confess their sins weekly. In this manner they are supposed to grow better and better spiritually. Though the facts do not seem to support the theory, the practice continues. The priest sits long hours in the confessional each week. Often he is there daily.

The confessional presents the most difficult problem of the priest's life. Here he sits as judge between God and man. He must pass upon the worthiness of the penitent to receive absolu-

tion from his sins. If he deems the poor sinner worthy, he forgives him in God's name. If otherwise, he sends him away in his sins. For this serious task he needs all his theological lore. He feels that he must answer to God for the judgments he has passed upon his people.

The sinner must be sorry for his sins to be forgiven. The priest must decide whether or not his sorrow is sincere. To aid him in this he has but the teaching of the old Scholastics which he learned in the seminary. He himself knows little of life. His own life has been guarded from worldly contamination since early childhood. He must pass upon the most intimate relations of connubial life. Of this he knows nothing save that which he has read in his ancient textbooks. He, a celibate, must solve the intricate problems of sex. He must sit hour after hour and listen to the description of sex impulses from the lips of both men and women. They must tell all. They believe that willfully to omit one single detail would be to tell a lie to the Holy Ghost. It would constitute the sin of sacrilege, the gravest of sins. Wherefore they must reveal to him every thought, word, and deed contrary to the law of God. They must also tell the number of times they have sinned, including all the circumstances which might affect the character of their sins.

When the confession is completed, the penitent recites the ready-made act of contrition, which he has memorized. Meanwhile the priest administers absolution, always in Latin. For penance the priest usually prescribes a few prayers or some other act of piety. It has grown to be so commonplace that it easily becomes a matter of routine for many. The priest often hears fifty or sixty confessions in an hour. In most cases these hurried confessions are mere recitals of foibles. After pronouncing

the formula prescribed, 'Bless me, Father, for I have sinned,' there follows some such narrative as this: 'I missed my morning prayers twice and my evening prayers three times; I failed to say my grace at meals once; I had bad thoughts several times, but did n't take pleasure in them.' Though this list theologically does not indicate the semblance of a sin, the penance is imposed and absolution is pronounced. Another confession has been added to the record. It is easy to see how a great sacrament can become almost a meaningless formulary.

There is much routine in religion. The Church organization calls for this. It develops group piety. This is manifest in the number of societies and sodalities that exist. From childhood to old age the people are urged to join these bodies. Such are the Children of Mary, the Saint Aloysius Society, the Young Ladies' Sodality, the Holy Name Society, the Altar Society, and many others. Usually the members are required, at stated intervals, to receive Communion in a body. The parish priest will announce, for example: 'Next Sunday will be Communion Sunday for the Altar Society; it is to be hoped that all the members will be here for confession Saturday afternoon and evening and all present Sunday morning to receive the Holy Eucharist.'

Then follow the seasons of special devotion. The four weeks before Christmas constitute a time of penance known as Advent, and the people are urged to attend the special services held during this period. The six weeks preceding Easter constitute the time of Lent. This is the rigorous season of penance, with fasting and abstinence. Special Lenten services are held several times weekly. There are a course of sermons and also the Stations of the Cross. The Lenten regulations are elaborate, yet mercifully surrounded by many

exceptions and dispensations. The devotions are traditional and vary little in character from year to year.

There is a similar formalism in all the ministrations of the priest. His work constitutes a spiritual rule over the people. All is assiduously arranged for their spiritual lives. They must conform to regulations, fulfill the requirements laid upon them. There is nothing in the system to engender personal religion in the people. The priest is father to his people — an old-fashioned father. He feels that he has done his duty when he has told them what to do or what not to do. Nor does he fail to chide them bitterly when he finds them recreant to his mandates. It is easy to see that in the modern world, when men are learning to think for themselves, the position of the priest is becoming progressively more difficult. Yet there is nothing in his ecclesiastical repertoire which might enable him to meet the spirit of the times.

Much as he might desire it, he cannot recommend to his people the healthy exercise of personal thought. Though a heart of gold beat in his bosom, he must still stand before his people in the guise of a mediæval pedagogue. To be true to his trust he must be a reactionary. He must preach and interpret the teachings of Christ according to the mind of men who never dreamed of an age or a country like this in which we live. His every public expression must conform to the minds of those savants, mostly Italian, who have grouped themselves about the Vatican. They hold it as a sacred duty to fix the standards of his orthodoxy. Rome demands absolute intellectual submission of him. One discordant statement, written or spoken, is sufficient to make him 'suspected' at that high court. The Holy See reserves the right of condemning him, without a hearing, for any opinions which do not conform with the rule of

orthodoxy. Forsooth, this is logical in an ecclesiastical system such as the Catholic Church.

The priest submits humbly, abjectly, if he would maintain his standing. But many there are who rebel at heart. The world would be astounded did it know the number of priests who are struggling with the desire to remain faithful to the forms of ecclesiasticism while their very being cries out against the system. These are not the frivolous, not the careless, the negligent, or the unworthy. They are those who have broken through the fanatic wall that was built about them during the years of their seminary training. They are men who have burned the

midnight oil, and through their travail have come to know the glorious privilege of independent thought. Such men see clearly that religion in the Catholic Church to-day has become a complex and intricate mass of laws, dogmas, and practices that little resemble the simple faith of the early centuries. These men often suffer anguish of soul because of their helplessness. It is not fear that deters them. It is goodness of heart. They would not scandalize those devoted souls who are filled with simple faith. They love the people; they love the Church. They cannot protest against the evils of ecclesiastical bureaucracy without injuring these two objects of their love.

(The next paper in this series will be 'The Heresy of the Parochial School.' We shall be very glad to publish representative letters in comment on or criticism of these articles and shall invite more extended replies from members of the Roman Catholic Church competent to speak in her behalf)

THE VOICE OF THE ARCHANGEL

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

IN the old days, Mrs. Lucy Cashdollar used to run a cooks' agency for bachelor boaters over Bentley's Oyster Booth and Bar in Utica. Her office was a large room, very colorfully got up, with wall-paper patchings, mostly of red and blue; a white china set in the corner cupboard, with broad red stripes round the bulge of the cups; a high walnut bed with a blue quilt folded triangle-wise at the foot; a green rag rug with a yellow border; yellow curtains at the window; and a Franklin stove. When she was n't on duty in the barroom, Mrs. Cashdollar held office hours. At

such times she might have been considered the chief ornament of the room.

She generally sat in a Boston rocker, wearing a scarlet Mother Hubbard, her stocking feet — red or yellow, according to her humor — stretched out to the wood fire, the big toes curled back — through a hole, as likely as not. There she sat, very comfortable and quiet, her meerschaum pipe trailing smoke toward the flames; and, if no one came in for half an hour, her broad nostrils sang a song in very close harmony with the copper kettle on the stove.

Her face was remarkable for exceedingly blue eyes and a rubicund good humor which led one to suspect that she considered it her duty to sample the offerings of the bar before they were put on sale. Her face was plump, but not so plump as her bosom; and her bosom found ample support in the comfortable dimensions of her middle; and the whole of her was held up, in the occasional moments in which she was forced to make use of her feet, by a pair of ankles of proportions superior, if anything, to the rest of her.

In her capacity as cooks' agent for canal-boaters on the Erie, she picked up all the news; her room was a clearing house for gossip. Once a month or so the *Gospel Messenger* would send an editor down to interview her; and she always had on hand five or six stories from which the paper might take its choice, and which it wrote up with great literary taste, but — being a religious periodical — with considerable reversed English on the morals. Mrs. Cashdollar enjoyed these interviews hugely; and she kept a file of the papers containing 'her articles' in a cedar chest under her bed.

It was in one of these dusty numbers that the present writer discovered the facts of the following story — disguised, though they were, with the religious principles of the *Gospel Messenger*. Had Mrs. Cashdollar been endowed with the ability to read, she would unhesitatingly have denounced the editor as a liar; but secretly she would have considered his point of view very beautiful and touching.

I

They had bought a boat to run together, and they came to her in search of a cook. Because they had the same name, most people spoke of them as brothers; but they were not kin. They

did not resemble each other in any way. Stephen Glenn was about twenty-two or -three, dark, slender, and wiry, quick, high-colored. There was a dusky bloom on his cheeks and a sensitive mobility in his full lips suggestive of Southern blood. His smile was eager. Andrew Herkimer Glenn, behind him as they stood in the doorway of Lucy Cashdollar's room, towered a head above him. His blue eyes stared at a height from the ground equal to his own, and completely over Mrs. Cashdollar's head. The two of them, with the light of the fire playing on their dark shirts and ruddy faces, made quite a picture.

Mrs. Cashdollar removed her pipe from her mouth and sent a smoke ring over one of her big toes.

'What can I do for you two gentlemen?' she asked.

Stephen, who had removed his hat, made a lithe bow, and smiled.

'We come for business,' said Andrew, heavily, and he took off his hat with both hands and spat over it into the fire and cocked his head to hear the hiss. Mrs. Cashdollar frowned. Then she saw Stephen smiling at her half apologetically, as if to say, 'It's just his way — he don't mean nothing by it'; and she grunted and grinned, and thereafter confined her attention to him, without observing the effect of the firelight on the shaggy yellow hair of Andrew.

'Set down,' she said to Stephen, motioning toward the Windsor chair with her right foot. 'Excuse me having no slippers on — it's the gout troubles me.' She smiled back at him; she was almost prettily plump in those early days.

The big man sat down on the bed, because there were no other chairs, and cleared his throat.

'It's nothing,' he said. 'I take off my own shoes, once in a while.'

Lucy laid one finger to her right nostril and made a sort of snort through the other. Stephen raised his soft eyes from the toes of his boots and looked at her.

'We've a boat,' he said. 'We've just got her, and she's very nice; but we thought we'd need a cook, ma'm. Joe, downstairs, said you might help us getting one.'

'I suppose the pay's all right.'

'Fifteen dollars — dommed high, too,' growled Andrew, shaking the yellow hair from his eyes and hawking his throat clear.

'Don't you spit again in my room!' cried Lucy, and a shudder ran up her back that made her quiver in front like a mould of jelly.

Andrew went over to the window, raised it, and put his head outside.

'That's better,' said Lucy, when he had lowered the sash. 'Of course it's over the front door — but that ain't my lookout.'

'His'n,' said Andrew.

Lucy took stock of the bigness of him for the first time. With his yellow hair bushy about his ears, his thick beard, and his great shoulders and hands, he looked monstrous. Stephen, somehow, in his fancy waistcoat and light-colored pants, suited his immediate surroundings. She liked to look at him across the embers of her own fire. Any woman might, she said to herself. But the old gray clothes of Andrew, the calluses on his hands, his long square-ended feet — they made the fixings in her room look contemptuously small and out of place, like a bed of zinnias planted in the prairie. And the bright, farsighted blue of his eyes, staring at the opposite wall, had a chilling vacancy.

'The wood basket's by your cheer,' she said to Stephen. 'Would you mind sticking a piece on to the fire?'

As she watched him laying it on, her ridiculous shiver passed up over her

again. But the oily sputter of the birch bark soon sent a yellow warmth along her legs, and she pulled at her pipe and settled herself to business.

'Well,' she said, 'you boys want a cook? I've got one or two on hand looking for places. I guess you'd like one young and pretty?'

'I guess I would,' replied Stephen, giving her his quick smile, so that even she felt a little fire stir under her side.

'Well, I got one might do — seeing your price is agreeable and regular.'

'How old is she?' asked Stephen.

'Nineteen. She's new on the canal; but she's been cooking for me this week, and she's no slouch at it.'

'What's her name?'

'May Friendly.'

'Clean?'

'Yes, she is. She's a nice-looking gal, too; nice-complected; dark hair. Sort of pretty little chitter.'

Andrew swallowed audibly, lowered his eyes to the back of Mrs. Cash-dollar's head, and took over the conversation.

'Be her hands good strong ones?'

'What do you mean?' Mrs. Cash-dollar was amazed.

'I want to see her.'

'Oh, all right. She's in the next room. I'll call her.'

Mrs. Cash-dollar heaved herself out of her chair and went over to the door behind the stove.

'May!' she called. 'May Friend-ly!'

Receiving no audible answer, she disappeared from view of the two Glenns. They caught her voice faintly from what must have been the head of a staircase and heard a subterranean mutter in answer. Then both voices faded into silence.

Stephen laughed softly.

'I wonder what the old gal will bring us.'

Andrew grunted, stared round the

walls until his eye fell upon a voluminous and lacy garment behind the door through which they had entered. To his eyes it bore a suggestive and embarrassing intimacy, and he shifted his feet and fixed his gaze on the lazy ribbon of steam that the kettle was spouting.

Stephen laughed again.

'If that bothers you, Andy, what're you going to do with a cook on the boat?'

Andrew's gaze wandered back to the door.

'No funny business — not on my boat.'

'Cripus!' said Stephen. 'It's as much mine's 't is your'n.'

'No funny business,' repeated Andrew, gnarling his fist into a lump and laying it down very gently on his knee.

Stephen snorted.

'Shut up.'

The slipperless steps of Mrs. Cashdollar could be heard painfully mounting the stairs beyond the door. They reached the top and paused while she let out a whistling sigh. Then the Glenns heard lighter steps coming up after Mrs. Cashdollar.

'Well,' said that lady as she came into the room, 'here we be at last.'

She sank into her chair in slow bulgings, like a quilt tossed on the foot of a bed; and her breast rose and fell deeply. Stephen jumped to his feet.

'This here's May Friendly, gents. Mr. Glenn and Mr. Glenn.'

Her hand made a flourish and she went on wrestling with her breath.

'Pleased,' said Stephen, looking the girl over boldly.

She glanced down and made pleats in her skirts. As Mrs. Cashdollar had said, she was a nice-looking girl. Her hands were small and well made, though already the skin was roughened from her work. She wore a simple suit of dark gray, the short jacket drawn

snug about her waist, its tails flaring piquantly in contrast to her smooth-drawn hair and demure face.

Andrew's gaze hovered between the suggestive garment on the back of the door and the girl's feet. For a moment intense silence hung over them, through which the wheeze of Mrs. Cashdollar's pipe became audible.

'Well,' she said, by way of breaking the ice, 'May says the pay's agreeable, and if you gents thinks she's ditto, you and me might settle my commission. That is, if she don't want to back out.'

'There ain't only us two to cook for,' said Stephen. 'The boat's in good shape, new painted. It ain't hard working for us and we ought to get along good.'

He gave her his smile. She nodded slowly and dropped her lids. Stephen noticed that they had uncommonly long lashes.

The silence was resumed for another awkward moment. Then Andrew's voice rumbled out of the bed corner.

'Where you come from?'

She glanced at him.

'Port Leyden.'

'I come from Boonville,' he said slowly. 'I had a farm there. You've got better farming land down the river.'

'Yes,' she said, dubiously.

Mrs. Cashdollar wiggled her pudgy shoulders with impatience and drew in her breath in preparation for further conversation. But Andrew went on.

'Know anything about dairying?'

'Some,' she said.

'I like cows,' he said. 'Only there ain't pasture for more'n dinkeys where my farm was.'

'There is n't much good stock down my way,' said the girl.

Mrs. Cashdollar sniffed.

'Durnedest things to ask a cook I ever seel' she exclaimed. 'It's getting late. If you like her and she likes you,

why n't you make a deal? You ain't asked how she cooks, but I'll tell you she's all right.'

Stephen laughed.

'You ain't getting a wife, Andy.' He turned to the girl. 'We ain't hard,' he said. 'Ever been to the theatre?'

She looked up quickly.

'No.'

'I'll take you to-morrow night, if you want,' he promised.

'I'd like to.'

'A woman like me's got to get sleep,' Mrs. Cashdollar complained. 'Are you suited, gents?'

'Yes,' said Stephen.

'You, May?'

'Yes.'

'My commission's two dollars,' said Mrs. Cashdollar. 'Cash.'

Andrew slowly pulled a wallet from his hip pocket and paid her.

'Our boat's at the Butterfield dock,' said Stephen. 'It's the Eastern Belle.'

'Got a red stripe,' said Andrew. 'End boat.'

'She'll be down in the morning,' said Mrs. Cashdollar. 'Excuse me not getting up, gents. It's the gout troubles me. Good night.'

They went out, Andrew leading.

'What're you looking at *him* for?' Mrs. Cashdollar asked. 'He ain't nothing but a lump of mud. Now that young feller's got looks—see him smile. He'll give you a good time, May—if you want it.'

She had seen the girl's eyes fixed on Andrew's yellow hair as the lamplight picked it out through the darkness in the doorway.

'You get down and get 'em a good breakfast, and you'll start right. Give a man a good breakfast and you won't have to think about him till the next morning. Now go on out. A woman like me's got to get sleep.'

She closed the door after the girl, knocked out her pipe, and took a

yellow-ribboned nightcap from behind the door. In front of her mirror she let down her hair and skewered it up again and adjusted the nightcap with care.

'Yes, sir, he'll give her a good time if she wants it—or not. Them quiet ones like her's generally got a devil into them if a man can fetch a-hold of its tail.'

'I wonder who they be,' she said to herself as she began to undress. 'I never seen them afore.'

Mrs. Cashdollar never saw them again, but she heard about all three of them from time to time.

II

The two Glenns first ran across each other at an auction in Whitestown. Though they had come into competition over some smaller articles, they had taken no stock in each other until they found themselves and a third man bidding for a heavy work team. The horses were blacks, about eighteen hundred at fifteen hands, and handsome to look at. Andrew, whose passion was cows and horses, hung grimly to the bidding until he had reached one hundred and fifty dollars. Now and then he would turn his eyes from the team and scowl at the other two.

'One twenty-five,' Stephen had said; and Andrew had called out, 'One fifty,' which was twenty dollars more than he could pay. Stephen had made a grimace and turned his back; but just then the third bidder had said, 'One sixty.'

This was a thin man with a pointed chin and sloping forehead who had been walking about with a heavy driving whip in his hand, much bored until the team was put up.

The auctioneer rubbed his hands together and echoed, 'One sixty,' in an ecstatic, whispering voice. 'One sixty,'

he repeated. 'Ain't anybody going to raise this gent's bid? Such a team, so cheap; four and five; own brothers! Look at 'em!'

Andrew swallowed hard and muttered, 'One sixty-five,' in his beard, but not loud enough for the auctioneer to hear him.

'Throw in with me,' said a voice at his shoulder, 'and we'll get him yet.'

He looked down with a sudden gleam in his eye at the little dark man who had been bidding against him a moment before. Stephen smiled eagerly; and all at once a slow grin overspread Andrew's face, showing his big square teeth; a chuckle rose in him; and he threw back his head and opened his mouth and laughed to himself, a deep laugh, which shook him down in his bowels.

'How much?' he asked.

'I bid one twenty-five,' said Stephen, grinning over the other's laugh.

The auctioneer was leaning beseechingly in Andrew's direction, his pudgy hands moving unctuously, his face sweating as he stretched his remarks to give Andrew time.

'Own brothers,' he was saying. 'Bred in this town. Equal to any weight. Up to any haul. Kind. Gentle. There ain't a kick into them. Set on their hocks,' he invited. 'Look at them quarters. There's power. Short backs. Look at them legs—run your hand down them. What do you feel?' he said to the hostler, who had complied with his request. 'Nothing!' he answered himself. 'Clean and sweet . . .'

The man with the pointed chin cracked his whip savagely.

'They're mine,' he said. 'No stretching! They was mine two minutes ago, damn you!'

'Going . . .' cried the auctioneer. 'Look at them shoulders! Going . . . There ain't a sweeter set of legs in this state! You've see how they match as a pair, gents?'

'One seventy-five,' said Andrew solemnly, his big hands quivering with delight.

The hot noon sun shone straight down on the group in the space the crowd had cleared for them, and touched the coats of the blacks with a gun-metal sheen.

'Ninety!' There was a snap in the voice of the man with the pointed chin, and he cracked his whip so that the pair threw up their heads and gathered their haunches under them.

'You shut up with that whip!' cried the hostler, running his hand over the withers of the nearest horse.

'Two hundred,' said Andrew, and he took off his hat.

The crowd shifted round them in great amusement, and men eased the sweat out of their suspenders with their thumbs.

'Five,' said the man with the pointed chin.

'Ten,' said Andrew.

'Twelve.'

'Fifteen.'

'Sixteen.'

The auctioneer rubbed his hands together. 'Two sixteen,' he whimpered. 'Dollars. Cash.'

'You'll get him now,' Stephen whispered. 'Twenty-five and he'll run.'

'Not all to once,' rumbled Andrew. 'I want to make him wiggle.'

It was his first experience in handling what seemed to him unlimited capital.

'Seventeen,' he said.

'Eighteen.'

'Nineteen.'

'Twenty.'

'Twenty-one.'

The other drew a long sobbing breath, tried to swear, choked, and pushed his way through the crowd, the long lash of his whip trailing along the ground after him.

'Two twenty-one!' cried the auctioneer. 'Going . . . What a team for the money! Ain't nobody going to say twenty-two?'

'You shut up!' Andrew growled.

'Going . . . Gone!' His mallet came down with a smack on the rail of his booth. 'This team is sold for two hundred and twenty-one dollars to the big gent with the yellow hair.'

Mixed laughter and applause rose from the crowd.

Andrew went over to the team and laid a soothing hand along their backs and grinned and grinned.

Stephen came after him. 'Well,' he said with his quick smile, 'they're ours. I calculated sure he would n't go over twenty.'

Andrew still grinned.

'Saved four dollars making him wiggle.'

He ran his hand caressingly all over the horse, which twitched its skin with enjoyment.

'They're worth the price,' the hostler vouchsafed. 'I've see 'em when they was foaled and watched them this six year. They're a pretty team to haul with and used to handling boats.'

'I thought they was four and five!' exclaimed Stephen.

Andrew gave him a pitying smile. The hostler spat.

'Was there ever a team auctioned which wasn't four and five if they was under ten and eleven?' he asked aggrievedly.

He thrust the lead ropes into Andrew's hand and shambled off with a friendly slap on the rump of the near horse as he passed. The team looked after him.

'Well, now they're ours, what're we going to do with 'em?'

'I got a boat this morning,' said Andrew, running his hand down his nose and over his beard, 'and I come up here to buy a team. I was aiming

to boat it a season. There's no pay to my farm; it ain't no land for growth. So I sold it. I reckon I'll have to take you on to come with me as a partner.'

'Suits me,' said Stephen.

Andrew looked down at him, and, Stephen being so much younger and having that soft smiling look in his eyes, he felt a paternal kindness overwhelming him. He had felt much the same way toward a heifer he had once had. She was the best blood he had on his farm, and she had gentle eyes.

'Suits me,' he said.

They settled down to life on Andrew's boat, the Eastern Belle — one of the old bullhead Erie boats of eighty feet, with a well-built cabin aft and four stalls under the lift hatch forward. Most of their hauling took them westward, for they got pretty steady work from the Butterfield chain of feed mills; and they got to know Syracuse and Rochester and even Buffalo, and the points in between.

Andrew managed the culinary end. In his life alone on his farm he had learned to cook potatoes, and flapjacks, eggs, and coffee — good enough cooking for a man alone, for whom eating becomes part of the day's chores; but with someone to talk to over the food, there is more need for variety. It irked them both — Stephen especially, who was useless in such matters, and, consequently, particular.

He was city bred, born in New York, where he had acquired a grace which amazed Andrew but left him full of admiration. Beyond a certain gift and liking for horses, Stephen was of no value to the running of the boat. He went off as soon as they tied up at a town or city dock and moved about scraping intimate acquaintances with what women attracted his notice. He was eminently successful; he had a gift

for clothes as well as his soft eyes and eager smile to help him. Andrew stayed aboard and growled to himself, for he had the heavy moral sense of inexperience. But his feeling of fatherliness grew deeper; and other men learned that to quarrel with Stephen meant quarreling with Andrew.

Stephen returned his ponderous affection with a bantering good nature, verging at times upon contempt. He listened attentively to Andrew's slow lectures on thrift and laughed them off with spending his share of the earnings of the Eastern Belle. It became a weekly ritual between them. In his way, each derived a certain pleasure from it.

But the cooking was another matter; the food palled. Stephen suggested a cook. Andrew scoffed at the extravagance until Stephen, appreciating his hold over his partner, began taking his meals in stores along the towpath when he could, and eating ashore altogether while they stayed in the larger ports.

A few weeks of this became unbearable for Andrew. One evening in Utica, as Stephen was leaving the boat, he suggested hiring a cook.

'It'll cost a lot,' said Stephen with lugubrious hesitation.

'It'll save you buying your meals. She'll know better where to save than I do,' said Andrew.

'I guess that's so. Still, you got to pay her a salary.'

'I'll ask the 'keep over to Bentley's what's right. Joe would do right by me there.'

Stephen shook his head and mumbled to himself in Andrew's sourest manner, and grinned to see Andrew's heedlessness.

'Joe'll know what's right,' said Andrew.

Joe did, but it amused him to mention a top wage for Andrew's benefit.

Being accustomed to all business involving womenfolk, Stephen scented a discrepancy.

'If you say fifteen dollars to Lucy up above,' Joe whispered to him, 'you'll get a danged good cook. She come in yesterday, and she's green to the canal'; and he gave an attractive description of a young girl, while Andrew down the bar ruminated over his Black Strap. Fifteen dollars a month was more than he had planned to spend.

But he followed Stephen upstairs, and, between them and Mrs. Cash-dollar, they secured the services of May Friendly.

III

She came aboard early, and from his bunk Stephen heard her chucking wood in the stove. Andrew, whose job it had been to build the fire and put on the coffee, still snored softly.

They slept in a small cubicle behind the cabin, directly under the steersman's place. What light and air there was came in through small ventilating slits just under the deck. It was a dim little hole, with the planks two feet over your head, so that you had to sit up carefully.

Stephen got up quietly and went out into the cabin with his shirt unbuttoned and his shoes in his hand. He got a drink of water from the barrel under the short steps and looked over the dipper at May while he drank. She was dressed in a red gingham work dress, and the sunlight coming through the small high windows at the side slanted across her back and made a small shadow between her shoulders.

'Good morning,' Stephen said.

She gave him a cool glance out of her black eyes, which were pointed finely at the outer corners.

'Good morning,' she said. 'When do you mostly eat?'

'Seven,' he said. 'But there ain't no rush. Andy's sleeping.'

He went out on deck with a bucket to wash. She listened to him sloshing round busily and then went on with her inspection of the cabin. On the whole, it was fairly clean. It was tiny — with little more than room enough for the stove and three chairs and a small cupboard in the corner. It was the first boat May Friendly had been on, and the disposition of pans and dishes in out-of-the-way lockers fascinated her. With all the sunlight streaming into its windows, it seemed more spacious than she had imagined a boat cabin could be. The walls were papered in a nasturtium pattern, the spruce floor was oiled. When curtains had been put at the windows and the shaving mug and razors had been relegated to properly remote corners, the room would have possibilities. She had resigned herself already to the apathetic satisfaction of a woman who has lived a life of conscientious routine.

At the back of the cabin was a curtain of faded green stuff through which she had seen Stephen appear. He had said that Andrew was sleeping, but she hesitated before lifting it. She could hear Stephen rubbing himself down with short gasps on deck. As her fingertips met the curtain, she blushed suddenly and vividly. Then she pulled it open. She could just see the bunks side by side, with their heads toward the stern, and she drew in her breath on observing that there was no partition. It was very dark and the air was none too good; but, above the even breathing, she could hear a pleasant sound of ripples along the stern of the boat. A finger of sunlight from a knothole had enabled her barely to see; and now she noticed that it moved slowly, as though the boat had swung a trifle on its moorings. Suddenly it caught up an answering gleam in Andrew's yellow

hair, moved upward along his cheek.

When she heard Stephen walking back to the cabin steps, she slipped over to the stove and lifted the lid of the coffee kettle. The finger of sunlight had left a green spot on her vision, but in the sleeping cuddy it continued its slow creeping along Andrew's cheek. As Stephen entered Andrew sneezed violently and rolled over on his bunk.

Stephen came over to where she stood and got hot water for shaving. His beard was light and he shaved quickly; he was done by the time Andrew emerged from the sleeping cuddy, grumbling to himself. While he was on deck, Stephen showed May how to let down the table. It had two drop legs which unfolded to support the outer corners. In a recess behind it stood salt and pepper and vinegar and sugar, ready for the meal.

'Well, now!' exclaimed May. 'That's real clever.'

Wishing she had crockery, she laid out the tin dishes.

'Now you're here,' Stephen observed, 'and we're putting on shine like this, I guess we ought to have chineyware.'

'I seen a nasturtium set over to Banton's, marked down reasonable and missing a cup. It would look real good here,' she said eagerly, glancing at the wall paper.

'It would, at that.'

He sat down, while the smell of frying eggs wove its way into the coffee perfume.

'Would you like to go out to-night, May?'

Her head came up jerkily, like a bird's, at the name; but she smiled and nodded. Her smile was slightly square, showing pretty teeth for a country-woman, and gave one pleasantly the impression that she was startled.

Stephen pulled a handbill out of his shirt pocket.

MR. WINFIELD (Professor of *Canagogy*) wishes to inform the CITIZENS of UTICA that he will give an EXHIBITION of his *Dog-School*, on Saturday Evening, July 12th (1856) at the *Mechanics' Hall*. Doors open at SEVEN, and *Performance* at HALF-PAST SEVEN. Admittance 25 cents.

He read it to her.

'Want to see it?' he asked. 'The dogs is kind of cute.'

'Yes.'

Andrew came in wet and glistening, a damp towel in his hand. He had not bothered much in his dressing, as had Stephen. You were conscious of his undershirt. 'Got to load up to-day. Pull out to-morrow morning. You be on hand, Steve?'

'This morning,' said Stephen. 'Got an errand this afternoon; and me and May's going to Winfield's dog show after supper. Come with us?'

'No.'

'I'll pay,' said Stephen with a grin.

Andrew growled and filled his mouth with coffee. Stephen looked at May with a smile, as if he had given her the reason for Andrew's reluctance. She smiled back. She did not know that Stephen had borrowed from Andrew the night before.

IV

She made quite a picture as she walked down the gang to the dock. She and Stephen matched well. If it were n't for the old boat, you would have taken them for man and wife, gentleman and lady. And the boat did n't look so badly after all, Andrew told himself. He had chosen the red for the striping. Stephen had not cared; he kept up himself, where Andrew kept up his property.

Andrew watched them off from the cabin window. Not man and wife — he corrected himself — they did not look like man and wife: rather they might

be lovers, girl and boy going together. The curtain over the window obstructed his view of them and he brushed it aside angrily. While he and Stephen had loaded in the morning, she had gone off on her own hook and bought this checked gingham, a sort of orange-brown, — too bright, Andrew thought, — but he had to admit to himself that it made the cabin look better. The cabin itself wore an appearance of unaccustomed neatness and smelt clean, and faintly of soap.

Over dinner he had watched Stephen making up to her. He wondered how she could be so cool about it. Toward the end of the meal Stephen had become almost awkward in his eagerness for her approval. Andrew had never seen him like that. He began to think that she must have been on the canal more than Mrs. Cashdollar had admitted.

In the afternoon Stephen had disappeared into the town; and he had not got back until supper. But Andrew had managed to finish loading the boat; he had not had to give time to getting the meals.

While he loaded, May sat in her rocker on the cabin deck and hemmed the curtains. The sun shone on her back and cast her shadow into the pit, where it fell upon Andrew as he moved from one side to the other. Now and then she looked down at him. He handled the bags easily. It was pleasant to see her shadow in the pit beside him — not that he put any stock in such notions. But afterward he went up and sat down on the deck beside her chair and smoked. She had smiled — a small smile that showed mostly in her eyes.

A breeze drew down the Mohawk Valley from the west and plucked up a ripple on the canal. There were not many boats along the canal front; most of the warehouses, with their yellow

and brown windowless fronts, seemed deserted. A clerk, a little shambling man with a puzzled expression on his face, came along the planks and stopped beside the Eastern Belle.

'All right, Andrew?'

Andrew grunted.

'I've arranged with McCormick at the weighlock to pass you through to-morrow morning. Mr. Butterfield wanted you to get through to Boonville by Monday night if you could. McCormick knows your boat, so he'll let you right through, so it's all right. It's quite all right.'

He shoved his hat back on his head and peered up at the two.

'It's quite all right,' he said again. 'He knows your capacity — so it's quite all right.'

'Eanh,' said Andrew.

The little man shuffled on. May glanced up from her sewing as he passed from sight round a corner of the Butterfield granaries.

'Poor old man,' she said, half to herself.

Andrew grunted.

The city rose behind them up the gentle slope of the valley hills, the smoke pulling away to the east, and the church steeples piercing it like needles. On the other bank, the open meadows could be seen between the buildings.

He smoked on quietly to May's sewing. There was no sound but the wash of the ripples.

Then a faint bell ringing came to them down the canal, and away to the west they saw a line of boats drawing in. All at once Andrew drew his pipe from his mouth.

'What'd you get them for?' he demanded, pointing at the gingham lying on her knee.

She looked down at him with her half smile, and he growled something about needless waste and frowned.

Deliberately she held the stuff up at arm's length, and the motion freed the line of her throat.

'Don't you think they would look pretty, now?' she asked, putting her head a little to one side, as though to appraise the curtains herself. She ruffled them slightly and held them out again. But he was not looking at the curtains; he was thinking how smooth her throat would be to kiss. The blood came to his cheeks, and he felt it there. It angered him.

'Don't you go wasting my money after this without asking me.'

'I did n't,' she said. 'I got them myself.'

He grunted — and she, seeing the look on his face, got up after a moment and went down into the cabin.

Andrew sat on by himself for a time. He heard the halters of the team in the bows rattling, and he realized that it would soon be time to feed them. But he stayed where he was. Perhaps he was expecting May to come out again.

About five-thirty, Stephen came aboard and went below. When Andrew had finished feeding the horses and came down to the cabin, he found the supper ready, and Stephen and May dressed up to go out. He sat between them glowering. The sunset slanting through the windows touched the faces of both and found nests in May's hair. Andrew frowned at the curtains, which were hanging over the windows with a sober sort of defiance, and ate stolidly. He scarcely returned their 'Good night' when the meal was over; but he watched them go down the gang to the dock.

V

After a while he lit the lamp, bracketed to the wall, with a little vent in the ceiling above it to let out the smoke and heat. It became very still; the ripple alongside died away to a whisper. He

heard one of the horses forward lie down in its stall. Then he got his Bible from the shelf on which stood also a small black clock, surmounted by the gilded figure of an angel with a horn. The angel was drawn up to his full height, and the arm carrying the trumpet was slightly flexed, as though the impulse to blow had just possessed his mind.

At times at night, when he heard the clock striking through his sleep, Andrew would jump up suddenly in his bunk, knocking his head against the beams above it, with a cold sweat on him, and a dream of the Last Judgment ringing out of his brain.

Now, as he sat down with his Bible, he let it fall open on his knee, and dropped the index finger of his right hand haphazard on the page after the manner of the superstitiously religious. The passage he thus chanced upon was new to his reading.

15. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

16. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel . . .

And at the word the clock behind Andrew rang the half hour. He turned swiftly on his chair — but the angel still stood in his accustomed attitude, with the impulse to blow written in the curve of his arm, still waiting the word.

When he dropped his eyes to the page again, he saw that in his start he had lost the place; but he was vaguely thrilled by the words of the last verse he had read — of the shout, of the voice of the archangel. Somewhere he felt in them the presence of a personal truth, too indefinable to be detected by one of his slow mind. He sat brooding, the Bible closed upon his knees,

his hands, half clenched, hanging by the seat of the chair.

He was brought to himself by a knock on the door. It opened to admit a man carrying a package.

'Banton's,' said the man, mouthing a cigar. 'Package collect for Glenn. You him?'

'Eanh,' said Andrew. 'What is it?'

'How should I know? I've got trouble enough looking up this sty so late a Saturday.'

'You don't want to sniff at any sty you're into,' said Andrew, slowly. 'You're kind of likely to get butchered.'

'All right,' said the man, with a tentative approach toward jocularly in his tone.

'How much?'

The man named eight dollars, which Andrew paid.

'Give me a receipt,' said Andrew.

The man pulled a notebook from his pocket and tore off a page.

'Glenn. . . . Glenn?'

'Andrew.'

'All right.'

He went out on deck and down the gang.

'Here, pig! pig! pig!' he called from the dock; and the next instant his heels thumped rapidly away on the boards.

Hardly had the sound died out than Andrew heard a high unmusical whistle coming down the street. It reminded him of the squeak of a knife-grinder's barrow. Methodically he folded the receipt and placed it between the pages of the Bible, which he returned to its proper position on the shelf. He went out on deck and sat down facing his shadow outside of the cabin door. Black driven clouds scuttled across a half moon high over the valley from north to south; but on the canal there was no wind.

The whistle approached tortuously in tone and volume, and between the

notes halting footsteps became audible. At length a small figure of a man, surmounted by a large pack which gave him the appearance of an immense humpback, rose out of the darkness by the boat side.

'Hullo, Andrew,' said a high voice.

'That you, Harvey?'

'Eanh.'

'Come aboard a spell.'

The little man toiled up the gang and plunked his pack down at Andrew's feet.

'Just packed up,' he said. 'Aiming to work through the Watertown road.'

Harvey Cannywhacker was one of the cigar peddlers who used to haunt the canal and the surrounding country. They moved from town to town, rolling cigars according to demand; they were met on back roads and the trails leading into the lumber camps; they toiled along miles of towpath, sleeping in lock-tenders' shanties or appearing out of the dark beside boats tied up for the night. They went everywhere, knew everyone, saw everything, the bag upon their backs a badge of privilege.

'Been up to Lucy Cashdollar's. She said you'd got a cook.'

'Eanh.'

'Any good?'

'I don't know,' said Andrew.

'I seen Steve and her going into Mechanics' Hall,' said Harvey. 'He looked like he was making a set at her. She's a good-looker.'

Harvey slipped the palms of his hands outward along his knees, as though he were rolling a cigar, and he murmured under his breath his selling chant, 'One for a penny, a penny for one; built right and rolled tight; and warranted to draw.'

'Ah,' he said aloud after a moment. 'I knowed her back Port Leyden way. Her family was a great one with cows. She's a good hand for dairying.'

'Is that right?' said Andrew. 'Lucy Cashdollar said she was new on the canal. I had n't thought so.'

'Where 're you a-hauling to?'

'Boonville,' said Andrew.

'One for a penny,' Harvey muttered; then aloud, 'It's been a hard winter, last winter.'

'Eanh.'

'You like boating?'

Andrew grunted.

'Boonville ain't no land for heavy farming.'

'No,' said Andrew.

'You and Steve get along good?'

'Pretty good,' Andrew said. It did not occur to him to be ruffled by this personal questioning. One expected it of a cigar peddler; besides, he knew Harvey.

'He's a good boy,' he said, with an air of comfortable pride, as if he had been responsible for Stephen's character.

'Lazy,' said Harvey. 'Tags after women. . . . One for a penny . . .'

The dew was beginning to glisten on the deck, and the clouds under the moon grew thin.

'You don't like boating, Andrew,' Harvey said suddenly. 'You was n't cut for it. You ought to go back to farming!'

'Where?'

'You ought to go west; go out to Ohio; go further.'

'That's too fur.'

'No, it ain't. Good land costs too much here. You was built for that land, Andrew.'

'How do you know?'

Harvey hunched himself over his thin knees, and as he fronted the moon his eyes gleamed under his brows.

'I been there, Andrew. It's all flat country. It's a long, flat country. The earth's heavy on a plough. You can raise heavy cattle there.'

'Eanh.'

'I been there. But it ain't no land for a little man like me.'

'I got money saved up,' Andrew said after a while. 'But I had n't ought to leave Steve. He would n't come.'

'He'd leave you if he wanted,' said Harvey.

'I had n't ought to leave him.'

They listened awhile to the water wash.

'You ought to marry,' said Harvey. 'A man ought to marry.'

'Who? Who'd I marry?'

'Marry your cook — take her out to Ohio with you. She's good for dairying'. I knew her Port Leyden way. I knew her folks.'

'Steve wants her,' said Andrew.

'What's he done for you?'

Harvey got up from the deck and swung his pack on to his shoulders.

'Maybe I'll see you on the feeder. I aim to cut across Potato Hill and come down Delta way.'

His pack bowing him down, he shuffled off the boat.

In the cabin behind Andrew the clock struck the hour, and he started again — the words of the verses he had read coming back to him.

'Go west,' Harvey had said. 'It's a long, flat country. You was built for that land.'

The earth was heavy against a plough out there — his big hands itched for the helves. He had always wanted to go where he could raise heavy cattle.

But there was the question of Stephen. He had spent a life alone until he had come across Stephen; he could not leave him now.

Hunched forward, with his hands hanging over his knees, Andrew muddled over his problem. His years of loneliness had unsuited him for discerning his own wishes; his mind was dozing; he ruminated moodily, but he seldom thought — rather he accepted

two sides of a question and drifted between them until circumstances reared one of them to actuality. All his life he had hungered after a fat land; and all his life he had hung on to the bare living of his little farm by Boonville. Now that he had sold it, he had only a vague idea of how the sale had come about. Someone had offered him more than the farm was really worth. He had been unable to refuse the opportunity of laying by a little money; his mother had left him a little money which he had refused to touch; his neighbors called him miserly. The boat had come as part payment for the farm; so now he was boating. That was all there was to it.

He got up and went back into the cabin and took off his shoes. His glance fell upon the package that had come earlier in the evening; but he did not open it.

May had fashioned a sort of partition between her bunk and the others, so that the sleeping cuddy was sufficiently divided into two rooms.

Andrew stretched out, with his arms under his head, scowling at the chink of light the lowered lamp cast over the curtains. The clock struck eleven in the cabin. May and Stephen were later than he had expected; or, seeing that it was Stephen, he might have expected it after all. . . . A man ought to marry, Harvey had said. . . . He heard the clock strike the half hour again, and he dozed.

He did not hear them when they came in a little later. They did not speak for a moment; but he saw their shadows make a single silhouette against the curtains. Then May's voice broke out, and Stephen warned her not to wake Andrew. They both laughed, quietly, a little awkwardly.

For a while each turned on the bunk on either side of Andrew; but his even breathing was undisturbed.

The wind rose and riffled the water against the stern of the Eastern Belle, and the clock struck midnight, and finally the three slept.

VI

They pulled out from the weighlock at six o'clock. Behind them the keeper of the lock stared sleepily at their wake and held the shuddering tails of his nightshirt down about his legs. A heavy mist lay on the water, which looked black along the quays and reflected the lower parts of boats, the decks of which remained invisible. Shadows in the whiteness marked the entrances to streets. A delicious stillness hovered round them, imparting ghostliness to the smooth glide of the boat. It seemed to May upon the cabin deck that the world slipped by beneath them while they hung quiet as a cloud in a noonday sky. Only the plodding heave of the black team ahead and Andrew's long stride connected them with earth.

As the horses moved out on to the open towpath, a breeze from the hills brought them the smell of meadows; trees rose up beside them now and then with a whispering of leaves and restless shapes. Looking behind her, May saw the lower houses appearing here and there, and a dull gold gleam on the water; but the mist still clung to the crest of the city. While she watched, she heard a stir upon the air; and the high crown of mist was filled with the sound of church bells ringing early Mass. A cow floundered out of a swale alongside the towpath, her big head glistening, a pocket of denser mist loitering about her horns. Cowbells echoed faintly from the hills; a dog barked; and a rooster crowed away off on her left. And all at once the glow on the water shot swiftly after the Eastern Belle and fell about May's face; and as

the mist lifted suddenly she saw that the sun was risen.

A little below her, on the small deck left for the steersman, Stephen stood, his brown shirt open over his chest, showing the smooth brown skin. He gave her his quick smile suddenly and cast a half-humorous glance ahead of them to where Andrew walked beside the black horses, hat in hand, with the new sunlight on his yellow hair.

'He says he's been telling you you been extravagant with them curtains and all.'

'Eanh,' said May with a slow smile.

'He'll probably give you some more talk every week. He was born kind of miserly; he can't help it.'

He spoke with the consciousness of his own liberality strong upon him; he forgot that the preceding night's entertainment had been borrowed.

'He's a kind of a sod,' Stephen said. 'He likes to set quiet and let his roots grow down close. I'll bet he set here on the boat all last night.'

May also glanced amusedly at Andrew and then looked back at Stephen, and they both laughed. Andrew heard them, for his head lifted quickly, but he walked on without turning.

'There's a package downstairs from Banton's,' said Stephen. 'I got it yesterday; it's for you. You'd better go and open it.'

She opened her eyes wide.

'For me?'

He laughed again.

'You better go see.'

She went into the cabin and sat down opposite the package. Her previous evening with Stephen had been a new experience to her. The crowded hall, the brilliance of the lanterns on the stage, the subdued murmuring of the crowd, at first had frightened her by their newness. But as she glanced round she perceived that Stephen was as handsome as any escort in the

assemblage; when he leaned close to her to whisper some remark, he looked almost beautiful; the reflection of the stage lighting just lit his soft eyes. Then she saw that men watched her as she moved, and it came upon her that she suited his looks; that the pair of them could match with any pair about them. Contrary to Stephen's expectation, instead of making her dependent on him, the experience gave her native hardiness a sudden perspective and she found a reliance in her own judgment. She was fond of him already, he could see that; but she was not carried away. She had let him kiss her on their return, several times; and she had responded with a warmth she had never divined in herself; but at that point she had stopped him. Though she appreciated his beauty, it did not dominate her. Instead of her fearing him, her feeling was one of almost contemptuous friendliness. He might take liberties with her, but he could not claim her.

It was in this mood that she opened the package and unwrapped the nasturtium china set she coveted. A wave of pleasure swept her as the sun picked out the bright reds and greens and yellows against the white. She ranged the pieces on the table to admire their lines. There was a commodiousness about the belly of the teapot which transmitted through her hand, as she wiped away the shop dust, a comforting sense of establishment. She held it up in both hands and then poured herself imaginary tea into one of the cups. Her knowledge of china was limited to the ancestral assortment of odds and ends common to farmers' houses. An entire set dazed her. She raised the empty cup to her lips.

Then she ran out on deck to thank Stephen. He held her with one arm, and in her delight she almost granted him the efficacy of his bribe, for she read it as such in his eyes.

'There's hardly room for all of it,' she said.

'It ought to go into the cupboard.'

'The teapot won't.'

'Set it out by the clock.'

'But there's only room for Andrew's Bible there.'

'Set it somewhere else,' he said.

She had longed for permission. She wanted the pot where she could see it continually. But as she turned to go down her eyes fell upon Andrew walking beside the team with his deliberate tread. The sight sobered her.

Andrew frightened her. Her instinct made her aware of a possible upheaval of his phlegmatic nature which would overwhelm her woman's nice sense of balance. Stephen was more easily understood, his purpose being readable and reducing all consideration of him in a woman's mind to the power of his beauty. Beyond his size and yellow hair, Andrew possessed no striking features; beside Stephen he resembled a somnolent great forest tree, unaffected by the surface breezes shivering the sapling, but terrible in the high winds. His blue eyes were not cold, but cool from lack of decision. His heavy face remained immobile, even in a fight, and was lighted only by a petty astuteness in money matters. She had had evidence of that already; he would give her no freedom. But at least she had a china set.

She placed the dishes in the cupboard, after hiding the former tin ones on a small shelf behind the stove, until she came to the teapot. This, as she had foreseen, would not fit in the cupboard, so she turned to the clock shelf. Andrew's Bible was one of the large leather varieties, blooming with many-colored prints; there was no chance of wedging the teapot between it and the clock. She took it down, and her shoulder sagged as she felt the weight. The pages opened slightly to let a slip

of paper flutter to the floor. Hastily she stooped to pick it up.

It was inevitable that her eye should fall upon the writing, and as inevitable that she should read it. The penciled hand was sprawly, but sufficiently legible. It was the receipt for a package from Banton's, collect on delivery, made out to Andrew Glenn, signed by W. Ad. Joynt, agent. The date was of the preceding day. She went back to the wrappings of the parcel and turned them over until she found the letters C. O. D. It became evident to her then that, whoever had ordered the dishes, Andrew had paid for them.

VII

They tied up for the night outside of Delta on the Boonville feeder. The town itself was a mile and a half back from the canal; but Denslow's Delta House took the town's place pretty well. It was a long rambling structure with odd wings growing out of the sides of a big square house of three stories, like whelps out of Scylla's belly. At times they could give forth as much noise, and almost as unlovely. But in the off season the house stood very quiet, with lights only in the ground-floor centre windows, and a white whisper of smoke coming out of one corner of the great chimney.

They had come down from Boonville empty, and ahead of them when they tied up at the wharf was another boat as empty as their own. It was a late hour for supper, for the sun was set, and a cloudy sky made it seem later. But Andrew ate deliberately across the table from May. Stephen had gone up to the Delta House as soon as they landed.

Andrew glowered. Although an air of established comfort and neatness now pervaded the cabin of the Eastern Belle, it was evident that he and

May were ill at ease. Harvey Canny-whacker's advice had taken root in him, obsessed him, until he had approached May. He had asked her above Boonville, in the midst of the bleak hills in which he had been born, to go west with him. Slim and self-contained, as she walked beside him on the towpath, she had told him no. She had had more than a taste of his parsimony, which, as a farmer's child, she was born to understand, but which, in his present way of living, she found it hard to forgive. She had felt an irresistible impulse to hurt him, and she had given way to it. If she had expected an outward sign of pain, she was disappointed; and instantly she had regretted her weakness, remembering his unclaimed gift. He spoke nothing about himself, so that it was impossible for her to read any purpose in him.

Andrew had walked on beside the team and repeated her answer to himself. For his slow mind there had not been time for pain to sink in. He had asked her because a man, according to Harvey, ought to be married. He would not be hurt until he woke to the realization of being in love. At the moment it was another deal closed, as it happened, in his disfavor.

But the sight of her about his boat, and the feeling of her presence, made the idea of going to Ohio seem empty. That idea had run so supremely in his head that he had not realized his omission of a proposal of marriage. The two were synonymous ideas; and she had understood them so. But he had taken it for granted that her negative implied her attachment to Stephen. He could not know that a few hours afterward she had denied Stephen. Had he been informed of it, he would have refused to believe it. It was not in Stephen's character to be denied.

He finished his tea from the new nasturtium cup and rose from the table.

May glanced up at him with a peculiar veiled expression in her eyes.

'They're real pretty,' she said, giving him an opening. 'I like them a lot.'

He snorted.

'All puddery snick-snacks. It's land counts in this land — land and stock. Building on the land and growing on to it's what counts. You can't make no progress in a chiney set.'

He reached for his hat.

'Where're you going?'

'I got to find Stephen.'

He paused for a minute in the doorway and cast a long look over the cabin. It was this he would leave to go west — all of it pretty puddery, but he was growing to like it. But it was all puddery — he would go west. The horses forward stamped all at once. A big team — they ought to be pulling on a plough, not taking a square-ended boat back and forth between little nowheres. He looked at May — and she seemed to him very desirable there, sitting with her hands among the crockery dishes. She ought to be raising children. While he watched her, the color mounted to her face. His eyes fell on a small mirror across the cabin; and in it he saw the yellow of his hair, and his eyes clear blue, filling the small glass. He stooped to go out of the door, and he awoke to his own size; the boat had grown too small to hold him. As he came out on deck he heard the clock strike eight — clear notes, suddenly resonant on the night air.

There was a smell of frost in the night; the stars were beginning to show among the clouds; here and there they found reflections in the black water of the canal.

Andrew went over to the other boat and knocked on the cabin door; but no one answered him. He walked forward to the stable to look at the horses. It was inky dark there, and the horses shifted in their stalls at his unfamiliar

smell. But he stepped in beside them and felt them over. They were heavy horses, as heavy as the black team, hard and in good condition — a trifle poor, perhaps. He knew the owner, Reuben Philmy, a little dazed man who wanted enough money to set up a little garden — a little garden! Andrew felt a quiver in the legs of the horse by which he stood, as if he, too, snorted at the thought.

When he came out on deck again, Andrew heard Philmy coming aboard.

'Hello,' said Andrew. 'It's me, Andrew Glenn.'

'I thought that was your boat,' said the other in a small, weak voice. 'Hello, Andrew.'

'I want to buy your boat,' said Andrew.

They talked for a while in the starlight, and then Andrew reached into his pocket, and a little later he walked away toward the Delta House.

As he paused before the door, the moon, a full white moon, came out from the clouds, bringing a bright wind with it. He could see the white gleam of the plank road running straight away to Westernville, on the far side of the canal. Close at hand, it spanned the water over a bridge, the white rails of which arched from shore to shore like a web of silver mist. On this he heard now the thump of heels sounding with a tight, frosty ring; and presently a high unmusical whistle proceeded from the lips of the walker. In a few moments his humped shadow became visible, black against the gray-washed stillness of the roadside fields. Andrew went out to meet him.

'I guessed I might run into you here, Andrew.'

'We just stopped for the night, Harvey.'

The peddler dumped his pack down and leaned back against the snake fence where the protruding crossed

ends of the rails made a rest for his back.

'Going on in the morning?' he asked.

'Eanh — as far as Rome.'

'Where're you heading?'

'West,' said Andrew.

The peddler pushed his hat forward over his eyes and drew in his breath with a low whistle.

'I bought Philmy's boat and team,' said Andrew.

'Going alone?'

'Eanh.'

The cold breeze rustled the roadside grass.

'A man ought to get married,' said the peddler.

'I reckon,' Andrew said.

'Did you ask her?'

'Eanh.'

'She said no.'

'Eanh.'

'Why?' Harvey asked.

'I reckon she wants Stephen.'

'She's said no to him, too,' said Harvey.

'How'd you know that?'

'He's setting up the road a spell by himself.'

'He's tired of her,' Andrew said.

'He would n't leave her with nobody else round to tag after. I'll bet she's turned him off.'

With his forefinger Andrew outlined the toe of his boot in the road where he squatted.

'She'd make a good wife,' said Harvey.

'I guess that's so.'

'What I think is,' said Harvey, 'that she wants a bit of both of you.'

Andrew was silent.

'Either you take her or you don't. One of you alone could take her in a minute.'

'I can't leave Steve by himself,' said Andrew. 'It ain't right.'

'You'll have to if you're going west. You'd better settle it between

you right off if you're going to start west.'

'How?'

'You could do it a lot of ways — you could fight it out.'

'Cripus! He would n't stand no show.'

The peddler chuckled.

'Well, you might draw lots.'

Andrew deliberated.

'That'd be too sudden,' he said after a while.

'I got some cards,' said the peddler.

'I allus carry them.'

'Eanh.'

'Well, you could mix 'em good and then draw off the top for the first queen.'

This protracted method appealed to Andrew.

'That's all right,' he said.

In the act of pulling the cards out of his pocket, the peddler cocked his head.

At the same instant Stephen's face appeared over the snake fence behind them.

'What do you want to win for?' he asked Andrew. 'What good would that do you?'

Andrew hunched lower under the remark; he had not thought of that. For the first time he felt the pang at her refusal which had lain dormant in him.

Harvey cursed beneath his breath; then glanced up at Stephen. The moon shone in his small black eyes. He looked all at once like a crouched, inquisitive rat.

'I don't see as it'll help you an awful lot to win, either,' he observed.

Stephen drew back, and his cheek darkened.

'If it was n't for Andrew being round all the while, I'd have learned her already. Where are your damn cards?'

The peddler held them up.

'I'll mix,' he said, and he did so, slipping the cards dexterously from one hand to the other with his nimble fingers, until, in the moonlight, they became a running thread, with a faint gleam now and then against their backs. Suddenly he offered them to Andrew, backs up, upon his palm.

'Let him draw first,' said Andrew.

Stephen laughed.

'Andy's scared.'

He took off the top card and held it slantwise against the moon.

'Pip,' he said.

Andrew drew and struck a match where he squatted and laid the card down by his feet. Stephen drew again; then Andrew. And again they laid down the cards.

Stephen took another card, quickly, and laughed as he turned it down. He seemed quite at ease and asked for one of Harvey's cigars and borrowed Andrew's last match to light it. Andrew drew and examined his card by the glow of the cigar end, the faint light just touching his nose and brows and the outer hairs of his beard. Stephen looked at the next card, and laughed again.

'There! The damn black hussy. Tough luck, Andy.'

Andrew grunted.

He held his card close to the cigar — the two of clubs. Then he picked up the cards he had put down and handed them to Harvey.

Stephen vaulted over the fence.

'It's too bad, Andy,' he said again. There was a note of genuine disappointment in his voice, and he added quite honestly, 'We'll miss you.'

Andrew got slowly to his feet until he faced him.

'Good-bye,' he said. 'You can have the boat.'

Then he hit him with his full strength on the side of the face. Stephen crumpled backward on his heels and

stretched out, his fingers plucking at the dust.

'Jeepers!' Harvey whispered. 'Jeepers Cripus!'

And his hand went unconsciously to his own jaw.

'Jeepers!' he said once more.

Andrew stared from his fist to Stephen and back again. He shook his head.

After a moment he reached over and picked Stephen up and slung him across his shoulders.

'I'd better take him back,' he said.

Harvey swung up his pack and they set off for the boats. As they went side by side their shadows looked like the shadows of twins.

VIII

'Come on in,' May said.

Harvey opened the door and Andrew bunted his way in and dropped Stephen in the rocking-chair. Then, as if to survey his work, he stood back and looked him over in the lamplight. Stephen's skin was waxy, with an unpleasant yellow tinge beginning to show. The long lashes folded on his high cheeks might have been a woman's, as might his slim-fingered hands. He lay back with a grotesque crumpledness in his arms and legs. On his waistcoat there was still a white spot made by his cigar ash.

May looked from him to Andrew with a wondering horror.

'What've you been doing?' she cried suddenly. 'What've you done to him?'

Though she did not mind picking a flower herself, she could not bear to see one wilt under another's hand.

Andrew gazed at his fist before answering her.

'Why, I guess I hit him one.'

'Jeepers!' exclaimed Harvey. 'I'll bet your neck!'

'Eanh.'

May got some water from the butt and began daubing Stephen's face and neck. Andrew watched her for a moment. Then he turned heavily to Harvey.

'I reckon I better start now. Will you steer me 's fur 's Rome?'

'Why, yes,' Harvey said. 'I reckon I might as well.'

May glanced up quickly.

'Where 're you going?'

'West,' said Andrew. He banged the cabin door after him.

Harvey started to pick up his pack; but before he could swing it up May caught his arm.

'Tell me,' she said breathlessly.

He looked at her with relish.

'Why, you could n't pick neither one of 'em, and Andrew would n't let him have you while he was round, so they played for you with these-here cards,' — he produced them as evidence, — 'and Steve won, and Andrew busted him for it. He did it real handy.'

'You know,' he went on, reading her expression, 'he's liable to do that.'

He swung up his pack and opened the door. They heard the *tump-tump* of the horses coming down the gang of the boat ahead and a jangle of traces.

'It's a good boat, but I'll bet it's dirty,' Harvey said.

'You stay here,' said May. She ran out after Andrew and went aboard the other boat while he hitched the team to the eveners.

'All right, Harvey,' Andrew said, as he came back and pushed the gang back on deck.

'All right,' replied Harvey, from the bow of the Eastern Belle.

He grinned as the boat swung away from the wharf. In the pale light he saw May Friendly raise her arm to him. He waved back. The moon traced the wash from the stern as the boat went round a bend. He waited a few minutes longer.

'Low bridge!' he heard Andrew's deep voice calling.

'Lo-ow bridge!' May's voice faintly gave the steersman's answer.

Harvey chuckled as he returned to the cabin. He sat down at the table and opened his pack and began rolling cigars.

'One for a penny, a penny for one,' he chanted. 'Built right and rolled tight, and warranted to drawr.'

Behind him Stephen moaned.

'That you, Harvey?' he asked weakly. 'Where's Andy?'

'I guess he woke up,' said Harvey. 'Them sleepy ones wake up once in a while.'

He sifted the filling on to a leaf.

'It's like something inside of them said, "Jeepers!"' he went on, 'and they did n't hear it for a while.'

'Where 's May?'

Harvey chuckled.

'She don't seem to believe in cards,' he replied. 'By grab!' he added. 'Durned if she did n't wake up, too!'

He licked his thumbs with relish and rolled the wrapping on tight.

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

ACCORDING to the lexicographers, *cacoethes* is an ill habit, or the itch for doing something unadvisable; and they invariably add: 'as in *scribendi cacoethes*, scribbling mania.' Why is this the inevitable illustration? Why have these words been so long and so intimately associated? Dictionaries are social as well as etymological histories, summing up briefly the garnered wisdom of the ages upon innumerable subjects; and the deduction in this case is that the itch for writing has always been regarded, not only as an affliction, but as the most contagious and prevalent of afflictions.

Nevertheless, it seems to me that 'itch,' 'mania,' 'ill habit,' are misleading terms, by no means descriptive of a malady which, in its higher manifestations, is one of the noblest of all the diseases of the human spirit. Now and then, to be sure, even an illustrious victim speaks of it as though it were, in truth, nothing but a disgusting irritation, something to be ashamed of. Tolstoy, for example, in a letter written in mid-course of his career, said. 'I abstain from writing and feel a kind of moral purity, such as one feels from not smoking. I do not know how to rejoice sufficiently at having conquered that habit.' But I doubt whether Tolstoy was really as happy as he professed to be at the moment. If he abstained from writing, the reason was, more than likely, that his inspiration had failed him, temporarily, and he was trying to make a virtue of necessity. Had he been permanently cured, I venture to

say that thenceforth he would have been the most miserable of men.

For a remarkable feature of this disease, and one of the most difficult to explain, is that, however great a victim's sufferings in the throes of it, the moment relief comes it is found to be no relief at all. I believe that the wondrous wise man in the nursery rhyme must have been suffering from *cacoethes scribendi*. 'He jumped into a bramble bush, and scratched out both his eyes' was merely a pictorial way of saying that he found the disease intolerable and took heroic measures to effect a cure. Having momentarily regained his health, he found that condition even less endurable, and immediately elected to become ill again.

I have heard it said that an infallible as well as a permanent cure for the malady is the cooling salve of public indifference and neglect. Cooling this unguent undoubtedly is; but healing? I doubt it. One thinks of innumerable instances which lead to a contrary opinion; of men, some of them rich in worldly possessions, and therefore under no compulsion to write; others wretchedly poor; some of remarkable and varied gifts; some with talents pathetically meagre; but all of them having this in common — that they spent their lives in obscure and solitary literary toil without once hearing a heartening shout of public acclaim.

Consider for a moment a particular, and by no means an exceptional, case — that of Samuel Butler. Although he sometimes wrote music or painted

pictures, he was first and last a literary man, and during his life he published fourteen books, all at his own expense. Only one, *Erewhon*, netted him even a small profit, and his return from that was only sixty-two pounds and some odd shillings. The others were total failures, commercially. Butler was out of pocket 779 pounds, 18 shillings, 1½ pence for the lot of them. After *Erewhon*, his most successful book was *Life and Habit*, which found six hundred and forty purchasers, and the least successful a volume of essays, of which not a single copy was sold. Nevertheless, Butler continued writing to the end of his days. There is an interesting note in his *Journal*, published after his death, with reference to his books and how they came to be written. 'I never make them,' he said; 'they grow; they come to me and insist on being written, and on being such and such. I did not want to write *Erewhon*. I wanted to go on painting and found it an abominable nuisance being dragged willy-nilly into writing it. So with all my books — the subjects were never of my own choosing; they pressed themselves upon me with more force than I could resist. If I had not liked the subjects I should have kicked, and nothing would have got me to do them at all. . . .' That final statement I don't for a moment believe. He might have kicked, but he would have written nevertheless.

Mr. Arthur Machen, the author of those strange and memorable tales, *The Great God Pan*, *The Hill of Dreams*, *The Secret Glory*, and so forth, furnishes another example of a man who was not deterred from writing by the lack of public encouragement. He resembles Samuel Butler in that his peculiar temperament, his own predilections, as well as the outward circumstances of his life, seem to have made it necessary that he should write the books he

did write, and only those. Although he is an artist in a small and lonely field, for pure, passionate, lifelong devotion to the task of cultivating its grudging soil I doubt whether his equal can be found in all the history of letters. Certainly there has never been a more heroic sufferer from the dread scourge — *cacoethes scribendi*. His volume of reminiscences, *Far Off Things*, contains a passage that needs to be quoted in full, it puts so well the case for all men of limited talent who are searching for the way to the full heaven of Art which is never to be theirs: —

No; the only course is to go on stumbling and struggling and blundering like a man lost in a dense thicket on a dark night; a thicket, I say, of rebounding boughs that punish with the sting of a whiplash, of thorns that savagely lacerate the flesh, — it is the flesh of the heart, alas! that they tear, — of sharp rocks of agony and black pools of despair. Such is the obscure wood of the literary life; such, at least, it was to me. You struggle to find your way; but again and again you ask yourself whether, for you, there is any way. You think you have hit upon the lucky track at last. And lo! before your feet is the black pit. And such is not alone the adventure of little, ineffectual struggling men. How old was glorious Cervantes, now serene forever amongst the immortals, when he found his way to that village of La Mancha? Fifty, I think, or almost fifty. And he had been striving for years to write plays, and poetry, and short stories of passion and sentiment; and it was only the roar of applause that thundered up from the world when the Knight and the Squire were seen riding over the hill that convinced Cervantes that at last he had discovered his true path; if indeed he were ever convinced of the magnitude and majesty of the achievement of *Don Quixote*.

And if these things are done with the great, what will be done with the little? If the clear-voiced leaders of the everlasting choir are to suffer so and agonize, what of miserable little Welshmen stammering and stuttering by the Wandle, in the obscure

rectory among the hills, in waste places by Shepherd's Bush, in gloomy Great Russell Street, where the ghosts of dead, disappointed authors go sighing to and fro? For the fate of the little literary man there is no articulate speech that is sufficient; one must fall back upon *aoi*, or *oimoi*, or *alas*, or some such vague lament of unutterable woe.

It is a pity that no one competent to do so has ever made a study, historically and pathologically, of the *cacoethes scribendi*. If ever such a study is made, Mr. Machen's two volumes, *Things Near and Far* and *Far Off Things*, should be consulted. He has gone into the facts of his own case with painstaking thoroughness, and has reached certain conclusions that need to be tested in the light of wider evidence. For example: like Samuel Butler he kept a careful record of his returns from the sale of his books. He runs through the list of these books, written between 1880 and 1922, and finds that there are eighteen titles. His total receipts for these eighteen volumes, which cost him forty-two years of toil, amounted to the sum of six hundred and thirty-five pounds; in other words, for nearly half a century of labor, he had been paid at the rate of fifteen pounds and a few shillings per annum. 'It seems clear,' he adds, 'that my literary activities cannot be adequately accounted for on the hypothesis of mere greed and moneygrubbing.' Then he wonders what the motive, or motives, can be that induce men to devote their lives to literature — why it is that so many writers are willing to endure horrible poverty, disappointment, mortification, and despair for such slender rewards, for no reward, in fact, that could be adequate. And his conclusion is this: that life, if looked at honestly, without shrinking, is intolerable, and that men will do anything to hide from the serious facts of life, 'follow

any track, however desperate, trivial, perilous, or painful, if only these serious facts can be evaded and forgotten, though it be but for a few hours.' To write books is one method of escape — of hard escape, to be sure, but offering advantages over other methods to certain types of men.

I question the validity of this conclusion, not in individual instances, but as a general statement of the case. Life is not so horrible as all this comes to. Rabelais, Cervantes, Charles Dickens, the three artists whom Mr. Machen loves and reveres above all others, relished life keenly, and their enormous capacity for loving it as men was the measure of their greatness as artists. The writing of books was no attempt to escape on their part. Their purpose was, rather, to convince others of the foolishness of wanting to escape, by showing them the value of the gift of life, whether considered as a stirring adventure or a fascinating spectacle. I doubt whether any sweeping statement can be made with respect to the causes of *cacoethes scribendi*. They seem to be as many and varied as its victims.

One of the most eminent of these victims, Joseph Conrad, would have been the last, surely, to have agreed with Mr. Machen that a literary career offers a means of escape from the keener sufferings of life. His recently published letters, many of them written in the midst of his work, reveal a man suffering, as an artist, the torments of the damned. There were, to be sure, contributory causes: ill health, worry about money, and the like, but these by no means account for such anguish of mind and spirit. No one familiar with Conrad's work could have been unprepared for the revelations of the letters, — such tales as *Heart of Darkness*, *Lord Jim*, *Victory*, *Under Western Eyes*, foreshadowed

them, — but I doubt whether even the most sympathetic and discerning of his readers had any real conception, beforehand, of the grievous cost to him of the act of creation. But I had forgotten his autobiographical narrative, *A Personal Record*: there he did let the reader behind the scenes, so to speak, in one of the finest passages, considered merely as prose, that ever came from his pen. In speaking of the labor it cost him to write *Nostromo*, he said: —

For twenty months, neglecting the common joys of life that fall to the lot of the humblest on this earth, I had, like the prophet of old, 'wrestled with the Lord' for my creation, for the headlands of the coast, for the darkness of the Placid Gulf, the light on the snows, the clouds in the sky, and for the breath of life that had to be blown into the shapes of men and women, of Latin and Saxon, of Jew and Gentile. These are, perhaps, strong words, but it is difficult to characterize otherwise the intimacy and the strain of a creative effort in which mind and will and conscience are engaged to the full, hour after hour, day after day, away from the world, and to the exclusion of all that makes life really lovable and gentle — something for which a material parallel can only be found in the everlasting sombre stress of the westward winter passage round Cape Horn.

It would be an excellent thing if this extract, suitably printed and framed, were to be hung on the walls of classrooms wherever English literature is studied and the art of writing professedly taught. It is reasonable to suppose that students, reading and re-reading it day after day, would eventually not only remember the words, but would have a conception, at least, of what they mean — of the difficulties of the tasks confronting the serious artist, of the nature of the gifts necessary to conquer them, and of the *peine forte et dure* which is his portion in life. If, as a

result, some of them were to be deterred from undertaking literary careers, what a blessing that would be, both to themselves and to the public at large.

For there is no doubt that *cacoethes scribendi* is becoming all too common a malady in these days. All of us journey-men scribblers are out of the discussion, of course. We are merely artisans, like blacksmiths, or carpenters, or bricklayers, and profess to be nothing more. But the countless host of contemporary novelists, dramatists, poets, make no such modest claims to modest merit. They demand to be taken seriously; and every year larger and yet larger numbers of young men and women join the ranks of this army, which threatens, eventually, to include the whole of our adult and adolescent population. Most of them are wholly lacking in gifts for their high calling, save only, occasionally, in that of dogged persistence. The importance of this quality becomes grossly exaggerated in their eyes. They believe it to be half the battle, when in reality it is not one quarter of it. They are misled, too, by the doctrine, so persistently preached at them in an era of cheaply won material success, that any man can achieve what he wills to achieve, if only he wills it hard enough. 'Lives of great men all remind us . . .' That faith is as widely disseminated and, I venture to say, as widely held to-day as it was half a century ago, when Longfellow so unhappily implanted it in every school-boy's heart.

I sometimes think that liberty to aspire — supposed to be among the crowning glories of our democratic age — is really the most doubtful of its blessings. Certainly it is responsible for a great deal of needless misery. Consider this army of would-be artists, so many of whom are trying to stretch meagre gifts to the limit of their aspirations; or worse, creating

gifts for themselves out of pure imagination. If they were denied the opportunity, how much happier they would be. There is a definition of art, to be found in Mr. Santayana's *Dialogues in Limbo*, which, I think, should also be printed and framed for hanging in classrooms. It is this: 'Art, which is action guided by knowledge, is the principle of benefit, and without art, the freer a man is the more miserable

he must become.' Action guided by knowledge, particularly by self-knowledge, is precisely the kind of action so many of us know nothing about, and that is why we lead such inartistic lives — why, for example, we think we are authentic sufferers from *cacoethes scribendi* when in reality our complaint no more resembles this glorious malady than 'Little Birdie in a Tree' resembles Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale.'

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE

I. THE PART PLAYED BY A WOMAN

BY EDMUND A. WALSH

I

'WE are the oldest government in Europe,' remarked Chicherin in 1923, during the residence of the present writer in Moscow. This droll comment of the Bolshevik Commissar for Foreign Affairs was historically correct then, — more so to-day, — if by government that astute diplomat understood a given cabinet or a *sovnarkom* exercising supreme power and performing the customary administrative functions. The parliamentary system which requires sporadically a vote of confidence in support of the dominant political party, failing which the cabinet is expected to resign, has indeed occasioned a bewildering succession of ministries upon the stage of European politics since November 7, 1917. The Moscow system, on the contrary, provides, antecedently, for the liquidation of any menacing opposition by the

simple device of eliminating the opposers. Those who attempted serious political resistance found themselves either in the execution chamber of the Lubyanka or on their way to freezing exile in the convict camps on Solovetsky Island in the White Sea.

To be sure, during the decade just ended, there have been notable losses and substitutions in the higher ranks of the Soviet hierarchy. Sverdlov, Volodarsky, and Uritsky, all active leaders, were assassinated in the early days of the Revolution. Lenin, the flaming torch that fired the Russian masses and sought to fire the world, the creator of the Soviet state and founder of the Third International, died the thousand living deaths of a deranged paralytic before his actual demise in 1924. Vorovsky, able propagandist and first Soviet representative to Italy,

was murdered in Switzerland in 1923 and lies buried outside the Kremlin walls, close to the grave of John Reed. On the afternoon of Vorovsky's funeral the author of these articles wandered through Red Square and meditated on the significance of the strange fellowship that could so unite in common burial a Russian revolutionist and the brilliant but erratic Harvard graduate.

Krassin, easily distinguishable among the other commissars as brains temporizing with victorious passions, recently succumbed to a mortal illness while Soviet Ambassador to England. Dzerzhinsky, chief of the dreaded secret police, the Cheka, executioner of 1,800,000 victims, the man with the eyes of a gazelle and the soul of a Fouquier-Tinville, expired suddenly and mysteriously in 1926 after an impassioned speech of protest against certain heterodox tendencies of his colleagues. Voikov, who signed the death warrant of Tsar Nicholas II and the imperial family, was himself murdered in Warsaw on June 7, 1927, falling victim to the vengeance of an exiled Russian youth not twenty years of age.

But after each casualty the ranks closed tighter. Internal dissension is met by stern domestic discipline. Trotsky, Zinoviev, and Kamenev dispute the supremacy of Stalin, Bucharin, and Rykov. They pay the penalty of schism by relegation to obscure posts within the Party. Thus the essential dictatorship of ten men, the Political Bureau of the Communist Party, persists unchallenged over 140,000,000 Russians. With unshaken confidence, Moscow is celebrating its tenth year in continuous control of approximately one seventh of the habitable surface of the earth.

If history may be conceived as philosophy teaching by example, may it not be time, even as early as the

tenth year after the event, to seek a helpful interpretation of the Russian experiment?

For Russia not only presents a story that will engage the best historians of the world for generations to come; it is an actual, insistent fact of the present. Bolshevism is an international reality which only the hopelessly intransigent can ignore. If the World War did not entirely destroy modern organized society, it assuredly did bring civilization to the crossroads. The victors of the second Russian revolution, that of November 1917, frankly and brutally took the road to the extreme left, driving a weakened, demoralized Russia before them, calling on stronger nations to follow. That way madness lies, as they have now learned and reluctantly admitted, taught by the inexorable laws of nature operating through economic pressure. But it is my deliberate judgment, based on six years' close observation of European and Russian affairs, that no lasting peace is possible in Europe or Asia until the breach between Russia and the West is securely bridged. For that difference, that breach, is not a chasm dug by national hatred, by historic feud or racial antipathy. One or other of such specific motives made Greeks the natural enemies of Turks, made France distrust Germany, and set Celt against Saxon. But the issue created by the second Russian revolution strikes at the very concept of human society as now organized and proposes an entirely new civilization.

It was not merely a revolution in the accepted sense as historically understood, — that is, a re-allocation of sovereignty, — but revolution in the domain of economics, religion, art, literature, science, education, and all other human activities. It sought to create a new archetype of humanity, the 'collective man,' and a new culture

adapted to the impersonal 'mass man' who should displace forever 'the soul-encumbered individual man.' It was meant, and so proclaimed by its protagonists, to be a challenge to the modern State as constituted, not merely in Imperial Russia, but throughout the entire civilized world. It was philosophic materialism in arms, the most radical school of thought that has ever come upon the stage of human affairs.

The leaders of Bolshevism deliberately identified and confused, in the estimation of the masses, all civilization with the particular Russian form detested by the peasants because of their economic serfdom under it and hated by the liberals because of the savage repression of all their efforts for the enlargement of human liberty through constitutional reform. Interpreting all life, therefore, in terms of their own memories of Siberia, the Bolsheviks generalized savagely, and, of course, erroneously. Lenin registered his bitter oath of universal revenge on the day his brother Alexander Ulianov was executed by the Tsarist Government in 1887 for attempted regicide. Lenin was wrong. But the Tsars were equally wrong in obstinately refusing to modify an insupportable autocracy that drove men to such desperation.

II

The Russian problem derives its hugeness and its complexity from the very soil that gave it birth, inheriting these characteristics as legitimately and historically as the Russian peasant does his wise simplicity and his naïve mysticism. To be sure, such of the intelligentsia as escaped the Cheka during the Terror often begged us foreigners to consider Bolshevism, not as Russian in character and origin at all, but as a distinctly foreign invention, imported into Russia by the

German High Staff during the war as a purely military manoeuvre to destroy the morale of the Russian people and cripple the army. Both objectives were achieved with characteristic efficiency, even though the Frankenstein monster thus created almost destroyed its sponsor when Bolshevik revolutionary propaganda nearly triumphed in Germany in 1923.

In substantiation of their protests, it was often pointed out to us by native Russians that the anti-individualistic character of Soviet institutions is as far removed from the dreamy idealism of Slav peasantry as it is from the avowed aspirations of typical revolutionary leaders like Alexander Herzen, Plekhanov, Kropotkin, Tolstoy, Chernov, Martov, Spiridonova, Milyukov, Pitirim, Sorokin, and Grandmother Breshkovskaya. This reservation must, however, be interpreted as their criticism of Bolshevism's impracticable, unworkable answer to Russia's century-long struggle for political freedom and economic independence. It does not, I think, invalidate my contention that Russia's present fate was clearly Russia's destiny, self-imposed, foreseen through decades, and inescapable, granted the policy pursued by the Russian Government for the thirty-seven years that elapsed between the assassination of Alexander II and the murder of Nicholas II.

Time, before whose impartial tribunal all men and institutions pass for judgment, is gradually furnishing the perspective indispensable for an objective and unobstructed view of that sinister record of blunder, Asiatic callousness, reaction, and Byzantine haughtiness. The unfolding panorama of Russian history from 1613 — when young Michael Romanov, son of the Patriarch Philaret, mounted the throne — until the last of the Romanovs perished in the hideous massacre of

Ekaterinburg reveals a destiny that swept to its finale with the inevitability of a Greek tragedy. A thesis common in monarchist and émigré circles labors to prove that the Bolshevik revolution was an unnatural, un-Russian phenomenon artificially created by two foreign influences, German militarism and Jewish hatred, and then imposed by treachery on a demoralized and exhausted people. But on the strength of the record, and in view of documentary evidence now becoming increasingly available, I am obliged to reject that theory. Though the instrumental rôle played both by Jews and by Germany was considerable and active, and though I am familiar with the remarkable work of Mrs. Webster tracing the revolutionary movement, through Lenin and Marx, back to Bakunin, Anacharsis Clootz, Gracchus Babeuf, and the Illuminati of Weishaupt, I maintain that Bolshevism is a natural phase in the evolution of a strictly historical process originating in the soil, the culture, and the politics of Russia itself. When one disentangles the matted roots of that gnarled and knotted growth he will discover many domestic causes: one philosophic, another geographic, some political, economic, and racial, one religious, and the final, psychological and emotional. The first six can only be touched upon lightly here and will form the subject of a later and more detailed study. The last will be examined more minutely in the present paper.

1. The impetus and direction given to revolutionary thought by the morbid pessimism of so many Russian intellectuals during the latter half of the nineteenth century only served to tighten the noose around their own necks. Despite the prophetic warnings of true lovers of the fatherland, like Dostoevsky and Ivan Bunin, they

popularized a philosophy of despair that helped Russia into the abyss.

2. The 'land hunger' of the peasants, that perennial thirst of all predominantly agricultural communities, was but poorly satisfied, nay, was aggravated, by the terms of the political emancipation of 1861, which still left them, to all intents and purposes, economic serfs.

3. The 'constitution hunger' of the moderate and truly patriotic liberals was answered by a stupid policy of savage repression and a reassertion of autocracy that drove the revolutionaries underground, thus creating a multiplicity of secret organizations dedicated to the overthrow of Tsardom through ruthless direct action and political assassination.

4. The rapid growth of industrial and factory life in Russia, notably from 1867 to 1897, without a corresponding improvement in the status of labor, gave rise to a surly class consciousness. And class consciousness is the fertile soil where professional agitators sow the bitter seeds of class hatred. Class hatred is the herald of revolution.

5. The bewildering ethnological composition of a population which was nothing more than a loose agglomeration of over two hundred unassimilated nationalities will, I think, bear me out in believing that Russia was probably the only land on the face of the earth that could have produced so swiftly and so completely the chaotic enigma she now presents to the civilized world. Walk with me through the streets of Moscow, that mart where East and West meet, but blend not. Let your gaze range from the fair-haired Slav or Aryan from Great Russia and Siberia to the semibarbaric countenances and Asiatic types discernible among the slant-eyed soldiers, worshipers of Buddha, who thronged the streets in 1922. Kirghiz, Kalmuks, Chuvashes,

Tatars, and Chinese! In a word, visualize the component human elements of the far-flung empire of the Tsars and you will begin to appreciate what Kipling meant when he wrote that Russia must be considered, not as the most eastern of western nations, but as the most westerly nation of the East. And you cannot but agree that this heterogeneous admixture of races, religions, and antagonistic interests contained within itself the fatal germs of domestic discord, the seeds of fratricidal strife and bloody revolution, to end eventually in complete economic and social disintegration.

6. The influence of sectarianism cannot be overlooked in any complete account of the progress of revolution in Russia. Apart from the twelve million Roman Catholics residing within the confines of the Empire, mainly of Polish origin and consequently treated with hostility as tolerated aliens, and the seven millions or more of Protestants, there existed a bewildering complexity of dissident sects. Tenacious of their old and new beliefs, fanatically opposed to the state religion, the sectarians were prepared to die, as they frequently did, for their religious practices. If we add to the strictly Orthodox communities of Raskolniks (Separatists) and Starovyeri (Old Believers) the rationalist and chiliastic groups, the Adventists and the New Adventists, the Nemoliakhi and Neplatel'shchiki (nonpayers of taxes), the Stranniki (pilgrims), the Medal'shchiki (medalists), the Jehovahists (universal brothers), the Sviatodulkhovsti (adherents of the Holy Ghost), the Dukhobors and Molokani (Zionists), the Fire Baptists and Morel'shchiki (self-immolators), the Khlysty (scourgers), the Skoptsy (self-mutilators), and the Trudnoviki (cloistral communists), a total is reached which embraced probably a third of the population. And since orthodoxy and

autocracy were inseparably linked in the Russian idea of the State, nonconformers were penalized and systematically oppressed. The victims were in moral and intellectual rebellion long before the armed revolt of 1917. They constituted a sociopolitical factor of truly elemental power, smouldering with resentment and ripe for explosion.

Russia was an ethnological museum superintended by a vigilant autocrat and policed by the Third Section of Chancery, the Political Police. With the downfall of the overseer and the murder of the policeman, bedlam broke loose. Russia was a pyramid, but an inverted pyramid with a huge, unwieldy, and inert superstructure of discontented, illiterate masses balanced unsteadily on that slender apex furnished by the fraction of the population included in the nobility, the aristocracy, and the bureaucracy. With the crumbling of the demoralized autocracy, upon which practically the whole of organized life was balanced, human society turned turtle. As the area affected was one sixth of the surface of this planet, and as the human element then involved numbered over 170,000,000 people, the resulting chaos was proportionate to the possibilities for disorder and destruction, which were boundless, inherent in such an unstable system, never far from the surface and only outwardly controlled by the Okhrana, the secret police of the Tsars. Consequently, when the crash came, it marked the most stupendous single political event, I believe, since the break-up of the Roman Empire. Not only did the ensuing human wreckage cover the plains of Muscovy, but the flotsam and the jetsam have been washed up on every shore of the civilized world, so that the Russian émigré — that most tragic and, be it truthfully said, that most amiable personage — can claim kinship with Vergil's Æneas

when he says, '*Quae regio in terra nostri non plena laboris!* — What corner of the earth has not known our sorrow!'

Russia was the last island fortress of absolutism in the rising tide of democracy, the outstanding anachronism of the twentieth century. Ringed round by the bayonets of the Preobrazhenski and Volinski regiments, its ukases executed by the knouts of Cossacks and the flashing sabres of the Hussars, it defied the elements for three hundred years — until the deluge came. Whose hand unloosed the flood gates? In my opinion, a woman, all unconsciously, had more to do with the final debacle than any other single cause.

III

The part played by this unhappy woman in the final catastrophe cannot be overestimated. A German princess of the House of Hesse, it would appear that she never completely won the sympathy and confidence of her adopted people, but, like her equally unfortunate prototype, Marie Antoinette, she was vaguely distrusted by the Russian people as a foreigner and a Germanophile. Of the charge, however, of treason, history probably will clear the memory of Alexandra Feodorovna, if it can never clear her memory of tendencies, practices, and imprudences that contributed notably to Russia's ruin. The domination which this imperious, proud, aloof, and resolute woman exercised over her irresolute and impressionable husband became such a menace that more than one grand duke, duchess, and general cried out in warning against it. They were usually exiled to their estates, far from Petrograd.

Russia had touched the nadir of misfortune and corrupt administration. Food supplies were insufficient; transportation, the nerves of the body

economic, was paralyzed; the supply of ammunition was not only inadequate, but systematically sabotaged; shells were manufactured in Russian factories that fitted no Russian ordnance; soldiers were sent to the front barefoot. Mr. Francis, the American Ambassador to Russia during the Revolution, recounts in his correspondence that Russian troops were sent to battle with but one rifle for every two men. The unarmed trooper was instructed to seize the rifle of a comrade as the latter fell. The defeatists destroyed the morale and confidence of the people and evoked the gaunt spectre of national disaster.

Intelligent ministers, who realized the gravity of both the internal and the external situation and dared to protest, out of loyalty to Russia, were summarily dismissed at the bidding of 'dark forces' and 'invisible influences,' acting through the Empress. Twenty-one cabinet members followed each other to disgrace during the merry game of 'ministerial leapfrog.' The head and front of the offending was the unspeakable Rasputin, whose sinister influence over the Tsarina gave rise to a mass of scandalous reports that discredited the monarchy, encouraged the enemies of the throne, and drove patriotic Russians to desperation.

Unsavoury as this episode must ever be, it cannot be dismissed as a legend. Gregory Rasputin was one of the contributing causes of the Russian Revolution.

This coarse and depraved adventurer was born a Siberian peasant. While posing as one inspired of God, a *staretz*, as the type is called in Russia, he was 'discovered' by the wife of a wealthy Moscow merchant during a pilgrimage to a Siberian shrine. Under her auspices he was introduced to the most exclusive circles of the capital. It should be noted at this point that

Rasputin, though frequently called a monk, was not a priest of the Russian Church, nor was he even in holy orders at any time, but was one of the wandering pilgrims so frequently met in the country districts of Russia. As regards ecclesiastical jurisdiction, he was absolutely a free lance and the authorities found it impossible to control his actions. His chief title to preëminence seems to have been a certain power of healing the sick by the application of personal magnetism.

The possession of occult powers, and the mysticism of charlatans, never failed to exercise a fatal fascination for the intellectuals of Russia. Philippe, the butcher's boy of Lyons, whose vogue at the Russian court ceased as Rasputin came on the scene in 1905, is a case in point. And historians of the Russian Revolution will find a curious confirmation of the same psychic abnormality in the quacks, charlatans, spiritists and mesmerists, 'table-rappers' and 'table-turners,' who overawed French society with their dabbling in the supernatural on the very eve of the French Revolution. 'They danced to death along a flowery way.'

Isvolsky, in his *Recollections of a Foreign Minister*, records the influence of the Comte de Saint-Germain over the Landgrave of Hesse, of the 'unknown Philosopher' over the Duchess of Bourbon, and of Cagliostro over Cardinal de Bourbon. Similarly, the influence of Rasputin over the Tsarina was based upon his mysterious but conceded ability to heal the young Tsarevitch by means which still remain an open question.

It is a matter of history that the Tsar and the Tsarina had been long disappointed in the birth of four daughters but of no male heir to the throne. This situation continued until 1904, when a boy was born. The Tsarevitch, Alexis, was, consequently, the child of pre-

dilection on whom the affections of father and mother were unsparingly lavished. But the rejoicing at his birth soon turned into bitter grief and desperation, for it was found that the infant son suffered from the strange disease often found among royal children in Europe, known as hæmophilia. Victims of this malady are known in medicine as hæmophiliacs, or 'bleeders.' It shows itself in a certain weakness of the veins and of the arteries of the skin, so that the sufferer is liable, at the slightest injury or contusion, to bleed profusely. The slightest scratch, or the bumping of a hand or an ankle against a projection, will cause either bleeding or a discolored swelling on the afflicted member, accompanied with the most excruciating pain. This mysterious disease is transmitted through the mother and only to the males. The sister of the Tsarina, Princess Henry of Prussia, had transmitted it to all three of her sons. One of the Tsarina's younger brothers also suffered from it, likewise her Uncle Leopold, Queen Victoria's youngest son. The oldest son of the King of Spain, the Prince of the Asturias, is likewise a sufferer, and grave doubt is now entertained if he will live to succeed King Alfonso.

Everything known to medical science was done for the precious heir to the Russian throne, in whom were concentrated all the hopes of the Romanov dynasty. In fact, the care lavished on her only son gave rise to the criticism at court that Alexandra was more of a nurse than an empress. It is at this point that Rasputin enters on the scene.

I consulted many persons in Moscow and Petrograd, among them physicians and scholars familiar with the current reports involving the Empress and Rasputin. I likewise discussed this and allied topics in London last July with

Sir Bernard Pares, whose lifelong study of Russia and residence in Russia during the Revolution make him one of the world's leading scholars in the field of Russian history. Alexander Kerensky, former Premier of Russia in the Provisional Government, who personally visited and conversed with the Tsarina in her imprisonment, likewise gave me several hours on the same subject. The consensus of opinion is that Alexandra was, in point of morality, above reproach and cannot be accused of improper relations with the greasy muzhik. The same cannot be said of other high personages in her entourage.

Gregory Rasputin was simply a clever adventurer, a habitual drunkard, and a licentious roué who utilized for his purposes some hypnotic or mesmeric power not definitely catalogued. Whatever the explanation may be, the outstanding fact upon which all agree is that Rasputin could stop the paroxysms of pain into which the young Tsarevitch was so often thrown by his dread affliction. The maternal love of the Tsarina for her boy and her terror when she realized the danger to his health, complicated by an emotional religious fervor, furnished the foundation for Rasputin's influence at court. On one occasion Rasputin was actually sent away from Petrograd by order of the Emperor. The Tsarevitch fell ill. The doctors tried every known remedy, but the hemorrhage grew steadily worse and death was expected at any moment. The distracted Tsarina had Rasputin recalled to his bedside. Over the blood-soaked bandages Rasputin made the sign of the cross, mumbled some incantations, laid his hand upon the still, white face, and the bleeding stopped. He was never again to leave the court, as he himself had prophesied on receiving the order of expulsion.

The manner and secret of his success are still debated. Out of the welter of hypotheses advanced by his contemporaries I select two as the most probable. The first group attributes his influence to a species of mesmerism or personal magnetism, the application of which soothed and hypnotized the sufferer until nature itself was enabled to exercise its recuperative power. The second group advances a more complicated and more subtle explanation. They suspect that Madame Viroubova, one of Rasputin's admitted devotees and lady in waiting to the Tsarina, administered an irritating physic or drug to the Tsarevitch at stated intervals. This drug is supposed to have been supplied by a mysterious Badmaiev, a doctor of Oriental origin who flits in and out of the scene. The potion was administered so as to coincide with the appearance of Rasputin, who timed his visits shrewdly. As the effects wore off, the impostor made it appear that the cure was due to the hocus-pocus which he pronounced over the suffering child.

The hypnotic explanation receives added force from the testimony of several Russian statesmen not likely to be influenced by romantic tales. Rodzianko, Speaker of the Duma, — a huge man, physically robust, and of demonstrated will power, — confesses that Rasputin, on one occasion, gave him a disconcerting exhibition of occult power. It was at the Tercentenary Celebration of the Romanov dynasty. Rasputin, uninvited, had wormed his way into the place for honor guests at a service in the Kazan Cathedral in Petrograd. Rodzianko ordered him out: —

'I drew quite close to him and said in an impressive whisper, "What are you doing here?" He shot an insolent look at me and replied, "What's that to do with you?"

"If you address me as 'thou' I will

drag you from the Cathedral by the beard. Don't you know I am the President of the Duma?"

'Rasputin faced me and seemed to run me over with his eyes; first my face, then in the region of the heart, then again he stared me in the eyes. This lasted for several moments.

'Personally I had never yielded to hypnotic suggestion, of which I had had frequent experience. Yet here I felt myself confronted by an unknown power of tremendous force. I suddenly became possessed of an almost animal fury, the blood rushed to my heart, and I realized I was working myself into a state of absolute frenzy. I, too, stared straight into Rasputin's eyes and, speaking literally, felt my own starting out of my head. Probably I must have looked rather formidable, for Rasputin suddenly began to squirm. . . .'

On another occasion, as far back as 1911, Stolypin, whom no one ever accused of being a weakling, had a similar encounter with Rasputin. Summoned to the Premier's study to answer to charges of notorious public immorality, the staretz attempted to hypnotize the statesman.

'He ran his pale eyes over me,' said Stolypin, 'mumbled mysterious and inarticulate words from the Scriptures, made strange movements with his hands, and I began to feel an indescribable loathing for this vermin sitting opposite me.' Still I did realize that the man possessed great hypnotic power which was beginning to produce a fairly strong moral impression on me, though certainly one of repulsion. I pulled myself together and, addressing him roughly, told him . . .'

IV

The Empress and her intimate coterie regarded Rasputin as a saint, a prophet, and a healer sent by God.

The step from personal favor to political power was not difficult in a system of absolutism where all power emanated from the autocrat. Rasputin, it is claimed, made and unmade ministers of State, generals, and bishops. His lodgings were besieged by petitioners seeking favors at the court. But by the Russian people at large he was considered the evil genius of the hour, a licentious impostor, whose drunkenness and eroticism were masked under the fair mantle of religion. His hold became so powerful that any man who offended or ignored him ran the risk of being dismissed from office, whether he was a cabinet minister or a doorkeeper. No public official was safe at his hands, nor any woman's honor. Among countless others, Sazonov, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was replaced by Sturmer, the pro-German, on the recommendation of the Rasputin clique. This is believed to have been the fate even of the Grand Duke Nicholas, whose removal from the rank of Commander in Chief of all the Russian armies followed an incident that has become classic in the writing of that period.

Rasputin telegraphed the Grand Duke Nicholas for permission to come to the front in order to bless the troops. The Grand Duke replied: 'Do come, so that I may hang you.' Mortally offended by this affront to her favorite, the Empress pursued Nicholas with implacable resentment and finally succeeded in having him transferred from Commander in Chief of the Russian armies to innocuous desuetude in the Caucasus, on the Turkish front.

Why did not the Tsar have the courage to cut this Gordian knot that was slowly strangling Russia? In answer to the protests and the warnings of one old general, Nicholas is reported to have said, 'I prefer five Rasputins to one hysterical woman.'

Nicholas II is also reported to have

said that there were two black-letter days in his life. The first was May 28, 1905, the date of the defeat of the Russian fleet in the Straits of Tsushima, between Japan and Korea. The second was October 17, 1906, marking the establishing of a Duma and the proclamation of a Bill of Rights. Shall not history add a third — August 23, 1915, the day on which he left Petrograd for the front, leaving the Tsarina to rule in his stead?

The extent and character of the Tsarina's unhealthy influence over the last of the Romanovs may be judged from the tone of the letters to her husband while he was at the front. No serious historian of the Russian Revolution can afford to neglect the revelations contained in these astounding documents. For that matter, put your discerning investigator in possession of the intimate correspondence, memoirs, confidential confessions, and diaries of the chief actors in any great movement, and he will not need the state archives. Revolutions are made by men and women determining events. Men are swayed by powerful human emotions. Women create them. And the master passion, particularly in neurotic females, can be as elegantly indifferent to the realities of life and war as ever Montesquieu was to the existence of God.

The letters of the Tsarina, four hundred in number, preserved with pathetic fidelity in a small black casket of wood marked with the Tsar's initials, were carried about by him in his exile from place to place. Discovered by the Bolsheviks at Ekaterinburg after the official murder of the imperial family, they have been published, with an introduction by Sir Bernard Pares. All were written in English.

Perhaps never in recorded literature did a human soul strip itself so bare to posterity as did this ecstatic queen of

forty-six years and mother of five children. 'My well beloved'; 'My only treasure'; 'My sun'; 'My soul.' 'The most tender kisses and caresses from your loving little wife.' 'I bless you, I embrace your dear face, your pretty neck, and your dear little hands.' 'Good-bye, dear Nicky — I embrace you again and again. I have slept poorly. All the time I embraced your cushion [pillow].'

'Good-bye, my angel, spouse of my heart. I envy my flowers that you took away with you. I embrace every dear little place of your body with tender love.' And so on, through four hundred epistles. One was sent each day, supplemented by frequent telegrams. Reverence for the inviolability of such personal communications and a decent respect for the sacredness of connubial relations would ordinarily safeguard such a correspondence. If it be permissible to lift the veil at all, it is not to dishonor the dead, but to indicate the subtle approach to political questions which the Tsarina made through the gateway of the Tsar's affections. Hers is a cry of frenzied love for her husband and fear for her child. But the moving finger that was writing Russia's destiny on the wall was that of Rasputin and the defeatists.

Note the finesse of the progressive attack on the Tsar's vacillating will: —

I cannot find words [declares the Empress] to express all I want to: my heart is far too full. I only long to hold you tight in my arms and to whisper words of immense love, courage, strength, and endless blessings. More than hard to let you go alone, so completely alone! But God is very near to you, more near than ever. You have fought this great fight for your country and throne — alone and with bravery and decision. Never have they seen such firmness in you before, and it cannot remain without good fruit. . . . Lovey, I am here. Don't laugh at silly old wifey; but she has

the 'trousers' on unseen. . . . Your faith has been tried and you remained firm as a rock. For that you will be blessed. God anointed you at your coronation. He placed you where you stand and you have done your duty. . . . Our Friend's prayers arise night and day for you to Heaven, and God will hear them. . . . This is the beginning of the glory of your reign. He [Rasputin] said so and I absolutely believe it. . . . All is for the good. As our Friend says, the worst is over. . . . When you leave [I] shall wire to Friend to-night through Ania [the Tsaritsa's lady in waiting, one of Rasputin's devotees] and he will particularly think of you. Only get Nikolasha's nomination [his transference to the Caucasus] quicker done. No dawdling! It is bad for the cause and for Alexeyev [the Head of the General Staff] too. . . . I know what you feel; the meeting with N. [Nikolasha] won't be agreeable. You did trust him, and now you know what months ago our Friend said, that he was acting wrongly toward you and your country and wife. It's not the people who would do harm to your people, but Nikolasha and his set, Gutchkov [a popular member of the Duma], Rodzianko [the Speaker of the Duma], Samarin [the Procurator of the Holy Synod who was responsible for the second dismissal of Rasputin]. . . . You see they are afraid of me. . . . They know I have a will of my own when I feel I am in the right. . . . You make them tremble before your courage and will. God is with you and our Friend for you. All is well; and later all will thank you for having saved the country. Don't doubt! Believe and all will be well; and the Army is everything. A few strikes are nothing in comparison; as they can and shall be suppressed. . . .

In another letter she repeats this counsel: —

Our Friend [Rasputin] entreats you to be firm, to be master, and not always give in to Trepov. You know much better than that man; and still you let him lead you. Why not our Friend, who leads through God? Only believe more in our Friend instead of Trepov. He lives for you and Russia.

Would I write thus [she says in a letter dated December 13] did I not know you so very easily waver and change your mind, and what it costs me to keep you to stick to your opinions?

[To make him firm she strikes the note of duty toward his son.] We must give a strong country to baby; we dare not be weak for his sake. Else he will have a yet harder reign, setting our faults right, and drawing the reins in tightly which you let loose. You have to suffer for faults in the reigns of your predecessors. And God knows what hardships are yours. Let our legacy be a lighter one for Alexei! He has a strong will and mind of his own. Don't let things slip through your fingers and make him have to build up all again. Be firm. I, your wall, am behind you and won't give way. I know He [Rasputin] leads us right; and you listen to a false man like Trepov.

Only not a responsible Cabinet, which all are mad about. It's all getting calmer and better; only one wants to feel your hand. How long years people have told me the same: 'Russia loves to feel the whip.' It's their nature — tender love and then the iron hand to punish and guide. How I wish I could pour my will into your veins. The Virgin above you, with you. Remember the miracle, our Friend's vision.

Darling, remember that it does not lie in the man Protopopov or X. Y. Z.; but it's the question of monarchy and your prestige now, which must not be shattered in the time of the Duma. Don't think they will stop at him. But they will make all others leave who are devoted to you, one by one. And then ourselves! Remember last year your leaving for the Army, when also you were alone, with us two against everybody, who promised Revolution if you went. You stood up against all and God blessed your decision. . . . The Tsar rules and not the Duma. . . . Show to all that you are the master and that your will must be obeyed. The time of great indulgence and gentleness is over; now comes your reign of will and power. And they shall be made to bow down before you, to listen to your orders.

Two letters are particularly significant. Pobyedonostsev could not have counseled the Emperor worse.

Play the Emperor! Remember you are the Autocrat. Speak to your Ministers as their Master. Do not be too good. Do not tell all the world that you bring disaster. Your angelic goodness, your forbearance, your patience, are well known, and everyone takes advantage of you. Make haste, my own darling; your little wife must always be behind you to spur you on.

Be like Peter the Great, Ivan the Terrible, the Emperor Paul. Crush them all. No, do not laugh, you naughty child. I so long to see you treat in this way those who try to govern you, when it is you who should govern them.

Could human folly have proposed a more destructive trio of tyrants as models to guide the feet of a monarch already stumbling in his ruin? Peter the Great, Ivan the Terrible, and the Emperor Paul!

Peter the Great — who first started the Russian State on the wrong path, the typical despot who forced men to wear their clothes and shave their beards in a certain style because he so preferred it; the scorner of religion and the Church; regarded as Antichrist by his own people; the murderer who slew his own son Alexis because that unfortunate prince dared to defend the rights of his oppressed countrymen! Dimitri Merejkovski, in his remarkable psychological novel, *Peter and Alexis*, has left a vivid picture of this incident.

Lenin regarded Peter the Great as the first Bolshevik and declared that he was his political ancestor. Constantine Aksakov, brilliant Russian idealist, ardent lover of his people, and dreamer of a golden age for Russia, has left a characteristic indictment of the compulsory enlightenment inaugurated by Peter: —

A man of genius and of bloodstained fame, you stand far off in the halo of terrible glory and armed with your axe. In the name of usefulness and science you have often dyed your hand in the blood of your people, and your swift thought told you that the seed of knowledge would swiftly grow when watered with blood. But wait! The spirit of the people has drawn back in the time of trouble, but it keeps its eternal right. It is waiting for the hour when a national voice will again call forth the waves of the people. You have despised all Russian life and in return a curse lies on your great work. You have discarded Moscow and, far from the people, you have built a solitary city which bears your name in a foreign tongue. But your feat is a wrong and the nation will rise again some day for ancient Moscow.

Prophetic words! To-day, two generations after Aksakov's death, Petrograd is a decaying, half-deserted city. Its very name has been changed to Leningrad, and the sceptre has returned to Moscow.

Ivan the Terrible — the Russian Nero, who instituted a reign of terror against his own subjects that has passed into a proverb! 'He abandoned the palace in the Kremlin, and built himself and his satellites a whole new quarter in Moscow, summarily evicting the actual tenants; but he did not live much in the capital, preferring to direct his reign of terror from the forest of Alexandrov, which village he made his residence. Here he led the life of a lunatic, and forced his two sons, Ivan and Theodore, to do the same. The mornings were spent in bell-ringing and prostration; during dinner he read aloud the lives of the saints, in the afternoon he watched his victims being tortured, and in the evening he listened to soothsayers or got drunk. Everybody whom he suspected he had murdered, tortured, or imprisoned; these included his cousin and all his family, and many of the boyars and their

families. The Metropolitan of Moscow was outraged, imprisoned, and finally put to death for remonstrating with him. Not content with this, Ivan toured his unfortunate country, dealing death and destruction wherever he went. He literally devastated the prosperous city of Novgorod, and decimated its inhabitants, because it had dared to oppose his grandfather, and had rendered itself suspect of treachery. Finally, his suspicions fell on his own followers, and some of the chief *oprichniki* were executed. He made the people of Russia realize what it meant to invite a sovereign to come and rule upon his own terms. He did infinitely more material and moral harm to his country and to his subjects in twenty years than the Tatars had done in two hundred, and the irony of it was that he completely failed in his object.'

Among his victims was his own son, Ivan, whom he killed in a fit of rage in the presence of the victim's young wife, crushing his head with the heavy iron staff studded with iron points which the father was in the habit of carrying.

'Be like the Emperor Paul!' Now the Emperor Paul was known throughout Europe as the 'crowned madman,' whose despotism knew no bounds. So savage was his persecution, even of his own family, that a band of noblemen penetrated to his sleeping room on March 23, 1801, and murdered him. The Emperor had leaped from his bed at the sound of the approaching officers and hid behind some friendly curtain, but the leader of the band, touching the bedclothes, said, 'The nest is warm — the bird cannot be far away.' The members of the avenging group held the terrified despot while one of them calmly strangled him with the sash of his uniform. Among the murderers was the great-great-grandfather of Isvolsky, who served as Minister of

Foreign Affairs under Nicholas II, a descendant of the murdered emperor.

In early December, 1916, the Grand Duke Alexander, a favorite of the royal couple, was delegated by a group of near relations of the Tsar to present to the Autocrat a petition begging him to grant a constitution — or at least a cabinet responsible to the people — before it should be too late. The Grand Duke, on his return from the interview, reported the conversation: —

'There is a superb chance now at hand. In three days we shall celebrate the sixth of December, Saint Nicholas's Day. Announce a constitution for that day; dismiss Sturmer and Protopopov, and you will see with what enthusiasm and love your people will acclaim you.'

The Emperor sat in pensive silence. He flicked the ashes from his cigarette with a bored gesture. The Empress shook her head, negatively. Nicholas answered: —

'What you ask is impossible. On the day of my coronation I swore to preserve the autocracy. I must keep that oath intact for my son.'

V

Driven finally to desperation by the futility of their efforts to curb the invisible influences and the dark forces surrounding the Empress, a small band of men of high birth, some related to the royal family, resolved to take the law of life and death into their own hands. The first victim marked for death was Rasputin. An intercepted letter revealed the fact that the Empress herself would have been the next to be removed.

The versions of Rasputin's death differ somewhat in details, but substantially they all agree that the 'prophet,' on the night of December 30, 1916, was enticed to the house of Prince Felix Yousoupov on the Moika, in Petrograd, and there assassinated in cold blood. Besides the Prince, the

conspirators included the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovich and Pourishkevich, leader of the right wing of the Duma. The body was bundled into a blanket; a dog was killed to explain the pistol shot and account for the blood; the body finally was conveyed to the Neva in the automobile of a very high personage, and pushed under the ice.

When the news spread through Russia that Rasputin was no more, men breathed freely, and hope mounted in their breasts. But the hope was short-lived. The domineering will of the Empress was unbroken, and a period of depression ensued. The Prince and the other nobles implicated in the taking off of Rasputin were banished, some to their estates in Russia and one to distant Persia. Practically all the members, near and distant, of the royal family united in beseeching the Emperor and the Empress to profit by the manifestations of popular unrest. Seventeen members of the royal family signed this protest. But the Tsarina was unmoved and the Tsar was obliged to request his own mother, the Dowager Empress, to leave the city and retire to her estates in the Crimea. The

Romanovs, like the Bourbons, learned nothing and forgot nothing. The Tsarina became more resentful, more bitter, more autocratic than ever.

Three weeks before the final debacle, in February 1917, a faint ray of hope flickered through the thickening gloom. But once more the invisible forces — or was it the Tsarina? — intervened. Rodzianko narrates the incident: —

The Duma was in session for nearly a week. I learned casually that the Emperor had summoned several of the ministers, including Golitsyn, and expressed his desire to discuss the question of a responsible ministry. The conference ended in the Emperor's decision to go to the Duma next day and proclaim his will to grant a responsible ministry. Prince Golitsyn was overjoyed and came home in high spirits. That same evening he was again summoned to the Palace, where the Emperor announced to him his intention to leave for the Stavka.

'How is that, Your Majesty?' asked Golitsyn, amazed. 'What about a responsible ministry? You intended to go to the Duma to-morrow.'

'I have changed my mind. . . . I am leaving for the Stavka to-night.'

Russia was doomed.

(A second paper by Father Walsh, 'The End of the Monarchy,' will appear in the February number)

THE HURRICANE

BY GRACE ZARING STONE

THE evening of August 28 was very hot and windless, with light rain. Father G—— and O—— called, and while we were talking a marine orderly brought a radio message from the weather bureau in San Juan saying that a hurricane was making up in Dominica.

'That's funny,' said Father G——. 'I just passed one of my old souls in the garden and she told me there was a bad gale making up in Dominica. How in the world did she know?'

'She smells it,' said O——.

Ellis said many of the Cha-Chas had beached their boats that day. He added that while the weather was threatening, the gale, if it made up, would probably shift its course before reaching us.

It rained all night very gently and softly, falling straight down and enclosing us as in a curtained airless room.

At 6 A.M. the phone rang. I heard Ellis talking to the harbor master, a Saba man and an old sailor. Ellis said: 'Falling barometer and a steady wind? Better hoist the first storm warning.'

It was a white morning of rain and clouds, but a light wind had come up, blowing out of the south. Low mists moved across the mountain tops. I leaned over the gallery rail looking into my drowned garden and saw, down at the Fort, a red flag with a black centre being limply hoisted.

I had to go down to the barracks to help the Colonel's widow pack for the next transport. The Colonel's quarters are on the sea side of the Fort, close to the water. I moved through the dim,

hot rooms with the feeling that my body was dissolving with heat.

No one spoke of the gale, so as not to disturb the poor woman any more than she already was. About noon I went on to the gallery to rest and smoke a cigarette. The harbor was as calm as if all the water in it were oil, but every now and then an almost invisible swell broke in a diffused sound on the rocks below. It was still raining.

From where I sat I could see the signal station at the entrance to the harbor, where approaching boats are signaled and where the storm flag was hoisted as well as over the Fort. Captain S—— stood in the doorway talking to me. As he talked the expression of his eyes changed, and, following his look, I saw a second flag being hoisted over the station. We went inside and found Captain C—— talking to the Colonel's widow. He was telling her that the marines would close up her quarters and she had better come to his house. When I left they were already banging at her hurricane windows. I ran along King's Wharf. Paymaster M—— picked me up in his Ford, which was in front of the Commissary. We went skidding up the wet hill to our quarters. Already the town had an air of panic. People were running, autos splashed past, doors were being banged. When I reached our door Eleanor waited me, dancing up and down.

'Are we going to have a hurricane? Are we going to have a hurricane?' she shouted.

Alfred was driving the iron bolts in the windows and doors to the east. I went out to the gallery and looked over the town. Denmark Hill, across from us, had a blind aspect; most of the hurricane doors and windows were already closed. As I stood there the cannon at the Fort gave the final signal — two shots in rapid succession, a pause, and then two more. In this harbor, walled like a room, it split the air, thundering back and forth.

Ellis came home. He said he had seen an old negro down by the Navy Building who had said to him: 'You can't run away from God, sir, you can't run away from God.' To him it would be the voice of God speaking out of a whirlwind and he would not be afraid.

All afternoon, as I supervised the taking down of pictures and the stowing of silver and rugs in case we should lose our roof, I tried to decide whether I was really afraid, or just enjoying the idea of being afraid. Pricklings and shudders, almost a physical cramp, passed through my nerves, but it was not really, taken in itself, a disagreeable sensation. After I had all the potted plants brought inside, had covered my piano with mattresses, sent out for laundry and provisions, for some sewing being done by a woman living in a flimsy shack, had all the iron bars and bolts driven in the twenty-eight windows and doors of the house, I was physically tired and it was nearly six o'clock.

There was very little change, apparently. It still rained, it still blew, but not with any unusual violence. The house was so close and swarming with mosquitoes we decided to get a breath of air in the car. Eleanor and I got in and Ellis drove us down Main Street toward the beach. Every door was bolted but that of the apothecary, and there people had gathered, looking

anxiously out and discussing possibilities. I noticed in the deserted street, bolted and barred, what beautiful mottled colors the walls were, washed and stained by the rain. The country outside the town was equally deserted; the road was even clear of pigs, fowls, and goats — these precious ones having been gathered to safety.

At John Brewer's Bay enormous waves broke all up and down the coast. The sky seemed very close. Ellis got out to get our bath suits from the bathhouse, but when he tried to start the car again the engine was wet and it refused duty. For the first time the wind began to come in sharp gusts, quite violent and with a sort of terrifying rhythm. We finally got the car started and blew a tire. While Ellis laboriously changed it I felt myself growing intensely irritable. We were three miles from town and I had visions of carrying Eleanor to the Moravian Mission of Nisky, a mile away. But the tire was changed at last and we started for home.

The town was dark by now. We drove up to Father G——'s house, which was bolted. He came out, sat in our car a moment, and smoked a cigarette with us. I noticed his hands shook ever so little. In his house were eighteen of his oldest parishioners, — black, of course, — telling tales of former hurricanes. He said that about half an hour earlier a long level sun ray had come through the clouds and they had all given themselves up for lost. They said it was a sign. A woman wrapped in sacking, carrying a child, passed us on her way to the parish hall. All the hovels were being abandoned for the churches, Fort, and stronger buildings.

'What will happen to the Cha-Cha settlement on the North Shore?' asked Father G——.

Ellis replied that the always faithful

and dependable Kjeldsen, an employee of the Public Works and an old Danish ex-sergeant, had ridden on horseback to warn the people there. He was certainly the man for it. A smoke signal had been lit on Castle Hill to warn St. John and Tortola and the Kays between, but because of the rain the fire had repeatedly gone out. We talked until the wind became too strong, and then drove home.

After dinner, about nine o'clock, Father G—— phoned. While Ellis shouted at him all the lights went out. We lit the hurricane lanterns. I tried to persuade the servants to stay in our solidly built house, but they all went home, even old Maria, who had a bedridden sister to look after. Alfred led the procession with a hurricane lantern we let him have. Though they could scarcely stand up, he was shouting with joy, singing a sort of chant: 'Oh, de big gale, de big gale!'

We left one door on the lee side open, the one on the western gallery. The town, seen from this door, was a solid wall of darkness. The flicker of our lantern showed only the sharp lines of rain. We finally had to close this door. I looked through the tiny pane of glass, just big enough for an eye, in one of the doors on the harbor side and saw a few lights from the ships. They were moored to buoys and had full steam up to ride it out.

Our last phone call was from the harbor master. He said the barometer was falling and water was coming up over the harbor building. I tried to read Gertrude Atherton's description of a hurricane in *The Conqueror*, but the noise was becoming too terrible. In fact, while I tried to shut it out, it gradually filled all my consciousness. It was impossible to think of anything else. It still came in rhythmical gusts which seemed to break over us like tremendous waves. We put out the

lanterns and lay down, dressed, on the bed. I took Eleanor, who was wide awake, by me, and Ellis, to my disgust, fell asleep. From years of watch-keeping, I suppose, he can fall asleep at any time it seems desirable to him to do so. But this was beyond me. I found I could only concentrate on the noise, trying to burrow into the centre of this fear, to be inside of it somehow and so no longer feel it. It was impossible to wait those gusts in the dark. I lit a candle by the bed. I began to distinguish other sounds along with the wind — the falling of walls, trees, light and telephone poles, and the shrieking of galvanized roofing torn loose and driven across our roof. Every time these sheets struck our roof, it sounded as if it must be going. But Eleanor derived great comfort from this. She would cry, 'Mama, is that the garvanize?' and, on being told that it was, was mysteriously consoled.

About two in the morning a shudder passed over us in the house, in the earth, in the air, in my own nerves. I could not tell, but many people told me afterward that they felt an earthquake at that hour.

The only steady thing in the world seemed the flame of my candle beside the bed. For Eleanor's amusement I made, with my fingers held up to the light, absurd shadows of beasts and bogies on the walls. While I was doing this, we both must have gone to sleep.

When I woke, the candle was out; it was black and hot enough to choke. Someone was pounding on our door. I opened it. The street was filled with ashy, green light like under-sea light, and I looked out on a mutilated, distorted world. The wind still blew, but not intolerably, and no rain fell. Outside stood Estella. She comes every morning at seven-thirty and she was here now. It was seven-thirty.

ERICH VON FALKENHAYN

BY CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

No man in all history has controlled such vast forces as Erich von Falkenhayn, and on his qualities and limitations, more than on those of any other man, turned the issue of the greatest — in scale — of all wars. He was born on September 11, 1861, at Burg Belchau in the district of Thorn, now ceded to Poland. It is a strange requital of Fate that the birthplaces of the two greatest directors of Germany at war, Falkenhayn and Ludendorff, should both rest now on alien soil. Entering, through the cadet schools, an ordinary line regiment, he was singled out for distinction when he passed out from the *Kriegsakademie* in 1890, third of his class. Six years later he went to the Far East as instructor to Chinese troops, selected as a missionary in propagating the gospel of German world power and as an agent in the plan of converting China into a useful military ally, with a view to the future. But the method which succeeded in Turkey was a failure in China. It would even seem from his later career that, instead of impressing German military ideas on China, he allowed the Chinese doctrine of war to gain a hold on himself.

He served on the staff of the German expeditionary force in the Boxer troubles and then, returning to Germany, spent three years in command of a battalion and five years as chief of staff of an army corps. Suddenly, early in 1911, he was promoted to command a

Guard regiment, a move of great significance. To soldierly gifts and the subtlety of a courtier, Falkenhayn now added a social hallmark which was almost essential to attain high position under the régime of William II. With Falkenhayn the effect was magical, for two years later he was promoted lieutenant general and became Minister of War. Such a rise at the early age of fifty-one was an astonishing tribute to his ability and influence. For in the German army youth might wield the power behind the throne, but the nominal authority and the posts of high distinction were customarily reserved for either royalty or old age, so old that it verged sometimes on senile decrepitude.

The Kaiser has much to answer for, but from a strictly German point of view his worst sin was perhaps that by his lack of military judgment and by his military selections he undermined the strength of Germany's armed power, and so prepared her downfall. The more one studies the history of the war, the more does one realize how many times she had victory almost within her grasp, and that only through crass incapacity and, still more, lack of character at the top did she forfeit the repeated chances. The greatest military machine ever created was in the hands of men morally and physically, even more than mentally, unfitted for the control. William II undoubtedly thought more of birth than of ability

in making his selections, but in some cases this tendency seems to have been due more to an almost superstitious belief in heredity than to a partiality toward the aristocracy. True, he liked to have a flattering and subservient entourage, and, with an overweening conceit of his military knowledge, expected deference to his views on matters martial. Even the great Graf von Schlieffen, Chief of the General Staff from 1891 to 1906, from whose brain came the German war plan of 1914, felt the necessity of pandering to this weakness. He issued instructions for manœuvres and war games providing that 'when the Kaiser takes part he must be allowed to win; he cannot, as Kaiser, be beaten by one of his generals.'

On the other hand, Schlieffen's successor, Helmuth von Moltke, although a weaker and an inferior mind, actually restrained the Kaiser's military vanity, and was less a pliant courtier than is commonly supposed. That he was able to do so may have been due to the fact that he was essentially the Kaiser's own choice in defiance of public opinion. Nearly thirty years of his career had been spent in the gilded post of aide-de-camp to his uncle, the great von Moltke of the 1866 and 1870 wars, and to the Kaiser. Thus when, in 1904, he was suddenly raised to real responsibility as one of the two Deputy Chiefs of the General Staff, the army realized that such a step must have some future significance. Their perplexity was not prolonged. When in 1906 Schlieffen, disabled by a kick from a horse, was absent from his post, Moltke acted for him, and the next year definitely succeeded him as Chief of the General Staff. The names actually submitted, some time before, to the Kaiser as suitable had been those of von der Goltz and von Beseler. Von der Goltz,

a famous military writer, and the prophet of the *Nation in Arms*, found, like many other soldiers, that active thought and the power of expressing it create uneasiness rather than appreciation in high places. Von Beseler, later the conqueror of Antwerp, belonged to the Engineers, and, although Deputy Chief of the General Staff, was therefore ignored by the Kaiser, who 'knew' only Guard and Cavalry officers. But, above all, the choice of Moltke seems to have been due to the Kaiser's belief in his historic name as an omen of victory.

If Moltke's elevation was unjustified by his achievements, the strength of his pedestal enabled him to make a stand against interference from his 'creator.' He told the Kaiser frankly that at manœuvres 'the decisions of the commanding generals are always influenced by the interference of Your Majesty, so that the officers lose all desire for initiative and become inert and unreliable.' And the Kaiser gave way, abstaining from active command or interference until July 1914. Moltke was thus emboldened to take liberties with the war plan of his illustrious predecessor. The first change was wise, politically at least. Moltke preferred to risk delay by the forts of Liège rather than to avoid them by crossing the strip of Dutch territory known as the Maastricht Appendix, an act of military convenience which might range Holland as well as Belgium on the side of Germany's foes. But Moltke revealed less moral audacity than his predecessor in matters that were purely military. Schlieffen had concentrated all his efforts on building up an overwhelming right wing in the projected advance into France. He had taken the calculated risk of weakening the left wing with the view that this wing could retire gradually before a French onslaught without serious danger, and

by its very yielding draw the French on to their destruction by drawing them away from northwestern France, which would thus be all the more exposed to the smashing onrush of the German right wing.

Moltke shrank from the risk, and as new reserves became available strengthened the left wing at the expense of the right. And, like many timid men, he wished to risk too little at the outset and to gain too much later, thinking that a strong left wing would not only avert initial danger but enable him to envelop the French armies on both flanks, repeating 1870 and leading to a greater Sedan. Thus, when the test came, the German war machine was laboring under too great a strain, and this, coupled with Moltke's inability to keep control, caused the breakdown on the Marne, and the loss of the first and greatest chance of Germany's victory in the war. Moltke's papers after his death threw a vivid light, not only on the complexity and rigidity of the German war machine, but on the way a national, as opposed to a professional, army tends inevitably toward war. Once set in motion it gathers weight and pace like an avalanche, escaping direction and making almost hopeless any attempts either to orient or to retard its course.

On July 31, 1914, Moltke was summoned by the Kaiser and shown a telegram from the German Ambassador in London which said that Secretary of State Grey had informed him Great Britain would engage to keep France out of the war if Germany would reciprocally engage not to undertake hostilities against France. The Kaiser then said to Moltke: 'Now we need only wage war against Russia; thus we simply march the whole of our army eastward.' Moltke replied: 'Your Majesty, that is impossible. The deployment of a host of millions of men

cannot be improvised; it means a whole year of laborious work, and once settled cannot be altered. If Your Majesty insists on leading the whole army to the east, it will not be an army ready for battle, but a disorderly crowd of unorganized armed men without supply arrangements.'

The Kaiser was 'much upset' and retorted bitterly: 'Your uncle would have given me a different answer.' The machine which they had created was beyond the power of men to control, and not only were they swept inevitably in its wake toward war, but they proved equally helpless to guide it strategically once its ponderous and remorseless passage over the French frontier had begun.

Moltke, who had already disturbed the balance between the two wings which Schlieffen had contrived, upset it still more by repeated reductions in the weight of the marching right wing. He first detached active divisions to watch the fortresses of Antwerp, Givet, and Maubeuge, and then, on August 25, to reinforce the Eastern Front against Russia, in the belief that the decision in the West was already ensured! The delusion was strengthened by the roseate reports of the various army commanders, each anxious for his own credit, and by the failure of the Supreme Command to keep in touch with — far less to keep control over — the advancing armies. A suspicion of the truth began to dawn upon Moltke through the comparatively small captures of men and guns, and in this state of doubt the Kaiser's easy optimism irritated him: 'He has already a shout-hurrah mood that I hate like death.' When disillusionment finally came in the Battle of the Marne, Moltke, more sensitive than his opponent, Joffre, lost his nerve. He felt instinctively that the loss of the Marne meant the ultimate loss of the war, and with still truer

instinct remarked, 'We shall have to pay for all that we have destroyed.'

Between September 5 and 9 no orders from Moltke were issued to the Army Commands, and from September 7 to 9 no information or report as to the situation was sent by them to Moltke. These were the crucial days of the Marne battle, which began on September 6 and ended with the retreat of the German armies, beginning with the Second, on September 9. The fact would be incredible if it was not attested by ample evidence. This retreat was ordered rather than compelled, due to the panic fears of leaders so saturated with military convention that a slight indentation of their front and a partial bending of their flanks led them to conclude that, by the rules of the game, they were beaten. There was no necessity to fall back if they had appreciated the defensive power of modern arms as well as they appreciated the convention of strategy. The French were unperturbed by the presence of the far deeper St. Mihiel wedge which remained in their front during four years, and in 1918 the Allied commanders did not find it necessary to fall back and straighten the line even when the enemy had driven wedges forty miles deep into their front. At the Marne the German soldiers were not beaten, but only their leaders. On the morrow of this defeat Moltke was displaced, the failure of his physical vigor being made, according to customary subterfuge, the excuse for a dismissal really due to failure of moral vigor.

II

This sketch of Moltke, his character and career, is a necessary preliminary if we are to understand the problem of his successor, Falkenhayn, and the conditions which surrounded his advent to power. Moltke's confession on the eve

of war that he could not alter the rigid plan had evidently both irritated the Kaiser and disturbed his confidence in Moltke's grip on the situation, for as early as August 10 the Chief of the Military Cabinet asked Falkenhayn privately if he was prepared to take over the duties of Chief of the General Staff. During the advance through Belgium into France, Falkenhayn had uneasy qualms over the blind and headlong pace of the German onrush, and urged the need and value of securing the advance by consolidating each step in its wake. On September 3 there is an entry in his diary: 'Impressed again on Moltke . . . the necessity of occupying the north coast and also of halting for rest on the Marne.' One of the most amazing features of the war is that the Germans, with the Allied armies in full retreat, made no attempt to secure the Channel ports, which lay at their mercy. The British had evacuated Calais, Boulogne, and the whole coast as far as Le Havre, even transferred their base to St. Nazaire on the Bay of Biscay. German Uhlans roamed at will over the northwest of France, settled down in Amiens as if they were permanent lodgers, yet left the vital ports in tranquil isolation. A month later they were to sacrifice tens of thousands of lives in the vain attempt to gain what they could have secured without losing a drop of blood.

On the eve of the Battle of the Marne, September 5, there is this significant entry in Falkenhayn's diary: 'The German Staff itself admits to-day that the retreat of the French is being carried out in complete order, but it cannot come to a new decision. . . . Only one thing is certain: our General Staff has completely lost its head. Schlieffen's notes do not help any further, and so Moltke's wits come to an end.' A deadly sarcasm!

The choice of Falkenhayn to succeed

Moltke was dictated not merely by Falkenhayn's record and the proved truth of his criticisms, but even more by his presence at Great Headquarters as Minister of War. For the Germans had no wish to advertise the failure of their first Chief — a confession that their plan had miscarried — and they could camouflage the change better by slipping Falkenhayn into Moltke's seat than by recalling anyone from the front. Moreover, although Falkenhayn took over the duties of Chief of the General Staff on September 14, his appointment was not publicly announced until November 3, and he retained the functions of Minister of War as well until February 1915.

The first need was to restore confidence and cohesion in an army defeated through no fault of its own. The rapidity of the recovery is a tribute both to the sound body of the army and to the tonic administered by Falkenhayn's reassertion of higher control. He had seen the faults of 1870 repeated, more disastrously, in 1914, the army commanders acting independently and taking their own course without attention to a Supreme Command which was wanting in the power to control them. Falkenhayn's fault here was that he swung too far to the other extreme, centralizing power excessively in his own person. His character and manner aggravated the failings of this tendency. If he was not well served, it was partly his own fault. The head of the Operations Section was a source of friction as well as a man of limited mind, but Falkenhayn, who realized Tappen's inadequacy, declared that he did not want an adviser, only 'a conscientious man who carried out his orders punctually.' Aloof, reserved, notoriously ambitious, Falkenhayn was not the man to inspire affection in his subordinates or trust in his peers. General Stürgkh, Austrian representative

at the German Headquarters, gives a vivid impression of him: 'Tall, slim, with a particularly youthful face, in which were a pair of very sharp and clever but sarcastic eyes, with the striking contrast of a very gray but very thick head of hair.'

Perhaps it was not surprising that under his régime the commanders at the front emphasized their successes rather than their difficulties — a habit of facile optimism which drew from him after one of his visits the bitter comment that 'the lies that these army commanders combine in telling are quite incredible.' Sympathy is a better magnet for truth than is sarcasm.

III

The reaction of the Marne on the two sides was characteristic of the mentality and predisposition of the rival commanders. The Allies, whose blind optimism had led them into disaster after disaster since the outset, were so elated — and inflated — by the 'miracle of the Marne' that they were carried away by their ideas of a decisive manoeuvre against the German flank. In the 'Race to the Sea' they buoyantly made a series of inadequate and belated attempts to turn the German flank, until they suddenly came down with a bump — to find themselves desperately, and almost despairingly, struggling to hold out against the German onslaught at Ypres.

With the Central Powers the outlook of Falkenhayn was now the decisive influence, and the impression derived not merely from his critics but from his own account is that neither the outlook nor the direction was really clear as to its goal. He was too obsessed with the principle of security at the expense of the principle of concentration, and in his failure to fulfill the second he undermined the foundations of the first. On

taking over the reins from Moltke, he still adhered to the Schlieffen plan of seeking a decision in the West, but the course he followed did not appear to have any far-reaching aim. Both in clearing his right rear by the reduction of Antwerp and in the subsequent effort to gain the Channel ports, Falkenhayn's guiding idea seems to have been merely that of 'firmly establishing the right flank on the sea' as a protection to 'the western territory of the Empire, with its sensitive as well as indispensable resources. . . .' His actions and his mental attitude were those of a commander striving to ward off impending defeat rather than one whose mighty army had only missed decisive victory by a hair's breadth. He erred on the side of pessimism as much as the Allies on the side of optimism. Nor, in pursuit of his limited object, did his method fulfill the Schlieffen principle of drawing from the left wing in order to mass on the vital right wing. The prolonged attacks in October and November around Ypres were made largely with raw formations, while war-experienced troops lay almost idle between the Aisne and the Vosges. Colonel Gröner, Director of the Field Railways, even went so far as to submit a detailed plan to Falkenhayn for the transfer of six army corps from the left to the right wing, but it was rejected. When we remember how close to the breaking point was the British line at Ypres, the verdict can only be that for a second time the German Supreme Command saved the Allies. At this juncture, too, Ludendorff was pleading vehemently for reënforcements to give weight to the wedge which he planned to drive into the joint of the Russian phalanx near Lodz. Without them, Ludendorff shattered the only serious advance during the war of the 'Russian steam roller' and almost surrounded a whole army. With them, the 'almost'

might have been deleted. But Falkenhayn missed the chance by delaying to send the reënforcements until failure in the long-drawn-out Ypres offensive had passed from assurance to fact.

Early in 1915 Falkenhayn, persuaded at last of the strength of the Allied trench barrier, took the momentous decision to stand on the defensive in the West. But his object in so doing seems to have been vague. His feeling that the war must ultimately be decided in France led him to distrust the value, as he doubted the possibility, of a decision against Russia. Hence while he realized that the Eastern Front was the only practicable theatre for operations in the near future, he withheld the necessary reënforcements until his hand was forced by the threatening situation of the Austro-Hungarian front. And even then he doled out reserves reluctantly and meagrely, enough to secure success, but never in quantity and time for decisive victory.

It is to his credit, however, that he realized a long war was now inevitable, and that he set to work to develop Germany's resources for such a war of attrition. The technique of field entrenchment was carried to a higher pitch than with any other country; the military railways were expanded for the lateral movement of reserves; the supply of munitions and of the raw material for their manufacture was tackled so energetically and comprehensively that an ample flow was ensured from the spring of 1915 onward — a time when the British were only awakening to the problem. Here were laid the foundations of the economic organization and utilization of resources which were to be the secret of Germany's resisting power to the pressure of the British blockade.

The same period witnessed also the one great success for German diplomacy, the entry of Turkey into the

war, although this was due fundamentally to a combination of pre-war causes with the course of events. Diplomacy finds its strongest arguments in military success. And it received strong support from Falkenhayn, who was convinced of 'the decisive importance of Turkey joining in the struggle,' first, as a barrier against the channel of Allied munition supply to Russia, and secondly, as a distraction to the military efforts of Britain and Russia.

At the same time a vast campaign of propaganda was launched in Asia, to undermine British prestige and the loyalty of Britain's Mohammedan subjects. The defect of German propaganda, its crudeness, was less apparent when directed to primitive races than when applied to the civilized peoples of Europe and America.

But while Falkenhayn was expanding the basis of Germany's war efforts he was nearly unseated himself. Moltke, since his fall, had been intriguing for Falkenhayn's removal and his own return, on the grounds that Falkenhayn was too young and did not inspire confidence in the army. The failure at Ypres reënforced this attempt, which apparently was supported by the Kaiserin and Hindenburg, but Falkenhayn, with equal craft, checkmated it by telling the Kaiser that Moltke's own physician had reported him unfit. The tale served its purpose and Falkenhayn remained.

IV

On the Eastern Front, the campaign of 1914 had shown that a German force could count upon defeating any larger Russian force, but that when Austrians and Russians met on an equality victory rested with the Russians.

From the beginning of 1915 the Russians developed a steadily increasing pressure on the Austro-Hungarian front in the Carpathians, threatening

to force the mountain gateways into the Hungarian plain. Falkenhayn was forced, reluctantly, to dispatch German reënforcements as a stiffening to the Austrians, and thus was dragged into a relief offensive in the East rather than adopting it as a clearly defined plan. In contrast, Ludendorff, who was the directing brain of the German forces in the East, had his eyes firmly fixed on the ultimate object, and from now on advocated unceasingly a whole-hearted effort to break Russia. He differed from Falkenhayn not merely over the object but over the plan, urging, instead of a direct blow at the Russian forces in the Polish salient, a wide Napoleonic manoeuvre through Vilna to cut their communications. Ludendorff's was a strategy of decision, Falkenhayn's at best a strategy of attrition.

Nor was this the only mental tug-of-wills, for Falkenhayn was throughout in ceaseless dispute with Conrad von Hötzendorf, the Chief of the Austrian General Staff. Conrad had launched the Austrian army in a premature and costly offensive into Poland, in August 1914, to relieve the Russian pressure on Germany, while the latter was seeking a decision in France, and now he considered that Austria should be given full support in repayment for this sacrifice. Withheld until the Austrian resistance was severely strained, the growing danger of his ally's collapse forced Falkenhayn to concede support, if not in generous measure.

On April 1, 1915, Conrad proposed to Falkenhayn a plan to get the most advantage from these slender reënforcements — a rupture of the Russian left centre between the Carpathians and the upper Vistula. This Tarnow-Gorlice sector offered the least obstacle to an advance and the best protection to the flanks of a penetration. Falkenhayn accepted the proposal; by suppressing

the earlier correspondence and quoting only his own letter of April 13 he tried to give the impression in his post-war book that he originated the plan. To satisfy the prestige of both allies, the combined Austro-German attacking force was put under a German general, Mackensen, and he in turn under the Austrian Supreme Command.

A large cavalry raid from East Prussia in the north and the gas attack at Ypres — thus disclosing prematurely, for a trifling advantage, this new means of surprise — were used to cloak the concentration, between Tarnow and Gorlice, of seven German divisions and seven Austrian divisions and 1500 guns against a front weakly held, by only six Russian divisions, and lacking in rear lines of trenches.

On May 2, 1915, after an intense bombardment had flattened the Russian trenches, the attack was launched and swept through with little opposition. The surprise was complete, the exploitation rapid, and the whole Russian line along the Carpathians was rolled up, until on May 14 the advance through Galicia reached the San, eighty miles from its starting point. Defeat almost turned into disaster when this river was forced at Jaroslau, but the impetus of the advance had momentarily spent itself and German reserves were lacking. Falkenhayn now realized that he had committed himself too far in Galicia to draw back, and that only by bringing more troops from France could he hope to fulfill his purpose of transferring troops back there, as this could only be possible when Russia's offensive power was crippled and her menace to Austria removed.

A fresh bound captured Lemberg by June 22, but the Russians, from their vast man-power resources, had almost made good the loss of 400,000 prisoners, and Falkenhayn's anxiety about

the stability of his troops drew him on willy-nilly to continue the offensive, although still with limited objects and with one eye on the situation in France. He now changed the direction from eastward to northward and in conjunction ordered Ludendorff — all this time fretting impatiently in East Prussia — to strike southeastward. Ludendorff argued that this plan was too much of a frontal attack, and that although the closing in of the two wings might squeeze the Russians it would not cut off their retreat. He wanted to strike far back at their communications while they were still entangled in Poland, but Falkenhayn again rejected the plan, fearing that it would mean a deeper German commitment. The upshot proved Ludendorff's forecast, and at the end of September the Russian retreat, after a nerve-racking series of escapes from the salients which the Germans since May had systematically created and then sought to pinch out, came to a definite halt on a straightened line from Riga on the Baltic to Czernowitz on the Rumanian frontier. Russia had been badly lamed, but not destroyed, and, although never again a direct menace to Germany, she was to keep Austria on the rack and to delay the full concentration of German strength in the West for two years, until 1918.

Late in August, Falkenhayn decided to break off large-scale operations on the Eastern Front in order to fulfill and extend his policy of security at all points. Bulgaria's entry into the war was now arranged and he wished to exploit it in order to remove finally the menace from Serbia and to open direct railway communication with his easternmost ally, Turkey, which was still hard-pressed at the Dardanelles. Further, he wished to transfer troops back to France to meet the Franco-British offensive expected in September.

Beginning on October 6, the converging attack of the Austro-German and Bulgarian armies overran Serbia and drove the remnant of her armies out of the country, despite a belated and inadequate attempt of her allies to go to her succor. The French and British forces barely saved themselves by a hasty retreat to Salonika, to which they held on for reasons primarily of policy and prestige. Thither the Serbian army was shipped, to be reconstituted for a fresh share in the struggle. Falkenhayn was satisfied to have opened direct communication with Turkey and opposed Conrad's wish for a continuation of the offensive in order to drive the Franco-British forces from their foothold at Salonika. In his book he puts forward the excuse that examination of the railway system showed that it was insufficient to supply the needs of such an offensive, but recent documents have revealed that the head of the Railway Section, who was sent to investigate, actually reported the opposite.

His limited object achieved, Falkenhayn preferred to leave Salonika in passivity, under guard of the Bulgarians, while he steadily withdrew the German forces for use elsewhere. With gentle sarcasm, the Germans termed Salonika their 'largest internment camp,' and with half a million Allied troops locked up there the jibe had some justification — until 1918. Then the enemy foothold which Falkenhayn had ignored was suddenly expanded, and the collapse of Bulgaria knocked away the first prop of the Germanic Alliance.

V

With the dawn of 1916, Falkenhayn, feeling now secure everywhere, prepared to fulfill his long-cherished plan for an offensive in the West, but with characteristic limitations. Always an adherent of the strategy of attrition, he

now carried this ruling idea into tactics, and produced the new form of attack by methodical stages, each with a limited objective.

In a memorandum to the Kaiser at Christmas, 1915, he argued that England was the staple of the enemy alliance. 'The history of the English wars against the Netherlands, Spain, France, and Napoleon is being repeated. Germany can expect no mercy from this enemy, so long as he still retains the slightest hope of achieving his object.' Except by submarine warfare, however, England and her army were out of reach, for Falkenhayn considered that the English sector of the front did not lend itself to offensive operations. 'In view of our feelings for our archenemy in the war, that is certainly distressing, but it can be endured if we realize that for England the campaign on the Continent . . . is at bottom a side show. Her real weapons here are the French, Russian, and Italian armies.' Falkenhayn regarded Russia as already paralyzed and Italy's military achievements as unlikely to affect the situation. 'Only France remains. . . . France has almost arrived at the end of her military effort. If her people can be made to understand clearly that in a military sense they have nothing more to hope for, the breaking point would be reached and England's best weapon knocked out of her hand.'

He added that a break-through in mass was unnecessary, and that instead the Germans should aim to bleed France to death by choosing a point of attack 'for the retention of which the French would be compelled to throw in every man they have.' Such an objective was either Belfort or Verdun, and Falkenhayn chose Verdun, because it was a menace to the main German communications, because it offered a salient and so cramped the defenders, and because of the moral effect if so

renowned a place were lost to France.

Once again Conrad disagreed with Falkenhayn, preferring a concentrated blow to knock Italy out of the war, and arguing that a decision there was more feasible than in the French alternative. Nor was he the only dissident. The German Crown Prince, who was to have the honor of commanding the Verdun attack, felt that attrition was a two-edged weapon and thought that it would be wiser to finish with Russia first.

Both were overruled, and the Verdun 'bloodletting' incisions began on February 21.

The keynote of the tactical plan was a continuous series of limited advances which by their menace should draw the French reserves into the mincing machine of the German artillery. And each of these advances was itself to be secured from loss by an intense artillery bombardment, brief for surprise, and compensating its short duration by the number of batteries and their rapidity of fire. By this means the objective would be taken and consolidated before the defenders could move up their reserves for counterattack.

But the theory of limitation was carried to an extreme: the first day the front of attack was only two and a half miles. Thus the few scattered packets of surviving Frenchmen caused more delay than would have been possible on a frontage of rational width. This idea of punching a narrow hole was contrary to the advice of members of Falkenhayn's own staff and the executive commanders. When the front was at last extended on March 6 to the other bank of the Meuse, the chance of a break-through had faded, for the French had recovered from their surprise, repaired their original negligence, and the numbers were now balanced. Even so, the superior technique of the German troops and the reluctance of

the French to cede a yard of ground — Falkenhayn had at least gauged the French temperament correctly — turned the balance of attrition in favor of the Germans. But the slow and costly process, and the absence of tangible result, brought no credit to Falkenhayn's 'limited' strategy, and the discontent rose to a height when the offensive failed to prevent ripostes elsewhere. For on June 5, 1916, the Russian army, which Falkenhayn had thought that he could disregard, came to the rescue of France. Under the slight pressure of Brusilov's impromptu advance, the Austrian front collapsed and within three days Brusilov had taken 200,000 prisoners. Never has a mere demonstration had so amazing a success since the walls of Jericho fell at Joshua's trumpet blasts. Although soon checked by its own lack of weight and by prompt German intervention, it compelled Falkenhayn to withdraw troops from the Western Front, and so abandon his plan for a counterstroke against the British offensive preparing on the Somme, as well as the hope of nourishing his Verdun attrition process. It led Rumania to take her fateful decision to enter the war on the side of the Entente. And it caused the downfall of Falkenhayn and his replacement in the supreme command by Hindenburg and Ludendorff. For, although Rumania's unexpected entry was the ostensible reason, the underlying one was the fact that Falkenhayn's 'limited' strategy in 1915 had made possible the Russian recovery which stultified the plan of 1916. Falkenhayn's strategy was history's latest example of the folly of half measures.

VI

He was offered as consolation the post of ambassador at Constantinople and after declining this was given

executive command of the Ninth Army for the campaign against Rumania. Here, if a difficult subordinate, he regilded his laurels by conducting the offensive which threw the Rumanians out of Transylvania, broke through the Carpathians just before the winter snows, and captured Bucharest through a convergent manœuvre with Mackensen's forces from the south. Later he was sent to Turkey for the purpose of regaining Mesopotamia from the British, and when this scheme was abandoned, owing to the burning of the depots with all the ammunition for the campaign, he took over the command in Palestine. He arrived in Jerusalem the day after Allenby's attack on Beersheba, which had forestalled his own offensive, and in a vain attempt to stay the British advance he dissipated the scanty Turkish resources in a series of petty counterattacks. His misunderstanding of local conditions and of the psychology of Turkish troops helped to complete the bankruptcy of Turkish man power, but early in 1918, before the final disaster, he gave way to Liman von Sanders.

Before his death in 1922 he had issued his own account of his work in the Supreme Command and in Rumania, and the studiously impersonal tone — cloaking omissions which cleverly distorted the facts — combined with the likeness of his 'limited' strategy to their own to win him undue credit among British military leaders. Thus the pernicious legend has been created by those who do not trouble to

delve beneath the surface that Falkenhayn was 'the most competent and most farseeing of the German commanders and strategists.'

His countrymen, who knew him intimately, knew him better. Colonel Bauer, the one fixture in the headquarters of the Supreme Command throughout the war and the invaluable assistant in turn of Moltke, Falkenhayn, and Ludendorff, has said of Falkenhayn that he possessed nearly every gift of nature 'except the intuition of a commander; his decisions were half measures, and he wavered even over these. He would probably have made a great statesman, diplomat, or parliamentarian, and was least of all qualified to command in the field.'

The antithesis of Foch, Falkenhayn was an uncompromising realist, and the very excess of this valuable quality was his own poison. Like Napoleon's opponents, he saw too many things at once, and, above all, saw the enemy's strength too clearly. His realization that England was the soul and will of the hostile alliance was proof of his insight, but it merely depressed him.

Falkenhayn's course might well serve as an object lesson of Napoleon's warnings against the 'worst course, which almost always in war is the most pusillanimous — or, if you will, the most prudent.' He was the ablest and most scientific general, 'penny wise, pound foolish,' who ever ruined his country by a refusal to take calculated risks. Limitation of risks led to liquidation.

OF BEAUTY

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

HANDS cool and fragrant, like a garden swept
By wind from off a distant sea at night:
A voice which deeper than the hearing crept
By what it left unsung! God's eremite,
To the high hill of questing I had come,
But, solitary, found no single light:
The seraph-sounding planets all were dumb
And Beauty misted from my eager sight.

Then, with no word, in silence full of grace,
Giving with gladness, making no demands,
I knew her near and lowly bent my face
To quench its thirsting in her quiet hands.
Now through the rain I tread the ghostly hill,
The dawn is coming, and my heart is still.

CANTERBURY PILGRIMS, NEW STYLE

BY KENNETH GRIGGS MERRILL

EVERY proper pilgrimage should be foretold in the measured terms of prophecy, but the words which forecast my journey to Canterbury held a certain bluntness not found in the prognostications of the ancients. Tight-lipped Cassandra would have been shocked by their forceful and unequivocal message. They came to me nine years ago when, as one of the deck officers on a small naval vessel, I found myself on the bridge with a British pilot who had been detailed to take us through the Downs on our way up to London. For three hours he paced the bridge in frigid silence, a silence broken only by an occasional 'Pawt!' or 'Stawb'd!' and tugged at the right end of his moustache with his left hand as, with quick, sure calculation of buoys, lighthouses, and other channel marks, he kept us on our course. His was the rolling gait of a seafaring man, yet it was marked by a peculiar hitch which prepared me for a cockney accent when at last he spoke. Pointing vaguely at the shore, he suddenly wheeled and blurted: 'Gawblimey, sir, Cawnterb'ry, Cawnterb'ry, Cawnterb'ry! Damme, y'll see Cawnterb'ry, I dare say — every snivelin' Yonkee tourist troops there directly he lands! Cawnterb'ry, gawblimey, sir — I say "Stawb'd!"'

Having been grouped so irrevocably with those who tour and snivel, it was only natural that I should carry out his prediction six years later when a business trip took me to London. By rare good fortune I was not alone, for

at the last moment before sailing the entire Mogul Club had decided to go. Now the Mogul Club is the most exclusive club in the world, for it is limited to three men: the Ferial Founder, the Carousing Custodian, and the Member. There is also, it must be admitted, the Permanent Novice, a stripling undergraduate whose status is that of a mere burden bearer, a fetcher of lighted fagots for our pipes, a parrier of our Jovian thrusts when stouter or more dexterous foils are withheld from us — and him we encountered in Piccadilly on the morning of our arrival, wandering lonely as a cloud. We straightway invited him to lunch with us at Simpson's. Notwithstanding this relaxation of our tense club discipline, it must not be supposed that we extended our indulgence beyond steak pie, ale, and propinquity. One of the tenets of the Mogul Club — the one, in fact, to which we most stubbornly cling — is that, though a Permanent Novice may talk, only an officer or a member will be heard. Upheld by this clean-cut dogma, we need not admit the existence of post-adolescent opinions, nor are we called upon to give consideration to callow suggestions and immature plans. We preserve a homogeneity most unusual and refreshing in an adult body. We observe youth, but decline its restrictions.

Luncheon concluded, we dispatched the Permanent Novice up the Strand in search of some palatable cigarettes, and fell to making plans.

'We might go to Canterbury,' said the Ferial Founder. 'I —'

Like a flash there came to my mind the picture of a British pilot, pacing, pacing. . . . 'Gawblimey, sir, Cawnterb'ry, Cawnterb'ry,' I mumbled.

'What's that, Member?' roared our Founder, for I had interrupted him. (I can withhold it no longer — I am the Member.)

'You speak of it too lightly,' I responded meekly enough. 'One does n't just "go to Canterbury" — it should be a pilgrimage; and, if I am correctly informed, one snivels.' I related the refreshing episode of the taciturn navigator.

'Ah!' exclaimed the Ferial Founder. 'Extraordinary!' Then he added, with a touch of that clear logic for which he is so deeply revered, 'Obviously you should make all the arrangements. Sunday, then!'

When it thus became apparent that I must play the part of courier, I lost no time in shouldering the burdens of my rôle. Surely a movement of such significance — for when, in history, had a Mogul Club visited Canterbury en masse? — could not be undertaken in any casual vein. There must be color, a dash of the picturesque. To go by train would be monstrous — what pageantry does a railroad afford? Besides, cinders and smoke have no place in a pilgrimage.

Like many other men, faced with a project which was to jar the very superstructure of history, I sought counsel. In short, I took the matter up with the hall porter at my hotel. He was impressively brief. 'Motor!' he said. "'Ere's a card as gives the nyme — "'Arry Muggs, Motors f'r h'all occysions," h'it says. Number twelve, Eddington Mews, sir. Just over the wye, sir!'

Number twelve, Eddington Mews, proved to be an abandoned stable, and

looming within the dark, cavernous interior I descried a gigantic, not to say formidable, outline. I rang the bell. Mr. Muggs, a little robin of a man with the air of one who had never in his heart of hearts given up his devotion to the stable, listened politely while I explained my errand. 'We wish to drive to Canterbury,' I said.

His eyes shone. 'Ah, then, y'll be tykin' 'Iggins, sir,' he affirmed, hoarsely earnest. 'E mykes a prawper 'obby of Cawnterb'ry, sir; knows every blinkin' bishop, 'n can rattle orf the reekin' s'ynts loike they wos 'is aown mother, sir!' Triumphantlly he surveyed me.

I was, I am sure, visibly moved. 'And the car?' I suggested.

Drawing back the door so that full light might strike it, he indicated a vast motor car of ancient mien and rich antiquity. Painted a royal crimson, every exposed metal part burnished to a positive heat, it was a chariot before which a Muggs might well stand silently and point. Such Gargantuan, gorgeous bulk overwhelmed mere speech.

Frankly, I gloated. Here were the trappings of mediævalism; here flaming color, glittering steel and brasses, splendor and pomp! But one thing was lacking. As though reading my thoughts, the solicitous Mr. Muggs pressed the horn bulb, and a clear, sweet fanfare awoke the echoes as did the trumpets of Henry's court afield. My cup was full. I accepted the chariot, the as yet unseen 'Iggins, on the spot, without thought of the Ferial Founder's approval. Had not arrogant Wolsey once cried, 'Ego et rex meus'? What, then, if I did conclude arrangements with a high hand? Untroubled of heart, I repaired to my hotel.

Sunday dawned clear and warm. Breakfast dispatched, we barely had time to draw on our coats and look at our watches before a silvery note

floated into the lounge through the open window. 'It's here!' I cried. The Carousing Custodian was the first to the door. Never at his best before ten-thirty in the morning, he glanced at our equipage and exclaimed pettishly: 'I *won't* help carry a religious float through London! In Italy, yes; in Spain, perhaps; but in England, never! I thought we were going to Canterbury.' Calming him as best I might, I thrust him into a seat and turned to acknowledge a respectful greeting from the sapient 'Iggins. He was a tall, slender young man in a white linen coat, and there was something just a bit disquieting in his hard, restless eye.

Getting under way, we found that, although the car was perhaps only slightly older than London Tower, it could, to use a pungent phrase, 'go like hell.' Somewhere within its deep, murky interior there dwelt power as constant as polar magnetism, as inexorable as the cycles of planets. Our chauffeur, who exhibited signs of restiveness, a plaintive eagerness in the metropolitan area, upon reaching open country cast discretion to the winds, forsook his staid Anglican ancestry, and thrust the accelerator to the floor. With a great rush of winds, and the whine of protesting tires, we attacked the clear, clean highroad. I looked up to see the Ferial Founder (a staunch Unitarian) crossing himself. Villages flashed by like the sickening whirl of vertigo. The grand old Juggernaut settled into her real pace — anywhere from sixty-five to eighty miles an hour — and the immaculate 'Iggins, free at last from town restrictions, turned his head to call back to us cordially, 'On our wye now, sir!'

As we reached the summit of Wrotham Hill the chauffeur drew over to the side of the road and shut off the motor. Kent in June! Is there any

other place on the face of the earth so beautiful? The deep valley at our feet, smooth-shouldered hills rubbing the horizon, gently modulating fields of indescribable green splashed with the flame of millions of red poppies! The smell of growing things an incense; the warm golden haze a benediction. God save the King? Ah yes, and God save England!

With a roar we were again on our way. 'Takes your breath away,' I murmured, as I turned for one last look. An inarticulate noise beside me indicated I had been heard.

'Nonsense!' croaked the Carousing Custodian. It was now well past ten-thirty, and his spirit was slowly catching up with his body. 'Nonsense!' he shouted as the winds of flight buffeted us. 'Could n't! None of us — have done any breathing — since London!'

For an hour speech was impossible. Our progress was that of an uncharted comet. To be sure, 'Iggins named each hamlet as we catapulted through it, but his way of turning around to do so, with one hand on the wheel while passing another car at fifty miles an hour, rather distracted the attention of the little band of pilgrims who huddled, shuddering, in the rear seat of his car. We slowed down a bit for the village of Maidstone, a queer little place with an inn called The Bear and Bulldog, and the villagers stared at us with big round eyes, little knowing that we were establishing a record run between London and Canterbury, which, like the Roman roads, would stand undaunted for centuries. As we again slipped off into space — the only phrase I can use which adequately describes the sensation we experienced as our chariot soared into full speed — the Carousing Custodian fought and clawed himself into an upright position long enough to scream into my ear:

'Enjoyed — thought — going to Canterbury — but had n't expected — be canonized so soon.'

Between Maidstone and our destination but one impression survived the kaleidoscopic jumble of flickering country. The Ferial Founder insisted that we slacken our pace as we passed Leeds Castle, for the great gaunt edifice overlooking a pretty lake, half hidden by dense forest, gave life to his casual excursions into the fourteenth century. So thick was the foliage that the shadows beneath the trees were dark as bears' caves, and bright little birds fluttering about the velvet green lawn avoided them as though loath to leave the sanctuary of sunlit spaces.

We arrived at Canterbury at noon, and, valiant trenchermen all, applied ourselves to the mutton, greens, boiled potatoes, and tarts of rural England with gusto. Then, setting out for the Cathedral on foot, — 'Iggins had disappeared into an alehouse upon arrival, — we encountered the shop of one Thomas A. Becket, whereupon the Carousing Custodian insisted that he must shake hands with the proprietor. 'Read about the fellow in college, somewhere. Want to meet him.' Stimulated by our flight through space, he was in the most absurd humor imaginable, and as he emerged from the shop, a moment later, he accosted a passing policeman and asked him where an orange could be purchased.

'An orange?' queried the policeman, somewhat taken aback.

'Wolsey!' whispered our club brother succinctly. Without waiting for an answer, he turned and made for the Cathedral Arch.

Now it is well that as one approaches Canterbury one passes through this arch, for the Cathedral develops slowly, which prepares one, as it were, for the full view upon emerging. Were it otherwise, one's credulity could not

stand the strain. The color of the building is indescribable, like the gray of November clouds, and has a queer ephemeral cast which outrages reality. High, high, rise the Gothic towers, embroidered with delicately wrought stone lace. Where other churches present a stark outline against the sky, Canterbury blends with the heavens as though it were in fact a veritable link between earth and the changeless Infinite.

As we entered, the choir, at practice, was singing an anthem of Palestrina's. By what glorious chance had we come upon them as they chanted an answer to our unspoken question?

'Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.'

It was the Ferial Founder who, with a gesture which embraced the forest of pillars and staggering vastness of the interior, said humbly, 'Perhaps that is the explanation of how lowly monks, hundreds of years ago, were able to build this thing — a task which would tax our foremost modern engineers, with all their clever machinery, to the utmost!' As though confirming the validity of this concept, the organ suddenly boomed and rattled through the nave, and the choir burst forth with a great *Te Deum*: 'Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory!' Since the days of early childhood, when I piped away in the front row of a boy choir, I have loved, studied, collected *Te Deums*, but only Canterbury could bring me the real meaning of that phrase!

When the music ceased we wandered into the Cloister, and there we found the Carousing Custodian, missing these ten minutes, seated on a great stone.

'I'm so damned jealous,' he grunted, when we had come within speaking

distance, 'so damned jealous of etchers that I could swear.' Then he added, with a nod toward the daintily chiseled columns and arches, 'Only way you could take it all home with you.'

True and thought-provoking words! The Cloister's fine intricacy of line is too meticulous for the painter, its bulk too extended for the sculptor. I fell to wondering whether it could be reduced to words. There is, of course, the nomenclature of architecture, — which only the initiate can use or understand, — but would not this, subject as it is to the limitations of all exact things, fall far short? In what architect's glossary would one find words to convey the subtle colorings and erosions of time, the stains of winter rains and frosts? To what page could one turn for words to describe the shadows projected by rosettes and mouldings, ever changing, ever beautiful? 'No, we can't find help there,' I mused, 'but in poetry perhaps one might —' Common sense interposed: certain details foreign to poetic form must be present, else our picture would bear the aspect of an ill-focused photograph. I gave up in despair: mere words, however grouped, could never do it.

Time and again we returned to the spot, fascinated by the breath-taking vista of greensward framed in exquisite Gothic apertures. We made marvelous discoveries: if one's eye was allowed to follow the outer lines of each pair of arches, these lines ultimately converged to form a single, larger arch, and then each two of these larger arches, viewed in the same way, merged into a great structural arch to uphold a portion of the roof. What ingenious monk devised this clever intertwining of lines? Each main arch had twelve interstices — four large and eight small. Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and the lesser Apostles? We pondered; we argued.

Our speculations were brought to an abrupt ending by the sudden appearance of 'Iggins — fidgeting and slightly aromatic. 'H'arfter four, sirs; I fancy you'll be getting back to London?' he said, eyes glued to the ground.

Ah, we questioned one another, where were the tales of 'blinkin' bishops and reekin' s'ynts'? In our enthusiasm we had completely forgotten our chauffeur. What legends might we not have heard, what lore might we not have shared, had we but kept a closer watch upon him!

If the trip down was exciting, the mad homeward rush was almost beyond the resistance of ordinary nerves. Fortified by dark Irish stout, our driver's daring had become epic. Tunbridge Wells and Harrow were to us mere clear areas in an otherwise continuous dust cloud. As we surmounted each hill it seemed impossible that our car, in perfect trajectory, would not leave the earth entirely, to go rocketing through the rarefied atmosphere of intersolar space. The hours of country driving were a bad dream, the suburbs of London a nightmare, the city a delirium.

When at last, with a screeching of brakes, we drew up in front of our hotel, it was several moments before we could collect our faculties sufficiently to alight. Gasping with relief, we made our way into the cozy hallway — to see the Carousing Custodian turn and dash back to the curb, where he pressed another pound into the hands of the incredulous 'Iggins.

'You don't mean to say you're tipping him again,' we protested when he had returned.

Glaring as only the Carousing Custodian can glare when he is questioned, he faced us. 'It's not a tip,' — he spat as he waved us toward the stairway, — 'it's a thank offering.'

THE FUTURE OF AERIAL TRANSPORT

BY NEON

I

Few subjects interest the world as does the marvel of human flight, no prospect is so alluring as 'the conquest of the air,' and when airmen, greatly daring, cross the wide seas they call forth admiration and wonder at their enterprise and courage, their skill and endurance: yet so narrow is the gulf between amazing success and tragic failure, so far are the determining factors beyond the control of the pilot, that enthusiasm yields to misgiving and even to censure, mingled with increasing skepticism regarding the value of long-distance flights.

Eight years have elapsed since Sir John Alcock, an Englishman, and Sir Arthur Whitten Brown, of American birth, crossing the Atlantic in the first nonstop flight, won the *Daily Mail* prize of £10,000. They started from St. John's, Newfoundland, on June 14, 1919, and landed at Clifden, Ireland, after 16 hours and 12 minutes. They had crossed the ocean at 118 miles per hour, which is still the speed record for Atlantic flights. Since that time millions have been spent on the development of the aeroplane, on the improvement of the engine, on navigational and other instruments, in order to advance and encourage the art of flying; and much also has been expended on the study of meteorology. It was therefore natural to assume that, if continuous and definite progress or startling advance in aeronautics was possible, long-distance flights could now be

undertaken in more efficient machines, with engines of much higher performance, with more reliable instruments of navigation, more accurate forecasts of wind and weather, with greater certainty of achievement, and in less discomfort.

The £5000 New York-Paris nonstop prize offered a test of progress in aeronautics and of the practicability of long-distance ocean flights; and when the events of the past season are examined and weighed against earlier efforts it will be seen that they show no real advance in performance, no further 'control over the powers of Nature,' no nearer approach to commercial transport. In truth the only essential difference between the successful effort of 1919 and the recent flights is in the load of fuel taken for the voyage. Much more petrol is now taken aboard than would then have been attempted, special and longer runs have been arranged in the direction of the prevailing or favorable wind, enormous tires and other aids are unsparingly supplied; all 'comforts' are reduced to their lowest limits to allow the last drop of fuel to be carried. Yet, in spite of these preparations, the start is more perilous. In September 1926, when Captain René Fonck, the ace of the French airmen, essayed the flight, disaster was immediate. The pilot took off, but the plane was overloaded, and in a few seconds it crashed to the earth in flames. The two mechanics, Clavier

and Islamoff, were burned to death, and the fourteen-ton Sikorsky was utterly destroyed. In the next venture for the same prize, two more victims were claimed. On April 26, 1927, Commander Davis and Lieutenant Wooster of the United States Navy made a test flight with too heavy a load and, failing to clear a line of trees, fell into a marsh.

Lindbergh loaded up to his limit and took off with difficulty, Chamberlin carried so much fuel that the plane would not leave the ground at the first start, Byrd took as much as he dared. The hazards from dangerously full loading present themselves at the start of all long-distance flights; ambulances are placed at points where trouble is feared, and fire fighters are held in readiness for the critical moment. Yet, though a safe start be made, the load may still prove overmuch and entail misfortune or disaster. The second attempt of R.A.F. pilots to fly to India ended after one and one-half hours. Excessive heat had been engendered by the engines running at full throttle to support the great load, and a leak developed in the oiling system. The flight had to be abandoned, and Flight Lieutenant Carr made a skillful landing at Martlesham aerodrome. Had such a trouble developed over the ocean, tragedy would have been well-nigh inevitable. When the *Old Glory* left Maine on a nonstop flight to Rome it was so heavy with fuel that it ran along the hard-packed sand of the beach for nearly two miles before it could rise in the air, for it carried 'a heavier load than any single-motored monoplane ever tried to lift before.' The wireless message received some hours later, 'The ship is heavy, but everything is going fine,' supplies the only clue to the disaster that ensued.

Thus the most difficult mechanical problem in these long-distance flights

is the suspension of the great loads in the air against the natural force of gravity. Reflection shows that in no other form of transport is the propelling power expected to *lift* the vehicle and its load, in addition to propelling it forward. This being so, it is not surprising to find enormous horsepower installed to transport what is relatively an insignificant load. For a long non-stop flight much fuel is necessary; all the available load to the last pound must be taken in petrol, and vigilance and scrupulous care must be exercised to discard everything that is not essential to success.

When the *Marchese di Pinedo* started from Trepassy, Newfoundland, on May 23, 1927, on his flight of 1500 miles to the Azores, he loaded up with petrol, and at the last moment decided to discard his wireless equipment, weighing 400 pounds, judging it safer to take the weight in fuel. Nevertheless it was not enough, for on the voyage he encountered such an adverse air current that his progress over the sea was reduced to 60 miles per hour and he saw his petrol would not last out. Fortunately before it was spent he sighted a schooner and was taken in tow.

Before the two Junker monoplanes *Europa* and *Bremen* started on their attempt to cross the Atlantic in August, 'everybody and everything belonging to the expedition was carefully weighed, and nonessential articles destined to comfort or sustain the airmen had reluctantly to be abandoned in order to keep the weight down to 3800 kilogrammes, of which some 2400 represent fuel.' Nevertheless the *Bremen*, which alone reached the Atlantic, was obliged to turn back, for as time went on Captain Köhl realized that his fuel would not take him to Newfoundland. 'It was useless to continue the struggle,' for the wind was westerly and he was

making little or no way in the adverse current. On his return to Germany Captain Köhl declared, 'If the weather had been merely bad I would have kept on, but I could not fight along at the rate of four miles per hour.' Yet this Junker monoplane was capable of covering 125 miles per hour, and was no doubt flying at this actual speed in the moving air.

II

The domination of the wind over aircraft is complete. An aeroplane in the air cannot *use* the wind. There can be no comparison between the action of wind on a sailing ship and the action of wind — moving air — on an aeroplane flying in it and completely surrounded by it. In the air there can be no 'trimming of sails,' no 'beating to windward,' for to all the courses of the air and to its full speed the aeroplane unconsciously and completely conforms. A 'sea' of air envelops it; within this moving 'sea' the airman unconsciously drives his plane and steers a course. His course over land or sea and his speed 'made good' are the resultant of known and unknown factors. Adequate provision can be made for the known factors, and should no engine trouble occur or compass errors develop, and were the 'sea' in which the airman flies as stationary as the sea or land beneath him, the airman must arrive at his destination and at the prearranged time; were even the movement of the medium known, and could it be relied upon not to alter in rate and direction during the whole journey, the time of safe arrival could be calculated beforehand; but should the aviator's 'sea' take some unexpected course during passage, the time of arrival is uncertain — in a long flight the end may never be known. The skill of the pilot cannot ensure success or avert disaster, for the

wind is at the helm, imposing upon the craft its own direction and speed.

This can be as readily shown by simple arithmetic as it has been demonstrated in recent flights. Take a flight between two capitals separated by 3000 miles of sea, by a plane developing no defects, with an average speed of 100 miles per hour and a load of 40 hours' fuel at this speed. In a dead calm the destination will be safely reached in 30 hours with 10 hours' fuel remaining. In a directly favorable and constant wind of only 30 miles per hour (a very moderate wind at flying heights) the aeroplane, making 130 miles per hour, will reach its goal in 23 hours, the pilot will have 17 hours' fuel remaining in his tanks, and, if he wishes, he can fly on in the same direction for 2200 miles and set up a new record.

It is absurd to reverse the wind conditions, for the airman would not set off; but, were he so rash as to start, he would, with the 30-miles-per-hour current directly against him, be obliged to come down or would fall into the sea 200 miles from his proposed destination. Thus, with the favorable wind he could cover 5200 miles, with the unfavorable about 2800 only, — a difference of some 2400 miles, — nevertheless, in neither case would he lose his direction. If his compasses were correct he would land somewhere along the predetermined route of 3000 geographical miles.

A change of wind on passage, however, upsets all calculations. Should the 30-miles-per-hour favorable wind shift 8 points (90°), say, 10 hours from the start, after he has flown 1300 miles he will have covered at the end of the next 10 hours some 1044 miles toward his destination, but will be, in the absence of external warning, 300 miles off his intended course. In truth he will be lost on the ocean, for the aeroplane in itself, when fixed points are not

available, cannot detect changes in the wind and cannot therefore know the drift. Hence the constant anxiety of the navigator and the necessity of ascertaining the position of the aeroplane and its course from passing vessels at sea, and the reliance upon wireless from land or ship stations — a stay which may prove a broken reed.

The comments of the New York Meteorological Office after the successful flight of Colonel Lindbergh and that of Chamberlin and Mr. Levine merit special consideration. This bureau had been receiving weather reports twice daily from ten ocean liners by radio, and five hundred ships had sent their observations by mail. The report of the meteorologist is significant: —

There really have been only three times since April 20 when a transatlantic flight would have been safe. The first began, strangely enough, on the day that Acosta and Chamberlin started their endurance flight in the Bellanca. If they had taken off for Europe instead of circling over Manhattan, they would undoubtedly have reached it without any trouble. The second time was when Lindbergh made his successful flight (May 20) and the third when Chamberlin took off (June 4).

Colonel Lindbergh was fortunate in his weather; and his luck in having the wind over the Atlantic, as he expected, was amazing. He trusted to a small compass and dead reckoning; his plans for navigation were simple: when he left the seaboard and America behind, following the steamer route, he would every one hundred miles (one hour by his watch) alter course. The weather was better than he expected, 'better than the Weather Bureau had expected.' He saw little during the ocean crossing; and, though the fog obscured his view, the constancy of the wind favored his dead reckoning. In the afternoon he saw some fishing boats.

Was he on the right road to Ireland? When he assured himself that 'it was Ireland rather than Spain or some other country, the rest was child's play.' That he came on the Irish coast just three miles from where he expected was 'a pure coincidence,' and a remarkable one.

Clarence Chamberlin and Mr. Levine placed reliance upon an earth-induction compass, but soon it was 'running wild' and they were left with the ordinary magnetic compass. Icebergs helped in the estimation of drift, but when they had lost direction, and did not know whether they would hit Spain or Ireland, they luckily came upon the Mauretania and found that they were 'somewhere near Ireland or England.'

The Pride of Detroit was more fortunate in the wind than its airmen knew; when they reached land after crossing the ocean they 'had n't any idea what country it was.' After flying about for two hours they inquired by primitive means where they were, and intelligent and resourceful coastguardsmen, by promptly spreading out a Union Jack, gave the airmen the information they needed to make Croydon.

Were the wind and weather not the main factors in long flights, it would be inexplicable that 'the most experienced and careful navigator, Commander Byrd, and the best-equipped aeroplane, the America, should have failed to achieve what others had succeeded in accomplishing.' He, with three companions, left New York on June 29, and though 'conditions over most of the Atlantic were quite favorable,' the weather did not behave in accordance with expert forecasts, and the flight nearly ended in disaster. After reaching the French coast in safety, while darkness was setting in and the weather was getting rainy and thick, something went wrong with the compasses and the

wireless failed to work. Commander Byrd found he was flying in a circle instead of a straight line, but whether to the right or to the left he did not know; his petrol was fast giving out and he decided to come down on water.

The United States Meteorological Report comments thus upon these three Atlantic crossings: —

Had Lindbergh encountered the cross winds that Byrd did, the Spirit of St. Louis would have been blown off her course as far as was the America, in spite of the perfect piloting of the man controlling her destinies; and had Chamberlin encountered the poor visibility conditions that hindered Byrd, it is almost certain that his courageous flight would have ended in disaster.

To sum up, one may say almost everything depends upon the weather.

III

The effect of favorable air currents in successful flights, the value of dead reckoning while the wind remains constant in direction, the ceaseless dread that an unknown and therefore incalculable variation of current may occur, the fear of being carried away and lost in the air from drift, the race against time and fuel supply, the discomfort and danger of flying in fog or at freezing heights, the fickleness of wireless, the uncertainty of the 'land-fall' in ocean flights, the obstacles to the recognition and choice of landing places — all these and other *navigational* hazards have been demonstrated in turn in all long-distance flights, which are and must remain 'hops for heroes only.'

The tragic fate of Saint-Roman and his two companions, and of Nungesser and Coli, had been overshadowed and almost forgotten in the brilliant success of Colonel Lindbergh and the exploits of Chamberlin and Commander Byrd; but as the flying season progressed

tragic failure followed tragic failure, and the adventures that succeeded only showed in clearer light how much weather and wind and sheer luck were the determining factors of triumph or disaster. During 1927 the North Atlantic has been crossed four times in nonstop flights; twice only did the pilots arrive and land safely at the intended destination and without mishap, and twelve lives were lost in disastrous ventures. During the year the Pacific has been traversed by air from California to Honolulu four times, three times without mishap, while seven perished in attempting this ocean crossing and three were killed in preparatory flights. The causes of failure in the many disasters over the seas will forever remain hidden. Saint-Roman, Nungesser, Frost of the Golden Eagle, Pedlar of the Miss Doran, Redfern, Colonel Minchin, Lloyd Bertaud, Captain Tully, and their companions have left no trace. The SOS of Captain Erwin,

We went into a tail spin . . . We have come out of it . . . It was a close call . . . We are in a spin . . . SOS . . .

points the peril that is ever present in flight. It will never be known whether the tragedies were brought about by engine failure, overloading, lubricating trouble, or some mechanical defect, by adverse winds, shortage of fuel, or loss of direction, or by sudden movements and violent upheavals of the air which are the concomitants of thunderstorms and unstable weather conditions. The efficiency of the machines in the successful flights and the testimony of pilots show the perfection to which the internal-combustion engine has attained, but in the air a trifling mechanical defect may lead to precipitate disaster, for an aeroplane, to keep in the air, must keep going.

All the long-distance flights had started in favorable weather, for ships at sea were sending special reports so that the forecasts could be made with as much accuracy as possible. Moreover, the ships crossing the oceans were warned of the intended flights and asked to report passage and render assistance if necessary. As events proved, ships had much to do with these long-distance flights; and the stability of ships on the sea, their perfection of navigation, their reserve of fuel and power, their true mobility, their capacity to succor, are in striking and ludicrous contrast to the frailties and limitations of air machines.

The Pacific Fleet organized a search for the victims of the Dole Race. After the search a report was submitted by Admiral R. H. Jackson, Commander in Chief of the Battle Fleet. According to this report the flagship Holland, one light cruiser, twenty-three destroyers, two aircraft carriers (with many planes), twenty-three submarines, and three tenders of the Pacific Fleet had searched an area of 350,000 square miles. They had steamed 153,235 miles, the planes had flown 9000 miles, and 3,751,050 gallons of fuel had been consumed. It is true that some small proportion of this search could be classed in 'schedule operations,' but the figures given do not include the extensive search operations by district craft carried on under the supervision of district naval commanders or the search by ships of the mercantile marine.

Again, when the Old Glory sent out the SOS message, four vessels took in the signal — the Transylvania, the Carmania, the Lapland, and the California. The first two of these great liners were nearest to the estimated position of the plane, and altered course at once in search. Captain David Bone and the officers of the Transylvania

kept a strict watch on the horizon for over fifteen hours and zigzagged over an area where it was supposed the Old Glory dropped into the sea. 'During all this time fourteen lookouts with binoculars and telescopes tried to find some trace.' All these ships and other vessels coöperated and different areas were searched — all to no avail. Trying to find an aeroplane in the ocean was like looking for a needle in a haystack, and after twenty-four hours there was little hope of possible survival in view of the rough seas at the time of the forced descent. The cost of this fruitless search by these great liners — entirely ignoring the passengers' loss of time — has been estimated at £4000; but ships are in duty bound to endeavor to save life at sea, with no remuneration except in value of the material salvaged. Some nine days later the S.S. Kyle, detailed for special search, came upon wreckage 650 miles due east of Newfoundland; of the unfortunate aviators no sign was seen.

IV

At last the futility of long-distance flights, with the sacrifice of lives toward no end, was amply demonstrated. Facts could no longer be ignored. What should have been known, what could readily have been foreseen, by giving thought to the problems, was now manifest. The reaction was immediate. A conference was called at Washington, President Coolidge was deeply concerned, the American Bar Association demanded legislation, the Australian Commonwealth decided to take action, and the Canadian Government proposed to introduce legislation prohibiting ocean flights. Agitation spread. The press in America and Europe discussed the tragedies and the wisdom or necessity of controlling ocean flights; newspapers spoke of 'the mobs that made heroes of Lindbergh and others,'

'the lavishly advertised performances of aviators acclaimed for their self-devotion to death.' 'Why do people not ask themselves what is the use of it?' 'Has one of these flights contributed in the slightest degree to the success of the next one or added one iota to the progress of aviation?' Some who had been loud in applauding the initial successes as proofs of the conquest of the air were now censuring the waste of life and courage, and insisting on the limitations of the aeroplane and on the influence of the wind, maintaining that the successes were due to the concurrence of good luck and good weather, that flights in which disaster is narrowly escaped through good fortune teach the world little. Public opinion, which was being educated toward 'air-mindedness,' was held largely responsible for the tragedies!

The aeronautical correspondent of the *Times* of London said:—

These flights of the Atlantic are simply the result of a public opinion, which shortsightedly has awarded praise out of all proportion . . . and the remedy lies in that same public opinion positively discouraging brave but foolhardy men from gambling their lives against the chance of a short-lived notoriety.

The British Air Ministry, 'after mature consideration,' said little; its attitude was noncommittal — 'it would not be wise to interfere.' The position was indeed difficult, for the Air Vice-Marshal, Sir Sefton Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation, had expressed his opinion in no uncertain terms after the loss of the *St. Raphael*:—

The flight from East to West has to be done, and it is idle to talk of prohibiting the attempt. Courage, courage, courage, should be our motto. . . . Do not let us always be playing for safety. I could have put money on Minchin getting across safely.

And Lord Thomson, late Secretary of State for Air, had proclaimed in January 1927 that sensational non-stop flights had 'great practical value,' that the entire future of British aviation was summed up in two words, 'long hops,' that 'with the advent of "long hops" aviation will begin to assert itself as a means of locomotion and will acquire full commercial status.' This exponent of the air was now frankly alarmed:—

I am afraid it is going to do harm to aviation. . . . I don't like some of the things that are happening. . . . I am particularly against the carrying of passengers.

As a London newspaper expressed the idea next day, 'The effort should be made unhampered by passengers who serve no useful or desirable purpose.' Fuel is indeed the only freight for long-distance flights. It had at last become manifest that these ventures had no bearing upon the development of aerial transport. It was nothing but a gamble, with human lives as the stakes and the dice loaded — doubly loaded — against the flyers toward the West.

The aeroplane had demonstrated its deficiencies and its inherent limitations; gravity had shown the force of its grip, and wind the power of its embrace, but the public were not left to ponder on these things. No sooner was one illusion dispelled than another was projected. 'The flights have been attempted in quite unsuitable machines'; 'Ocean flights ought not to be attempted in landplanes'; 'What is wanted to-day is safe flying'; 'Seaplanes should be used for the sea — flying boats for the ocean.'

Machines are needed which are so staunchly built of metal that they would survive even if they came down on the water in rough weather. Sea craft should be able to

ride out a storm. They further require wireless powerful enough to summon help in the event of any mischance; they must have multiple engines and carry a very large quantity of petrol in order to avoid the risk of fuel failure if adverse weather and winds are encountered or if direction is temporarily lost.

No one can find fault with these requirements; they are the elementary essentials for safety; but a little reflection will soon destroy the illusion that such conditions are possible. The law of gravity makes no distinction between an aeroplane and a flying boat: modifications in design can readily be made in accordance with the purpose for which the plane is desired, variation can be made in the distribution of the load, but the maximum load that can be lifted for any engine power is the same. The stronger the seaplane is made in an effort to attain seaworthiness, the heavier will be its structure and the less weight remains for fuel, for wireless, or for crew: if a powerful wireless is taken, still less fuel can be carried; with little fuel the voyage is strictly limited. The carrying of an anchor is no light matter. A seaplane must take this gear with her and lift it into the air. The heavier it is, the less fuel can be carried; if it is too light, the safety of the craft is endangered.

Seaplanes cannot be used for long-distance flights. It will be remembered that the seaplane flown by Commander Rodgers in 1925 in the San Francisco-Honolulu flight came down 200 miles from Honolulu for want of fuel. The first successful crossing, in June 1927, was in an Army aeroplane, and Lieutenant Maitland reported that 'sufficient gasoline for another 600 miles' was left in his machine. Again, the first nonstop crossing of the South Atlantic was achieved by aeroplane. On October 15, 1927, two French

lieutenants, Costes and Le Brix, flew the shortest sea passage, a distance of 2000 miles, in $21\frac{1}{4}$ hours. All the previous crossings had been accomplished by stages in seaplanes.

The opinions of naval men can well be quoted here. Admiral Sir W. H. Henderson, putting the matter in a nutshell, says:—

The seaplane or flying boat offers a chance of a few hours of life to derelict airmen, but, conversant as I am with Atlantic weather conditions and the difficulty of locating an aeroplane in an ocean, I would prefer to trust my life to the extra fuel possible in a landplane.

Commander F. L. M. Boothby, R.N. (Retd.), reminds the public that

The flying boat, advocated by some, is at present less efficient than the aeroplane in the air and slightly more so on the water. A sea that would rapidly break up an aeroplane could be ridden out by a flying boat, but it would last next to no time in an ordinary heavy sea.

In the opinion of Admiral Mark Kerr,

It is unlikely that the biggest flying boat of the present time would last more than a few hours on the Atlantic on 300 days of the year.

Seaplane services are being tried out. A transport company essayed a mail service on the Khartum-Kisumu route with a seaplane, the D. H. 50 Pelican. It was damaged in a test flight in January 1927, and the Air Ministry lent the company a seaplane while the Pelican was being repaired. But this borrowed seaplane promptly sank in Lake Victoria Nyanza. At last, on October 9, the Pelican was prepared to resume its work, yet no sooner were air-mail facilities announced than they were suspended—the Pelican had crashed a second time in a test flight.

V

It is generally recognized that air machines, wonderful as they are, are still far from being satisfactory; that especially in weight-carrying capacity there is room for radical improvement. Any criticism, however, of the shortcomings of aircraft or any statement of their inherent limitations is met at once by the retort that 'aeroplanes are in their infancy'; that, given time and money for experiment and research, difficulties will be overcome, 'the air will be conquered.' Repeated disappointment and dreadful tragedy are met by the plea that aeroplanes are not yet properly developed, the study of aerodynamics is not sufficiently advanced — and the public is persistently led to expect great improvement in aeroplanes and much practical advance in the art of mechanical flight.

But consideration of the matter will show that flight became possible only after the introduction and development of an engine of light weight per horsepower, — the internal-combustion engine, — and that this engine, continuously improved and developed during the last thirty-five years, has now in all vital respects reached its limit of perfection. All engineering knowledge accumulated since the dawn of the mechanical age has gone generally to the design and construction of the aeroplane as it is to-day; twenty-five years have been devoted to this specialized branch of engineering — mechanical flight. All the body of knowledge from the common stock has been available and intensively applied to the development of aviation, at fabulous cost to the taxpayers of all nations.

Engineers and experts are agreed on the point that the aeroplane has long passed its experimental stage. Sir Alan Cobham, the famous long-distance pilot, referring to his Australian flight,

says, 'From a mechanical point of view the aeroplane was as near perfect as any form of transport can be,' and neither Colonel Lindbergh nor Mr. Levine had any fault to find with their engines or with their planes — albeit their engines were not new types, and were of designs that had been years in use. Major de Havilland, a well-known manufacturer, states: —

There is no revolutionary change to be expected in aeroplanes. Design is more or less stabilized, and it is only in details, in materials, in strength with lightness, that any alteration may be looked for.

The maximum weight that an aero-engine can lift and carry is practically fixed. The engine itself is light; the big factor, apart from the weight of the plane itself, is the fuel it requires. In a long, spectacular flight all the available load must be taken in fuel to cover the distance; no freight can be carried; all but the barest necessities must be left behind. Paying freight can only be taken when the distance is strictly limited: the shorter the distance, the less fuel required, and the more weight left for freight. This at once shows that the aeroplane, for any practical purpose, is a short-distance vehicle of transport. Moreover, common sense indicates and experience proves that, if safety is aimed at, the structure of the vehicle should not lack strength and the limit of loading should not be approached; if comfort is desired, some part of the paying load must be sacrificed. All these factors further reduce the load of fuel that can be carried, the distance that can be covered. 'As a matter of common knowledge,' states the Secretary-General of the Air League of the British Empire, 'a commercial machine carries but little more than the maximum paying load. Moreover, both passengers

and freight are carefully weighed in order to ensure there shall be no over-loading.' When strong adverse winds are encountered the restricted amount of petrol carried may not last out and a forced landing becomes inevitable. For the air journey of some 200 miles on the cross-Channel service, when weather conditions are not too adverse, twelve to fourteen persons are carried by the new large passenger planes with engines developing 1200 horsepower. It is worth contrasting the useful achievement of a similar horsepower when *relying on gravity* instead of *resisting* it. A great train rushing smoothly and swiftly along rails, irrespective of weather, at a rate comparable to the speed of a heavy aeroplane, presents the most startling contrast in effort and achievement. The famous railway engine King George V can run, it is said, at nearly 100 miles per hour and draw 'almost any load.'

It is not difficult, therefore, to understand why the 'air' cannot compete with older and cheaper forms of transport — why aviation fails to pay its way. Colonel Lindbergh, speaking on the commercial aspect of the air mails in the United States said: —

Our mail service is in a few cases on a paying basis. By a paying basis I do not mean that there is any margin, any large margin of profit. Most of these air lines are just about holding their own or losing a little each year.

Air mails are thus not very profitable to the contractors. The expense of the United States air-mail service ending June 30, 1926, was \$2,944,648. The total receipts for the same period were \$980,271 — a loss of \$1,964,377 chargeable to public funds. For each ounce of letter mail carried by air mail from Boston to New York the contractor is paid over eighteen cents; twenty cents is paid by the sender,

and government subsidy supplies the balance.

All existing air routes, indeed, are dependent upon subsidies. If they were cut off, civil aviation would practically come to an end. The cost to the British taxpayer of every mile flown by Imperial Airways on home routes is 3s. 4½d., or £70 for the return journey Croydon-Paris: on the route Cairo-Basra every mile costs the taxpayer £1, or £1200 for each completed flight; and in addition further aid is given in the provision of landing grounds, petrol stations, and sheds. Germany has a network of air routes, but 70 per cent of the cost of German aerial transport has to be obtained from taxation or subsidy, this assistance amounting to the enormous sum of £2,137,000 yearly; and though each passenger receives free insurance with his ticket, and other encouragements to air travel are given, the machines, it is said, usually leave half full. The subsidies paid by France to aviation companies have aggregated 60,000,000 francs, yearly payments being based on mileage, and additional help has been given through the purchase by the Government of new types of machines destined for civil purposes. In October 1927, the French Government resolved to ask the Chamber to sanction further expenditure which will commit it to spending 140,000,000 francs, or \$5,650,000, a year on civil flying for a period of ten years.

Leaving profit out of the question, how is the gulf between subsidy and solvency to be bridged? How is commercial success to be achieved for aviation? It is not by further development of the aero-engine, for that has practically, if not quite, reached its limit; not by increasing the size of the planes, for no real saving is thus effected, except in pilots. Engines are as reliable and aeroplanes nearly as perfect as they can well be; external aids

are now supplied in plenty, and aerial pilots are expert, ready, and resourceful. Though small improvements will undoubtedly take place, there can be no specific increase in performance. For any spectacular improvement we must await some quite new discovery — some new phenomenon, upon the nature of which it is idle to speculate. It involves a new source of motive energy, an energy which implies little or no weight; but gravity will still exercise its unfailing force, and the wind will continue to be beyond the control of man.

As things are, flying is too expensive a mode of transport to be considered by the ordinary man or woman. To the great majority with means, the deafening roar of the engines, the sense of danger, the great uncertainty, added to the not inconsiderable fare, more than balance the possible gain in time. There remain the few with the desire and the means to travel by air, which they do at considerable cost to the State.

Under special circumstances for emergency transport, aeroplanes may be of great service. Banks find aeroplanes useful for the carrying of bullion across the Channel and between cities not too far apart, but the real advantage or desirability of these and other services can only be tested when state subsidy ceases and civil aviation flies by itself. In undeveloped countries, where other means of rapid transport are not available and where flying conditions are good, aeroplanes may prove

of distinct value, and their use justified in providing medical aid and communications to 'back blocks'; they do it, however, at a cost which must entail considerable assistance from public funds.

The poverty of the demand on the part of the public for aeroplanes as vehicles of transport is a perpetual disappointment to those interested parties and leagues who are concerned in creating what is termed 'air-mindedness' among the people. Even the sport of flying is not carried on without government encouragement, and the race for the Schneider Cup has now become a contest between Air Ministries and a further addition to the heavy burden of taxation.

Though subsidies now support aerial transport in every direction, and propaganda seeks to popularize it, eventually civil aviation must be left to fly by itself; and, while economic factors will then determine its scope, the aeroplane will remain a vehicle of emergency and quick transport under conditions favorable to its use, reasonably safe for comparatively short distances, perilous on long flights, with a freedom of route denied to other vehicles of transport, yet governed in its incomings and outgoings by the inconstant wind. But the force of gravity, ever pulling the plane and its load to earth, will ever set a limit to the achievements of aircraft and be the insurmountable barrier to commercial success in the air.

THE COMMON SECRETARY

BY R. H. MOTTRAM

I

AN architect called Geoffrey Skene and a bank clerk called Stephen Dormer, both of them coming from the town of Easthampton in England, met at a crossroads in French Flanders. It was not a coincidence. Each of them had a limited yearly holiday. Each was bound, sooner or later, to go back to look at the place where he had been involved in that incredible, unescapable, and most fortunately finished and done-with war. Although slightly acquainted, they had been too English to mention their identical destination to each other as they met, occasionally, in the street of their town; therefore, English-like, they met at an otherwise insignificant spot in what their ancestors, who had frequently fought there, had been used to call the Low Countries.

But Skene and Dormer had not come there from any profound interest in the past or the place. They had come, English leisure giving rein to English curiosity, to gaze at a spot on earth where they had so nearly died, so accidentally it now seemed, those years ago.

They had not found it.

When Skene came up to Dormer the latter, formed by years of routine and probity, was surveying a tourist map with some annoyance. Not to be able to find a place, if not in a directory at least on a map, was outside his experience, even in war time.

Skene, member of a liberal profession,

took it lightly; after they had said, 'Hallo, did n't know you were coming here!' both together, and frowned, he admitted: 'Well, I'm blest if I know where it was!'

'I can't see where I'm wrong!' replied Dormer, to his map, aggrieved. 'It's the right distance from the canal!'

'When were you here?' asked Skene, gazing abroad with trained surveyor's eyes.

'April, '18.'

'Ah. It's been — knocked about a good bit since then.'

'Yes, but I'd been here time and again.'

'Of course; one had to come this way from the Somme to the salient.'

'Exactly. The village started with a row of little houses. There were no outlying buildings.'

'That's right.'

'The row of trees beside the *pavé* just left off, and the buildings began. Then, after a bit, you came to the square.'

'Well, come on,' said Skene; 'let's pace it out.'

Around them lay the wet richness of Flanders. The road was clear, but about it the fields had a half-kempt, hummocky appearance.

'A hundred!' counted Dormer. 'We ought to be in the square. Look here, on the map, where the word — er — "Kick-and-push" —'

'Kieckenpuits!'

'Is that how you pronounce it? We used to call it "Kick-and-push."

Well, against that there's a cross. That means the church — but where is it?'

'Wait a bit!' cried Skene, his voice rising. 'What are all those bricks? Why, Dormer, you old ass, we're there!'

'Nonsense!'

'Did n't the cobbles go diagonally across the Grand Place? Well, look here!'

'Um!'

'There's your church.'

'That — mess, there! It is n't three feet high!'

'That's the church, all the same. Ah, look there, those corrugated iron roofs — that's the new village!'

'Well, I'm — '

'Yes, you are. Come along and see.'

Skene led him, still grudgingly regarding his map, through what appeared to be the store yard of a bankrupt builder, down a muddy lane, where even the cobbles of the Route Nationale ceased.

'This was mined,' said Skene. 'I remember hearing it go up!'

On the wooden door of the first elephant hut was a small dilapidated tin and enamel notice: —

SECRÉTAIRE COMMUNAL

'There!' said Dormer. 'The Common Secretary, as the boys used to call him. I'd quite forgotten him.'

'He has n't forgotten us. Come on!'

They pushed open the door and entered.

The interior showed the creditable struggle which minor officialism was making against something so much bigger and more violent than itself. Here, in an army hut, on that abandoned battlefield that had so ruthlessly obliterated the village which was its sole reason for existence, had found shelter a little old man, his office chair,

his desk, his stove, his cat, and all those pompous declarations and meticulous printed lists that go to govern rural France. The atmosphere, there in the midst of those fields slowly being reclaimed by agriculture, was the atmosphere of theory and ink of those tall buildings that line the Seine.

The little old man went on writing one of the interminable lists peculiar to his kind, in the official purple ink, for some time after the two Englishmen entered. It seemed as though he were allowing the official period to elapse before noticing them. When he did look up, he said nothing — waiting, no doubt, for them to state their business.

'Good morning, M. Robinet,' began Skene, in French.

'Good morning!'

'And how are you getting on, and all my good friends in the Commune of Kieckenpuits?'

'Monsieur, I do not know which persons are designated your friends!'

'Oh, come, you must remember me!'

'No, monsieur, I have not the pleasure.'

'I was here in the war!'

'Ah! That!' The little old man sighed and wagged his head, weighted with memories. But apparently not one was of Skene, for he only remarked: 'Yes, we had a heap of English here — and then the Americans.'

'Well, I was Lieutenant Skene. I used to come and see you about billets and horse lines and all that.'

'Ah! I saw so many. But what is there that I can do for your service?'

'Why, nothing!' Skene sounded a bit crestfallen. 'I'll go and see some of the farmers. They'll remember me.'

'It is always possible. Only I would point out that many of my *administrés* have left!'

'All right, I'll go and see,' repeated Skene, nettled.

'Yes, you can always do that.'

So saying, the little old man gave the stove a poke with an English bayonet that hung on a nail, and resumed writing.

II

Outside, Skene said to Dormer: 'Just fancy that! I must have seen him hundreds of times!'

'I never had much opinion of the French,' replied his friend. 'I found them very insular!'

They walked on, side by side, for some distance, until they were clear of the huts. On either side of them stretched the fields, queerly distorted as if by earthquake. Hardly a tree was to be seen, but everywhere stumps splintered at the top into a queer fan shape. They sat on one of these.

'Do you suppose that chap would remember?' Dormer was pointing to a figure ploughing the field just beyond them.

Skene made no attempt to find out. The neglect of M. Robinet still burned within him.

'That old man I used to see sometimes as often as once a week. I must say he was a model of his particular sort. He kept wonderful books, containing all sorts of unnecessary details about his administrés, as he called them. He knew all their private histories, all their family feuds, and would give sly hints as to which were to be trusted and what might be conveniently hidden from me. Well, the war rolled on and on —'

'Worse and worse!' agreed Dormer. 'I know.'

'And finally, in getting out of the Lys Valley, we had to come back this way. You may remember what a game it was, clearing the civilians of half the countryside out, and then making a stand while the army was reconstituted behind us. We were a crew. Details

of all sorts. Labor Corps — tunnelers, cooks, scullions, grooms, clerks.

'Well, after about three days of it we landed up here, at Kieckenpuits. It was empty, of course, doors all open, fires still burning in the stoves. My C. O. used to swear he found a cat asleep on the hearth of one house. However —'

'I'd believe anything about those days!' Dormer conceded.

'I hope we set a proper guard. I don't remember much except going into all these houses and eating and drinking everything we could find. Some sort of scheme of defense was formulated, the road barricaded; we dug in and covered up. And then —'

'I know,' Dormer supplied. 'Old Fritz never came.'

'That's just it. Had we only known, he had taken some nasty knocks, and the edge of his offensive was already blunted. He was tired of outmarching his guns and getting it in the neck. We had a peaceful night of it, with the whole Lys Valley below us one great Crystal Palace Fireworks display. Loveliest sight you ever saw!'

'Bit too noisy for me!'

'It was noisy, but wonderful to watch. Then, when it got light, old Fritz found out that we were waiting for him, and he took a dislike to poor old Kieckenpuits — a long-range dislike!'

'He was quite right.'

'Of course he was! What was the use of his walking up the road and being potted. He sat back and started on us with those five-point-nines of his!'

'Nasty quick brutes!'

'Quick! After the first salvo I got our chaps away from the church, because I realized we were a dot on the map, just the sort of shoot Fritz liked and did so well. I was too soon.'

'Much?'

'No, about one minute. The next

salvo, punctual as clockwork, caught the church tower. Just beside me a corporal from some East Anglian battalion said: "My 'eart, thar she goo, wallop." It was the last word he ever spoke. A piece of stone as big as your head caught him between the shoulders and nearly went through him. It bent his head right over until he was looking backward, and upside down. Dead, of course. A gunner who was trying to find a place for an O-pip said it was a wonderful shoot. So it was!

'Old Fritz was wonderful!'

'He was. He went bracketing up and down the main road and the crossroads, just like an old lady planting tulips. He kept on getting our poor devils, at one place or another, and I kept getting 'em away, when I could.'

'I know. Most depressin'.'

'It was. Just about half an hour after we had had too much of it, and I had to begin looking out that not more than two men went with a stretcher, it began to rain.'

'Then Fritz shut up!'

'Pre-cisely. Just like an old lady, thinking it was a horrid wet afternoon, and putting the rest of the tulips back in the box until it faired up!'

'Perfect godsend, of course.'

'Only just as depressin'. I was tired of it. After four years, to come to that. Well, next thing was a G.S.O. of sorts, from Corps Headquarters on a motor bike. He was earning his keep, that chap, dashing about forming "strong points." At the moment, of course, Fritz was trying to work round on the low ground south of us, where there was no one in particular to stop him. This merchant took away half the machine-gunners we'd scraped together, promised us some rations, and went off to the right. I sat behind a pigsty — which was my headquarters,

billet, and funk hole — and watched the road. Nothing happened for a bit, except a lot of noise. I suppose the G.S.O. stopped the Boche on the right, so the next thing was a commotion in front of us.'

'Machine-gunning, and all that.'

'Just so. I crawled about the churchyard until I found out who was loosing off our none too plentiful S.A.A. A Labor Corps sergeant, about seventy years old, swore he had seen someone moving, but, so far as I could make out, the men were firing to keep their hearts up!'

'Men will do that.'

'Mind you, there was something in it. Fritz was shooting a bit. From the way the stuff was dropping I suspected that a stray Boche machine-gunner, at least a thousand yards off, was warming his tummy for exactly the same reason as ours were. There was nothin' to be done, so I dodged back to my pigsty, where my servant had succeeded in boiling some water and making a mug of tea.'

'Ah!'

'Yes, nectar, the stinking stuff. While I was scalding my throat out with it I nearly spilled the lot for joy. There was someone coming up the road behind us. I soon sobered up, though. It was n't a limber, it was n't reënforcements; it was, as it got nearer, a little old man under an umbrella. The rain had ceased and a miserable sort of sunset struggled through — in Fritz's eyes, fortunately. That made him nervous, and he started sloshing the whole place. Anyhow, by the time the little old man got up to where I was taking cover, there was any amount of loose lead, ricocheting all over the pavé, *whew, whew!*'

'I know.'

'So I called out to the chap to stop. He turned, and it was M. Robinet, the Communal Secretary!

“What are you doing there?” I called out to him.

“I am doing my duty. You do yours,” he replied, just as cross as two sticks. So I tried him this way: “Have a cup of tea?”

“I have no time for foolishness,” says he, fumbling his way up the blocks and sandbags of our barricade. The sentry on the barricade was looking alternately at me and at this apparition in the field of battle. I signed to him, “All right,” and shouted to old Robinet as he stood balancing on his wizened old legs on the pile of stuff we had made — it was a stiff climb for the old man, impeded with an umbrella. “Come back,” I said; “you’re going to your death!”

“I’m going to fetch the matrix of the *cadastre*!”

Dormer stared for a moment, and then recollected. ‘The land-registry thing that the Government makes ’em keep.’

‘That’s it. Key to the land register, we should call it. It was so damn silly that I jumped over the barricade after him, calling to him to stop. The Boches were tuning up; and the office he used to occupy south of the churchyard — Let’s see: we are about where the Boches were that day — it would be there!’

‘Can’t make out much,’ grunted Dormer, frowning at the noncommittal landscape. ‘It’s all overgrown!’

‘Well, anyhow, I ran after him and caught hold of his umbrella. He left it in my hand and went on. I threw the beastly thing into the ditch. We got across the few yards which led to his office — how, I can’t think, since we were in full view of the Boche, who at once took the necessary steps, as they say in staff memoranda. The air was fairly thick with flying metal, but you remember that old Fritz was never so good at a sporting shot as on the map.

So, amid the cheers of my men, we got to his rotten old office. A whizz-bang had lifted the roof, covered everything with dust, thrown the schoolbooks and official documents to every corner of the place. He went down on his knees and grubbed up a trap in the floor. He’d put the register in his cellar.

‘Meanwhile, of course, ever since we shinned over the barricade, I had been exhorting him to give it a miss, pointing out that the Boche had got his commune, and might as well have his cadastral map and register. It was no good. He snubbed me — in the middle of that battle of the European War that little old man told me off as if I were a naughty school kid. “I know quite well what I am doing,” he told me. “I have no need of your enlightenment on the subject.” I took it in good part until he emerged with his register, done up in a handkerchief, from his cellar. Then I caught him by the scruff of the neck, pushed him through the back door and up the lane to the Labor Corps machine-gun emplacement. And it was time. While we were hauling him over the sandbags a five-nine hit the barricade on the road, and knocked it endways. We never found a trace of my poor old sentry.

‘I was rushing about, seeing after my chaps, and old Robinet followed me and kept on pulling at my equipment to attract attention. Do you know what he wanted? His umbrella! “Where is it?” he demanded. “Gone to Hell. Go and find it,” I told him. “But you don’t understand,” he said; “that umbrella belonged to Monsieur le Maire. What shall one say to him?” I did n’t know. I had other things to think of. Just then the gunner-fellow managed to get a peep at the Boche and give his guns a chance. You know how it felt when, just as the whole show seemed lost, you found there was someone else carrying on the war — that

they had n't all packed up and gone home. The last I saw of old Robinet, he was trotting off back to St.-Omer — or wherever his Maire had moved to — with the cadastral matrix under his arm. You know also that that day was the turning point. The Boche never got any farther.'

'No. That's why there's nothing worth seeing beyond this. I vote we go home!'

III

The two friends got up and shook themselves, and started homeward, amid the incoherent mounds and hasty tin and boarded reconstructions of the gradually obliterated battlefield. As

they passed the door that bore the tin sign, Skene said, 'I must say good-bye!' and opened it.

'Good-bye, M. Robinet. I've been telling my friend how you saved the matrix of the cadastre!'

Between the desk and the stove two old eyes blinked at him. From the footstool the cat's eyes blinked no less.

'Come and have a drink?' shouted Skene, suddenly feeling an urge toward friendliness.

'Thank you, I have not the time to waste,' muttered the old voice. The face was lowered above the papers. They were forgotten.

'Oh, come on,' grumbled Dormer.

They went.

A FORTUNE IN OIL—THE PROMOTER SPEAKS

BY STONEWALL BROWN

I

ON a golden summer day in 1916, not yet recovered from the nervous 'let-down' familiar to every teacher at the close of a school year, I was strolling down the street of a small Western city when I met an acquaintance of former days, a man older than I, who was at first glance almost unrecognizable in his habiliments of affluence. He did not give me an opportunity to be tactful in satisfying my curiosity, but announced that he was in the oil game, and would I partake of food? The prandial hour (Western usage) was at hand, and I would.

This luncheon marked the beginning of my activity as an oil promoter. My acquaintance was an intense person

on the subject of oil. He talked well and ate with hearty unobtrusiveness at the same time, telling me of the oil business in general and of his proposition (an oil promoter's venture is always a 'proposition') in particular. He was getting rich and named other old acquaintances who were prospering in the oil game. Both he and his investors were going to make money, and lots of it. Getting out his pencil and blueprint, he proved it with figures. Why, any fool could see they could not fail. The proposition was 'proved up' on three sides. They were going to drill so many wells, and, at an absurd minimum of production and an average market, there would be an

income of — ‘Here, figure it yourself!’ Figures do not lie — nor do liars figure, when your prospect takes the pencil. (Incidentally it is good salesmanship if you can get him to do the figuring. Once started, I never have known one to stop until he had written numerals on a check after having covered the menu and tablecloth.) The promoter believed in his proposition. I believed in it. Did I not have the figures — my own — before me? There is one outstanding characteristic of oil promoters as a class, regardless of the general view to the contrary, and that is their belief in their propositions.

‘Why don’t you get into the game?’ my companion asked, as he gestured for the luncheon bill.

‘Me? Why, I know nothing about it,’ I replied. ‘I have had no business experience. I have no capital. Moreover, people never forgive a teacher or a preacher for making money.’

‘Don’t need any,’ referring to experience and capital and ignoring my philosophizing. ‘Now listen. You have n’t got anything to do for a while — it’s vacation. Here —’ He wrote a name on a card. ‘You take a trip down to the oil country and see this party. I’ll write him to show you around. He’s A-1, and will see that you get started.’

In the hectic years that followed I ran across this man’s trail many, many times. I never saw him again until I met him in a Federal penitentiary.

It was an afternoon of gold and azure when I walked out over the foothills. I went out there to think. But I did not permit myself to indulge in the intellectual dishonesty of seeking reasons for a decision which I knew I had made already. It would have simplified my cogitations, as well as my narrative, if greed alone had dictated my decision. True, I should

have liked a lot of money, but not well enough to forswear, all of a sudden, a profession into which I had put so much of my life and run off after strange and dubious gods. If greed was pushing me toward the maelstrom, adventure was beckoning, and I ever have been more responsive to a beckon than a shove. Although the absurdity of my entering, without funds or experience, a vast, highly technical, and altogether precarious business was not lost upon me, I wrote out my resignation from my teaching.

II

I arrived at the little oil town about 2 A.M. As the train pulled away I stood in the darkness beside the track, facing the central section of the town and a portion of the far-flung oil fields.

The night was hot and windless. There were noises abroad — strange, ominous, meaningless to me then, but later a language of manifold significance, a kind of dreadful poetry. Drilling was going on for miles around. The grumble and clang of rugged machinery, the growl of gigantic gears, the rumble of great rotaries, the roar of big trucks on rough roads, the clatter of hoisting drill-stems, the metronomic punctuation of drop tools, the whine of winding cables, the menacing sibilance of escaping steam — all combined into a kind of pæan of plunder and rapine, with an undertone like that of our great cities. I knew it for the voice of Progress, the articulation of what we are so unctuously pleased to call our Civilization. Gas flares gave off a lurid and menacing light. The thick, pungent odor of crude oil rode the air and had in it something of the vital, primeval tang that one notes in breezes from forests, or in winds from the sea.

I met Mr. X, to whom I had the card

of introduction, and found him a kindly and fatherly man, but shrewd withal. He owned a considerable amount of land not near enough to the proven territory to be tempting to the big operators. He wanted his holdings developed.

Did I think of getting into the oil business? I did. Did I—ahem—did I have any capital to invest? I did not; I thought of selling something for somebody, stocks or leases, until I had learned the business. Was I well acquainted with many people who had the means to make investments? Yes. Well, suppose we took a ride out through the field.

During the ride with Mr. X, I learned a great deal. I saw at close hand wells being spudded in, wells drilling, wells on the pump; learned the difference between drop tools and rotaries, anticlines and synclines; learned the prices of oil lands; stood over a tank and saw oil flowing in from a near-by well at the rate of three hundred barrels a day at \$1.90 a barrel; heard tales of sudden riches and saw men riding in fine cars who not long before had been clerking in stores or slaving on farms. This first trip into an oil field thrilled me. So did my last. To me an oil field is romance. It is epic!

We stopped on a tract of land belonging to Mr. X and he showed me how the trend of development was approaching. He felt sure we stood over oil. So did I. How should I like to have twenty acres for a lot proposition? I should like it mightily, but could not consider it until I had accumulated some money. Mr. X smiled. I did not then know that capital was so little necessary to promotion. The matter might be arranged, Mr. X thought; the principal essentials for successful promotion were intelligence, square-dealing, salesmanship, nerve.

He thought I should be successful. In response to his request I gave him some references. Well, would I look around a few days and then call and see him? Yes, thanks, I would.

The public is pretty generally familiar with the various forms of oil promotion and the technique of the promoters; but the lot proposition did not have so long or wide an exploitation as did stock-selling. If I may be indulged in a brief exposition, it will throw light on how it was possible for a person to become an oil promoter without either capital or experience.

A small tract of land—say twenty acres—was platted into lots twenty by twenty feet each. Each acre included one or more larger lots, usually forty by forty feet, reserved by the company and upon which it agreed to drill, each lot owner participating in the net proceeds of the oil from these company wells according to the number of lots—or participating rights in case he had disposed of his lots—owned by him. The promoter set aside a company drilling fund from the sale of lots. If he lacked capital, as I did, he got a contract of sale from the owner, which was placed in escrow and which provided that deeds should be issued to purchasers as needed and paid for.

Thus, we should have a lot selling, say, for \$60. From this amount \$10 went to the salesman, \$10 to the drilling fund, and \$10 to the original owner of the land, leaving \$30 for the promoter. If one has a penchant for figures he may calculate quickly the profit on the sale of twenty acres. The only money necessary to start a company of this sort was for surveying, blueprinting, attorney's fees for drawing papers, and printing. The plan is a very plausible one to present and there

are many convincing arguments in its support, the strongest being that the investor, in addition to receiving a pro rata share of the net profits on company wells, as in a stock company, got a warranty deed to his bit of land, so that he could lease it, sell it, — retaining his stock interest, — or even drill a well on it for himself. In time I found myself president of such an oil company.

Many scores, possibly hundreds, of these lot propositions were promoted during the decade 1910-1920. I have not known more than a dozen lot promoters who sold land which they knew to be unproductive, or who did not try sincerely to make money for their investors; and I have known not more than a half-dozen such companies to succeed, from the point of view of the investor. Granting only a reasonable productivity of the land, and — if it is not too great a tax on the reader's credulity — the honesty and sincerity of the promoter, the faults of this form of promotion and the reasons militating against success are apparent to those only who have had a considerable experience in the oil business.

In the first place, the promoter is very rarely an efficient field man, and successful oil development (field operations) is a highly specialized business. Also, there is but a limited amount of oil 'under' a given acre of land; nevertheless, in order to make the promotion attractive, company drill sites are placed close together, so that, if oil is found, practically all the income from production must be used in paying for the operation and maintenance of superfluous wells. Again, from the lot owner's point of view, the tracts are too small for individual development: if there is no oil, there is room enough, but, if good production is found at a shallow depth, every lot

owner wants a well of his own and the result is — as I have seen — derricks so close that a horse cannot be ridden among them, and the sand sucked dry before drilling costs can be recovered. I discovered these things only after bitter experience — which was shared by my investors. My lot company was not a great success. There were charges of mismanagement, then fraud. But fraud is largely a matter of intent, and in all my operations I never have intended loss to any man.

III

'You never have an oil well until you get it.' To an experienced oilman this vapid axiom is pregnant with meaning. Almost anything can occur to delay, or even ruin, a drilling oil well. Almost everything does. I drilled my first well on a proven location and to a depth of about one thousand feet. It was a producer, but between the spudding in and the turning of the oil into the tank there were accident, delay, and such anxiety as I never experienced in later years crowded with many vicissitudes of fortune. I drilled two additional wells, both of which were fair and steady producers. I now had a steady income, was learning the game, and with my own production I was an 'oilman.'

I do not know of any other human activity where one step commits one so irrevocably to taking another and longer stride. Like walking, the oil business is a constant process of preventing a fall. My lot proposition worried me. A test showed that the oil sand 'pinched out' on this tract. I wanted then, and in all my later operations, to make money for my investors. To this end I deeded my first well to my lot owners gratis, and planned to do the same with my second and third wells as soon as conditions would

permit. This action was purely gratuitous. I thought it would make them appreciative. It only made them howl for more.

Thus far I had been playing safe in my drilling operations — that is, paying a high price for a proven location and being reasonably sure of production. But this plan has its limitations. There comes a time in the oil business when an operator must take a chance. It is a gambling business, and he who cannot hazard should be working for a wage.

I saw that I should have to risk much in order to gain much. I secured a likely-looking piece of acreage in the trend of production, apparently, but far enough away to enable me to get it at a fair cost. The plan in such an operation was to prove up the tract by drilling, then to sell off enough acreage at the greatly increased value to pay for the original cost and drilling, leaving the remainder 'velvet.' My first well on this tract was dry. I skidded the rig over to another location and got another duster at the same depth. I played for a deeper sand and kept going down until my money was all gone. Financially I was precisely where I was when I started. I was 'broke.' However, as I took stock, I appreciated the fact that there remained the asset of experience, more valuable in getting a new start than capital if one cannot have both. Nothing succeeds like failure.

I was perched on a pile of casing contemplating my latest dry hole in the earth when an acquaintance drove up, got out of his car, and joined me. No need for questions; the signs of dryness were all about. But just to make conversation: —

'Dry?'

'Very.'

'Better get over to town,' my friend suddenly exclaimed. 'Hell's broke

loose. Gusher right at the edge of the burg. Only seventeen hundred feet. Everybody hog-wild. Well, got to be goin'.'

Two days passed before I went over to Gushertown. In the meantime the excitement had increased. There were many and varied reports concerning the discovery well. It was a fluke, and operators were keeping it under cover in order to sell acreage. It was a real gusher and they dared not turn it loose until ample storage had been provided. It was salt water. It was a high-grade light oil. People were leasing their residence lots, their yards, for thousands of dollars. A dozen additional wells had been started in the town site. And so on.

I approached the town from a side where a hill cut off the view, and as I topped this hill I jammed the brakes on my car as the scene unfolded before me in the glare of the summer sun. The roads leading into the town from every direction were delineated for miles and miles by billows of dust from hurrying hoofs and wheels. I could see new, bright-timbered derricks being built and I could hear faintly the clang of machinery and the staccato of frantic hammers.

I found difficulty in getting a parking place in the town. With every road leading into it jammed with traffic, one can imagine the congestion of the narrow streets. The excitement was contagious. I found myself hastening in the direction of the discovery well, ankle-deep in dust. Arriving, I found that the well had been capped after spewing oil to the height of the derrick and after the precious stuff had run in streams for hundreds of yards down the cotton rows. Storage tanks of large capacity were being hastily, frantically, constructed. One of the drillers, whom I knew, was chewing a quid of tobacco with a violence not habitual. 'What

have you got here, Jim?’ I asked, knowing him to be a truthful fellow. ‘Orders not to talk,’ he replied. ‘But lease and buy everything you can get your hands on.’

I joined the back eddy of humanity moving toward the centre of the town. Along the way derricks were being built in yards, trees felled, porches torn away to make room. Men were trading, leasing, buying, and selling as they hurried along. I was moving in a group some of whom I knew. A corner residence lot changed hands as we passed it by. It looked good and I offered four thousand dollars for the lease. My offer was accepted. Before reaching the business section, where an assignment could be drawn, I had sold my lease for seven thousand five hundred and my buyer had resold it for ten thousand dollars.

This was petty trading compared with later developments, but it taught me something. I had nothing to lose and a fortune to gain. I began leasing and buying everything I could get hold of. How could one do this without funds? When a price for a lease, option, or land in fee simple was agreed upon, it was the practice to draw up a contract of sale which provided, usually, for the payment of the purchase price in three days, which interim was allowed for the examination of abstract of title. This contract of sale and a check for a nominal sum as forfeit money — not certified in those early days if one were known — were placed in escrow. This procedure gave one time in which to resell, in which event the new purchaser assumed the deal for an additional cash consideration in hand paid. At the end of a few days I had some twenty thousand dollars in cash and several choice, well-scattered drilling sites, and had had foresight enough to purchase a controlling interest in a rotary drilling outfit. The first well in the town proper

was going down rapidly and, of course, was being watched with intense interest, since its success would indicate the existence of a field instead of a pocket. I decided to await its completion and in the meantime to have a look round.

IV

By this time promotion was in full swing. A word about this. You obtained a contract of sale for a lease on a drilling location — someone’s front yard, likely — under the above plan without laying out a dollar. As soon as it was in escrow, and frequently not waiting for the deal’s consummation, you drew up a typewritten statement under the heading, BIG BOOM OIL COMPANY, stating the names of the officers, location of proposed well, amount of capitalization, and par value of stock. You closed the statement with the following: ‘I, the undersigned, hereby subscribe to stock in the above company subject to the provisions of Declaration of Trust to be made of record.’ Beneath this you ruled spaces for name, address, and number of shares, and you were ready for business. It was assumed that stock certificates would be printed and delivered when you got round to it. In many cases even receipts were not given. Many times I heard promoters wax indignant when investors asked for something to show that they had purchased stock when the payment had been made in cash. Dozens of such companies at capitalizations of from thirty to seventy-five thousand dollars were sold out in a few days, some in a few hours. Your company promoted, you went to the bank and paid the purchase price for your drilling location, deposited fifteen thousand dollars for drilling your well, and the remainder was your own. These were the early

rules you found in operation. You did not make them—you merely played the game as you found it. Later the rules were tightened: you had an office, had your title verified before starting stock sales, put your common-law declaration on record, and delivered stock certificates when they were paid for.

A million dollars was invested in these small companies in this small town during the first ten days after the gusher sand was discovered.

The fever of investment promotion became a kind of psychosis. Merchants exhibited their propositions in store windows and sold oil stock over their counters; physicians prescribed oil certificates along with their $MgSO_4$; the iceman could tip you off to something good; bankers over a wide section of the country surreptitiously, then openly, then insistently, suggested certain oil 'securities' as being very promising. One bank president in particular amassed a large fortune by lending his name to the directorate of new promotions, for a cash consideration, and then resigning as soon as the stock was sold, thus having 'clean hands' when and if the company failed of success.

This frenzy was not confined to the territory immediately adjacent to the oil fields. The virus was working practically everywhere. Pools were made up in towns a thousand miles away and some man, or group, was sent to Gusherland to invest the money. Usually these persons asked for and received a salesman's commission of fifteen per cent, which they pocketed; often they organized a company themselves, ostensibly for the benefit of the folk back home. We oil promoters have been driven to cover, maligned, imprisoned. No doubt we deserved a deal of such treatment. Yet, if it be treasonable to turn an inquisitive eye upon the

oil investors (that is, the public) who made our operations possible—well, then, it is treason. I wish I could distinguish between the two classes, promoters and investors—call one black, the other white. But I cannot. All of us were caught up like leaves in a great wind, the victims of primal passions and forces which we had not the time, inclination, or intelligence to question or understand. All, practically, were actuated by the same desires. I think the principal differences were of nerve and ability. We—promoters and investors—came from everywhere. Men came to invest and remained to promote. Men left their homes, businesses, ships, cabbages, and wives; the farmer left his mule, the clerk his ribbons, the lawyer his briefs, the preacher his chancel, the doctor his pills. So they came from everywhere by hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands. And, as flies are drawn to exposed sweets, came gamblers, loafers, thieves, men about town, philanderers, bootleggers, and harlots.

The second gusher came in; the third; then a fourth, in a new territory on another side of town. Before the heat of summer was past, the great oil field was well established, running out into neighboring farms and ranches, and the most spectacular and sensational oil boom in history was in full swing. The war was forgotten; citizenship was neglected; there was no visible evidence of law except that most primal law: get what you can and hold it if you are strong enough.

The days were obscene. The sidewalks would accommodate but a small part of the crowds, and thousands filled the streets, milled and struggled in a sweltering, sweating, cursing mêlée of greed, ankle-deep in dust, or, if there had been rain, in mud and filth. Through the ubiquitous mass teamsters and truck drivers cursed open their

passages; automobiles went honking and bawling their snail's pace; or, maybe, a lone, bronzed horseman, wearing sombrero and chaps in from the range, rode poised and unconcerned. The corners of the streets were occupied by oil exchanges and selling booths where various stocks were listed and hawked and new companies launched. Around each of these exchanges was a separate eddy, perspiring, gesticulating, shouting—faces drawn and seamed with the continuous tension of avarice, eyes gleaming with the fever of gain. Looking at the mass from an upper window, one saw it as a huge malodorous thing, squirming, twisting, and heaving in a kind of horrible lust.

If the days were obscene, the nights were even more hideous. There was hardly any diminution of the crowds on the streets, but as darkness came, then midnight, dissipation of one sort or another succeeded the excitement of the day. Gambling flourished in shacks and tents, whole streets of it; liquor flowed everywhere; the open countryside was a gigantic brothel. If I described this American scene in detail, no reputable magazine would publish my words and no self-respecting reader would read them.

V

The second stage of oil promotion made itself evident about the time the World War came to an end, and it was well defined. The war needs kept the price of oil high. We got from \$2.00 to \$3.75 a barrel for our crude. Verily it was liquid gold. Money was coming into the growing field from all over this country and from Europe in hundreds of thousands of dollars, millions, from banks and syndicates. There had been a cessation of small promotions—stock selling—in the section of the country adjacent to the oil fields, and promoters who had survived and pros-

pered now turned their attention to the syndication and exploitation of lease and production groups. Money in any amount was plentifully available by telegraph from a distance or by personal solicitation at home for any venture that held a promise of success, provided it was big enough. Many of the first small companies had paid large dividends. The failures were slower to signalize themselves. This situation, of course, facilitated the advent of larger enterprises. Everyone had money.

One night, after the coming in of a gusher in wildcat territory, I saw a quarter of a million dollars in cash and checks stuffed in wastebaskets behind a desk in a corner of a hotel lobby where frantic crowds were literally fighting for a chance to buy leases from the fortunate promoters. (To illustrate the plentifulness of money, I frequently misplaced large bundles of Liberty bonds in the feverish night-and-day activity of the times—once late at night taking twelve thousand dollars' worth from my pocket, placing them in a bookcase, not missing them, and not finding them until long afterward. This sort of carelessness was common.) Many local promoters secured large holdings of acreage, threw in some nondescript production, and made connections in the East, where professional brokers handled the incorporation and stock issue. Most of such connections were in New York, and most of our local magnates came to grief in such alliances. I never knew a home product 'with New York connections' who was not properly, promptly, and expertly 'cleaned' by his Eastern brethren. This is eulogy, not aspersion.

My operations had been fairly successful. One at least of my companies was paying dividends. My holdings had expanded until I was interested

in oil properties in several States. The building in which I had offices was to be torn down to make room for a skyscraper and no other quarters were available. I went forth and purchased a building. I acquired a fine ranch of several thousand acres. An income of hundreds of dollars a day formed a basis for financing almost any new venture which appealed to me. I was rated as being worth about three hundred thousand dollars. I had no ambition to be rich and decided to get out of the game when I had reached the half-million mark, although others who started with me and without capital were millionaires. I would be reasonable about it, I thought. To make short work of reaching my goal I decided to rush through a drilling campaign and two or three promotions at the same time. Money through stock sales was not so easily available, but stock still could be sold by mail with the use of mailing lists and skillful circularization. I knew that the period of inflation and easy money could not last; but despite evidence of coming deflation I felt I could rush the work through to success.

I paid fifty thousand dollars cash for five acres adjoining big production and spent an additional twenty thousand for drilling a well. It was dry. To retrieve this loss I purchased a drilling site, completely surrounded by big wells, for ten thousand, expended another twenty thousand for drilling, and got a fine well, which flowed about a thousand barrels a day for a few days; then, after showing me just how a real well should behave, it repented its gallantry and caught fire, and I did not have even an opportunity of seeing the scenic grandeur of its destruction! After being shut down while new equipment was installed, it came staggering back to my door like a trusted and honored servantman who

had been out for a week on a terrific spree, and produced, under sputtering protest, fifteen barrels a day. In a few weeks it gasped and died and took its place in the gigantic mausoleum of dead wells. My promotions at the same time began to drag despite all the experience and energy I could bring to bear on them. They suffered from a kind of infantile paralysis. I applied every stimulant known to the profession, and some not known, but to no avail. To succor these youngsters I began disposing of all my liquid assets—not libational—and nursed them by day and walked the floor with them by night. They only howled. I could not leave them on someone's doorstep—that was not being done. I was playing the game according to the rules, and one of the rules was to father your infant as long as there was a crust in the cupboard. I thought to concentrate on one of these companies in the hope that as it grew stronger it would lend aid and encouragement to its brothers. The plan was good; but the well I drilled went from oil to salt water, and salt water does not find a ready and profitable market. This well was my last. I made a trip to a distant city in an effort to raise capital. There was none to raise. When I reached home the line squall of deflation had struck. There was no money. Banks were calling loans. People whom one owed were calling names. At last Hades was to pave, and there was no hot pitch.

VI

I do not know how many millions or hundreds of millions of dollars—one authority says a billion!—were invested in oil ventures, or what percentage of the sum total was loss to the investors. I am not a statistician; nor am I an economist. But I am curious about the dicta of these people. What

do they mean by 'loss?' I do not know.

If one considers the situation as an epic action on a colossal stage directed by tremendous forces in the economic world and by imperious passions and desires in human nature, participated in by practically a whole people acting in many and often interchangeable rôles, where has loss occurred? And how? The dollars which were paid for worthless oil stock in 1918 still are buying bread, gasoline, face paint, stocks and bonds, orange blossoms, widows' weeds, votes, coffins, layettes, and free verse; they still are paying for health, lust, fame, sermons, and rum. I do not know who got them. I know that the oil promoters, as a class, do not have them. We but touched them in their journey. And as most investors were essentially — at least potentially — promoters, so promoters were investors. We invested in turn the gold that was invested with us — invested it on a larger scale and with the identical kinds of trustfulness, hope, motive, and purpose, and with the same results! Greed moved us, too, in our investments — the same desire to get much for little. To get rich quick impelled us to invest in wells and leases just as the same desire impelled the school-teacher in New England, the clerk in Oregon, the planter in Georgia, the miner in Minnesota to invest in oil stock. Is it not so?

But, to use the conventional classification, 'investors' and 'promoters,' which is graphic though hazy, my sympathy lay with the investors, because, while just as avaricious, they were as a class less intelligent; and while their losses, individually, were trifling as compared with those of the promoters, they should have had the protection and guidance which ignorance has the right to expect of intelli-

gence. The pity of it all is that a great and priceless natural resource could have been exploited by any class or group, call them what you will. Therein is shame.

I was in a sanitarium in another state, without funds and broken in health, when I learned that I, together with dozens of other promoters, had been indicted by the Federal Government on a charge of using the mails to defraud. My immediate sensation on hearing the news was relief. Initiative had been taken from me and it was no longer possible to continue the losing struggle to retrieve my losses and those of my investors against the inexorable forces that had operated to effect my ruin. I had done something 'against the peace and dignity of the United States' and should have to pay the penalty. Very well. I would pay without whimpering. I had sat in on the game and played according to the rules as I found them, and I had lost. I knew, of course, that I should have to go to prison, and I had no more liking for the prospect than the reader would have had. True, some of the fraternity, I learned as time passed, were fined only; but I had no money for paying a large fine.

I decided that I would not demand trial, but that, when my health permitted, I would plead guilty to the indictment.

Several reasons prompted this decision. I have ever tried to be honest with myself, and, while I could not plead guilty to that part of the indictment which declared fraudulent intent, yet I knew that I was guilty of something for which I should pay. Betrayal of trust? Yes, a betrayal of the trust of my heritage. I had the feeling of a prodigal who has been with swine for many, many days and who has eaten of the husks of life for a long time. I had marketed my ideals and

my talents as a prostitute markets her body. That is the plain truth of how I felt. I wanted to go back home—back to the home of my building of other years.

As for the infamy of being shut up in a prison, it is not infamy in itself to be shut up in a prison. No man or group of men acting in the name of government can brand us with infamy. With the hot irons of our passions and our deeds we do brand ourselves with infamy.

I had ample time to consider my estate while rebuilding my broken body to a degree of strength which would enable me to stand the physical stress of imprisonment. This period was in itself more trying and fraught with adventure than the preceding one of business success and failure, or the following one of jails and prison. The months when I was making a lone fight for health, without funds or friends, practically, or the stimulating contact of enemies, with periods of amnesia coming over my consciousness like swift fog banks racing before the sun, during which times I was another entity, 'coming to' on ships, in hospitals, in streets of strange cities, in jails for vagrancy or investigation—these are another story.

I was in the East when at last I turned my face toward home. I wanted very much to make my own way back to the Federal district where I was indicted, so I worked my way south, thinking to take ship west from one of the southeastern ports. The stress of circumstances, however, compelled me to surrender myself to the Federal authorities in the far South and ask to be returned to the scene of my high crimes and misdemeanors that I might plead to my indictment and receive my legal punishment.

VII

I wish to point no morals. But I cannot refrain from emphasizing what seems to me to be the principal significance of my narrative. I must have made it clear that I am bent on neither palliation nor defense; yet there is something analogous, I insist, between what has happened to me and what has happened, or is happening, to us as a people. The play goes on; the scene but changes. The period of oil promotions has gone, but other media take its place. The gods of greed and materialism will have their tribute. Yesterday it was oil. To-day it is real estate. To-morrow—what?

ALAN A BHATA

BY EDITH B. SPAULDING

Alan a bhata, the spray-laden north wind
Sighs through the rowan tree dark and alone,
Over the passionate heart of the ocean,
Moaning uncalmed on the reef's icy stone.
Urged by the tempest, the white-crested billows
Break but to sob and to break once again,
Calling unanswered, unanswered forever,
Lonely and cold in the night and the rain.

Once, in a storm that's past, Alan a bhata,
Little we cared for the wind and the sea;
Old was their sorrow, and young was our gladness —
Your gold-barred plaid held the storm wind from me.
Now, as the dark clouds of winter are weeping
Over the isle where the white beacon burns,
Fast fall my tears as the rain in the ocean,
Mourning my boatman who never returns.

WHAT IT COSTS THE DOCTOR

BY W. W. KEEN

I WAS deeply interested in Anne Miller Downes's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October on 'The Cost of Illness.' I am sorry to say that her contentions are in great measure true, but there are good reasons for the high costs.

Medicine in its various branches has so developed that no one man can know it all. The X-ray is a good example. Only a few can be X-ray experts, and those who are such must devote all their time to the subject and be on the alert to learn and utilize every new advance. They must also make a decent living for themselves and their families.

Again, the auxiliary sciences which aid in the diagnosis and cure of disease are outside the knowledge of all but a few doctors. If the patient is to benefit by the most recent discoveries in chemistry, physics, biology, and physiology, in many cases an expert must be called in who will know, technically the many varying conditions of the heart and the arteries, of the blood, the urine, the intestinal contents, the endocrine glands, and other organs. In the many brain cases I have cared for I invariably called in the X-ray specialist, the neurologist, the ophthalmologist, and sometimes the aurist, and, if the general condition of the patient required it, other competent physicians.

These statements indicate the many lines of progress which greatly promote the welfare and even may save the life of the patient. Other experts in other lines are also crowding upon us

to aid in diagnosis and treatment. Were I in active practice I should want to have the knowledge of all these experts to aid me in every important case involving danger to life. But, if such experts are to be had, they must be so paid that they can investigate and experiment with test tube, microscope, and the like, and, again, live in comfort.

How to reconcile the purse of the patient with the family purses of the chemist, the microscopist, the physiologist, and the other experts is a most difficult problem. All the doctors I know are glad to do their best to adjust their fees to the income of the patient.

In the November *Harper's Magazine* Dr. Louis I. Dublin points out how that may be accomplished in part.

But there are also other considerations which must weigh heavily with the public in their appreciation of the generosity of the medical profession. I trust that I may not be deemed egotistical if here I draw on my own experience.

The active practitioner's time is never his own. When duty calls, sleep and meals and social engagements always yield to the patient's welfare. At one time, many years ago, I well remember that I was called out of bed, and usually for several hours, for thirteen nights in succession.

One of these nights, toward the end of the thirteen, I can never forget. As my tired head touched the pillow I said to myself, 'Well, anybody must be mighty sick to get me out of bed this

night.' At that very moment my night bell rang, and through my speaking tube the messenger on my doorstep — it was long before the telephone was invented — informed me of a great fire near St. Mary's Hospital. Scores of people had been compelled to jump from windows to save their lives, and the hospital was full to overflowing with the desperately injured. I must go at once. Weary as I was, I responded immediately and spent the entire night there. For the first and only time I saw the thermometer mark one hundred and seven degrees, in a patient who had scarcely an unbroken bone in her body. She died in a short time.

About 7 A.M. I gathered up my instruments and took a Second Street horse car to my home, nearly three miles away. An Irish laborer, going to his work after a good night's sleep, sat down beside me and noted my surgical instrument case. On his inquiring why I was out so early I told him of my night's work. 'Well,' said he, 'you'll get a nice fat fee for all that work, sure.' When I told him that most of the thousands of hospital physicians and surgeons received no pay, he was wholly incredulous, and exclaimed, 'Why the divil do you do it, thin?' and was only half convinced by my explanation.

On another memorable occasion when I was called out of bed, a severe storm had already piled the snow on the streets up to and sometimes beyond the level of my knees. All traffic was stopped; neither street cars nor cabs were available, and I had to tramp nearly three miles from my home. En route I met not one single man or woman. I became so exhausted toward the end that I almost collapsed. But finally I did reach the patient's house. I spent the entire night in ministering to a little child who was desperately ill, and had the satisfaction

of rescuing her from impending death.

One Sunday, while I was at my dinner just after church, a man living in a small street less than a block away rushed at once into my dining room, when the maid opened the front door, crying, 'For God's sake come and see my boy! He is strangling to death from diphtheria!' I lost no time, be sure, in answering that summons, for I had been a witness to the actual strangling to death from diphtheria of a playmate brother when I was but twelve years old, and of a little niece some years later, long before this Sunday call to duty.

I seized my instrument case, which was always ready for just such emergencies, and ran with the father to the bedside of the boy. He was gasping for breath and evidently would soon die if not instantly relieved. Diphtheria had its iron grip on his throat. I did a quick tracheotomy, and it saved his life. It was one of the small percentage of cases in which tracheotomy did save life in diphtheria. This case occurred years before the blessed antitoxin came in 1895 with healing in its wings. Since that date tracheotomy for diphtheria has practically disappeared.

After some time I removed the tube from his windpipe, and the wound quickly closed. I frequently met the little chap playing near my home. He always tipped his cap to me and gave me a cheery 'Hello, Doctor Keen.'

Whenever I think of such experiences my nerves are set a-tingling to my very finger tips. What doctor all over this broad land has not had many like them!

Such cases brought me no money, be it observed, but they paid me better than in gold. The poor are the best paymasters of the doctor — not in coin of the realm, but in the gratitude they cherish for years and years, in prayers for the doctor's welfare, and in the inward glow of satisfaction of duty

done. Our names are household words in many a grateful home.

There are many thousands of physicians and surgeons all over the United States who give their services in hospitals absolutely free. These do not include, of course, the doctors who devote their entire time to hospital work, as superintendents and the like, who of necessity receive a salary.

The last Report of the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia gives the following figures on which I base the appended very moderate estimate of fees had they been private cases:—

193,124 visits @ \$1 each	\$193,124
10,664 surgical operations @ \$25 each	266,600
Total	\$459,724

Thus the medical staff of the Jefferson Hospital alone gives to the community the equivalent of about half a million dollars a year, and this figure is always increasing—and that is only one hospital in one city.

From a pecuniary standpoint, — a far lower level, which I mention only to complete the picture, — the doctors give freely of their time and skill without fee to every private patient who is not able to pay. I am sorry to add that the doctor's bills in families able to pay are often the last to be paid, and not seldom are never paid at all.

I never even entered in my ledger the names of patients who I thought were too poor to pay anything. They appeared only in my visiting book. When finally I closed my medical ledger in 1907, however, there were standing unpaid bills of many thousands of dollars which have never been liquidated. They cannot be charged to 'cost of illness,' but to that hypothetical account, 'the cost of being a doctor.'

But there is also a large additional cost of 'becoming a doctor.' The

physician's education is prolonged far beyond the college or the university, and he must have spent two years in premedical studies unless he has had these in a college or a university. Then come four years of the medical college itself, including, of course, his living expenses. Next he must spend one or two years in a hospital and learn the practical work of his profession. And often, as I know from my own experience, practice comes slowly. One of my old students, now a teacher of renown, whose writings are known all over the country, came to me years ago in great discouragement. He had the prestige of postgraduate study in Europe and was married, yet in the first seven months after he entered upon practice—that is, in two hundred and ten days—his total income from patients (if the plural is allowable) had been just two dollars and fifty cents, or a trifle over one cent a day.

I have obtained from a number of internes in hospitals a statement of their actual expenses for their professional education as outlined above, and the average is practically \$10,000. Of course in the state universities of the West the cost will be less; in some of the larger of the Eastern medical schools it will be considerably more. Not a few medical students have been obliged to borrow a part of the money, and this debt is a millstone around their necks in their earlier years of practice.

Next come the expenses of beginning to practise, — the rent of an office and a waiting room, the purchase of a desk and chairs, a bookcase, a card-catalogue outfit, medical books and journals, — all in anticipation of the lagging patients. As to marriage and children, he who assumes such responsibilities before his practice fully warrants them is a brave man.

ALASKA

BY WILDS P. RICHARDSON

I

THE American people have been led to believe that the purchase of Alaska from Russia was a great business bargain. Writers who make this assertion are in the habit of quoting the original purchase price of \$7,200,000, without mentioning the fact that the Government since that time has expended some \$200,000,000 on the Territory, including about \$70,000,000 upon a railroad as an aid to the development of its resources. An Alaskan enthusiast, speaking before a committee of Congress, declared the Territory to be the richest possession under the American flag and the cheapest piece of real estate ever purchased in the history of the world since a certain mythical transaction in Biblical times.

According to this speaker, Alaska 'has paid for itself in actual wealth 672 times what it cost the taxpayers of the United States.' Since Alaska has in fact yielded in the market value of its products something more than one and one-quarter billion dollars, a simple operation in arithmetic will disclose the value of such a statement.

After sixty years of ownership, assertions about the Territory should be supported by a substantial showing of developed resources, wealth, and population. But the predicted inrushing of people following the construction of the railroad, the fast-growing cities, the population running into seven figures, have not come true. It

is interesting to compare the Alaska purchase with other territories acquired by the United States at various periods of her growth, using for the purpose only the original cost of the purchase.

The total area of Alaska is approximately 586,400 square miles. Its population, estimated liberally, is 60,000, of whom about 30,000 are whites, and the other half natives who were in the Territory at the time of purchase, sixty years ago.

The Louisiana purchase amounted to something over \$27,000,000, including the original \$15,000,000, plus the payment of certain French spoliation claims with accrued interest. Its total area is more than one million square miles. From this area, about one and four-fifths times the area of Alaska and embracing most of the region west of the Mississippi to the Continental Divide, eleven great states with parts of two others have been carved. Their total population is approximately 21,000,000 and their estimated wealth more than \$60,000,000,000. True, we have had Alaska only half as long as the Louisiana territory, but divide the present population and wealth of the latter by two or even three or four, and the results will compare all too favorably with the best that can be said for Alaska. In 1920 the little state of Iowa alone produced, in the value of her farm products, more than the total output of Alaska from all sources from

the date of its purchase up to that time, while the state of Louisiana produced furs last year, according to statistics given to the public press, worth five times the value of the furs exported from Alaska in the same year.

Florida, acquired by treaty in 1819, cost the United States \$5,000,000, not as a direct payment, but in settlement of claims of our citizens against Spain. Its area is one tenth that of Alaska. Its population is 1,250,000 and its estimated wealth about \$2,500,000,000. Figures equally illuminating could be adduced in connection with practically all the other accessions of territory since the birth of the Republic. But the information is available in the Census Bureau and in encyclopædias to anyone who wishes to pursue the subject.

It is not my intention, by comparisons unfavorable to Alaska, to deny or obscure its real value. My purpose is only to call attention to what I believe to be harmful propaganda. Alaska has actually been injured by exaggerated statements concerning its wealth and opportunities. Assertions of this character played an important part in procuring the passage in 1914 of the railroad bill for Alaska. The proponents of the railroad—and they were numerous and well organized—also produced more concrete evidence in the form of samples of minerals and agricultural products, and Congress, unfamiliar with the facts, forgot apparently, for the time being, that one swallow does not make a spring.

I did not oppose the passage of the bill by appearing before any committee or by publishing any views upon the subject, but gave it as my opinion, when asked, that I did not consider it a wise measure on the part of the Government to undertake the construction and

operation of a railroad in Alaska: first, because I believed the Government would find itself involved in a very large initial investment with continuing expenditures for a long time thereafter, before any returns would come; second, because I believed, and still believe, that a small percentage of that amount could be expended more advantageously for Alaska in other ways, especially in the building of roads and trails.

The Territory, as described briefly in a report of the Alaska Road Commission, is broken and rugged in many portions; buried under deep snows for a great portion of the year, with the ground thawing in the summer only a short depth below the surface; covered with a blanket of moss and sometimes dense and tangled underbrush throughout the valleys, and intersected by many swift and dangerous streams fed by the ice-cold waters of melting glaciers and snows of the mountains. Travel through the country without some prepared roadway or trail has accordingly been extremely difficult and dangerous always, even for pack animals and for persons on foot, and practically impossible for wheeled vehicles.

The evidence I possessed could not establish a final presumption against the railroad, or determine what it might accomplish in the future. I was forced, therefore, simply to hope that the project might prove of some ultimate benefit if carried out with economy and good judgment. In face of all the arguments adduced in support of the bill and the general enthusiasm created in its favor, and with the approval of the President, Congress could hardly do otherwise than pass the measure and cannot be justly criticized for such action. The same may not be said of the way in which the project was carried out.

II

The guiding spirit behind the railroad scheme was the then Secretary of the Interior, whose integrity is not here questioned, but who apparently had little practical knowledge of construction projects.

Of the three persons selected by him to constitute the Alaska Engineering Commission, two had never been in Alaska, and were therefore unfamiliar with the physical conditions in the Territory and unacquainted with its existing stage of development. They entered enthusiastically upon the work of constructing a railroad in this northern region, but they were without adequate knowledge of the factors involved, and whatever idea of economy they possessed, or of the real purpose of the bill as passed by the Congress, remained far in the background. One member of the Commission, the one most familiar with Alaskan conditions, continued a member only during the earlier stages of the work.

The purposes and objects of the railroad, according to the original act, were to provide a supply of coal for the use of the Navy; to provide for the transportation of materials and munitions of war (a remote contingency); and 'to aid in the development of the agricultural and mineral or other resources of Alaska and the settlement of the public lands therein.' An open port on the Pacific Coast was to be selected as the first step toward accomplishing these purposes. But the Navy was not consulted as to a suitable place for the delivery of coal, nor was the value of coal which might become available determined in advance. The Army corps of engineers, generally admitted to have expert knowledge of harbor conditions, never was consulted, so far as I know, as to a suitable harbor for

military ends. The Commission selected Anchorage, far up Cook Inlet, where the tide has a range of more than fifty feet. The harbor is partially blocked with ice for three or four months of the year and is being rapidly filled up with hundreds of thousands of tons of silt poured into it annually by the Susitna River and other streams.

On shore, however, was an attractive town site, promising ground for a future city. The land was laid out and lots were sold at auction by an agent of the United States Land Office. Many a credulous and hopeful citizen paid at boom prices all or most of his substance for a lot which had only a fictitious and speculative value then and has had practically no value since. The harbor is now virtually abandoned.

The Government purchased a piece of defunct railroad between Anchorage and Seward, on Resurrection Bay, completed the construction of this section, and Seward has now become the terminus of the road. No considerable tonnage can be handled over the rails of this section in their present condition, on account of adverse grades and difficult curves.

The road has cost about twice as much as was contemplated in the original bill, with little more than half the mileage constructed. There has been no charge of graft or misapplication of funds. The excessive cost was due to a lack of understanding of the physical conditions of the country, to an expensive organization, high salaries, and unnecessary construction. War conditions were responsible for a part of the increase over the estimated cost, but by no means all or even the major part of it. After the war there remained only one member of the original Commission, who completed the road with as little

further expenditure, perhaps, as possible. He was not in a position of control in the beginning and therefore could not be held entirely responsible for the initial excesses.

More detailed comment or criticism can now serve no useful purpose. We have the road, and it is unthinkable that it should be abandoned, but how to make it pay and at least approach fulfillment of the purposes for which its construction was authorized constitutes the real problem of Alaska. The road is costing the Government, if we may consider the interest on the money invested, approximately \$4,000,000 a year to maintain and operate.

Popular assertion has run hand in hand with its appropriate slogan, 'Develop Alaska.' Assertion and slogan both were born and have been nourished in the city of Seattle. We heard no such clamor from without in connection with Texas, California, or territories of the Middle West. Why so much about Alaska? A little analysis may suggest that 'Develop Seattle' is the true inwardness and meaning of the phrase.

Alaska is considered by Seattle as her own particular protégé and she wants the Territory developed. Money spent by the general Government toward this development or in large construction work there adds to the prosperity of Seattle. There is no crime in this, if the expenditures are made with judgment and in a way to bring substantial results.

The present Secretary of the Interior, who inherited the problem of the railroad from his predecessors, naturally desires the road to accomplish the purpose for which it was authorized and built. Doubtless he is exerting his best efforts to that end, as indicated by a comparison in a recent report of the conditions existing three years ago with those at the present time. He was,

nevertheless, constrained to say that the road had not 'accomplished this purpose; that the expected rush of settlers along the right of way had not occurred, nor had the claim been made good that, with adequate transportation facilities, new mines in the interior would be opened and flourish, resulting in heavy shipments of ore, etc.' This mild, perfectly fair, and accurate statement provoked, however, a vigorous protest from the Northwest in the form of an open letter to the Secretary, charging him with not being fair, together with several editorials of like tenor.

A possible justification for the prompt defense of the railroad may, however, exist. It is conceivable that Congress might decide to curtail or even suspend appropriations — a most unfortunate decision though it would be at this stage of the development of Alaska. But the best way, in my judgment, to avert such a catastrophe to the railroad would be to lay the cards on the table, accept the facts as they exist, admit the errors of judgment where such have been made, and put the further fight upon unimpeachable grounds. Upon no other basis can success be attained in the end.

The Alaska Bureau of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce is active in gathering statistics and information concerning the Territory and distributing it throughout the United States. Most of the information so distributed is accurate and dependable and presented in a form to make the best argument in favor of the Territory. All this, of course, is entirely right and proper. But many persons, even of eminent ability, who devote their energies to the gathering of detailed facts and statistics are unable to draw sound conclusions therefrom. Comparative temperatures in different parts of the country, for example, do not in

themselves always furnish a safe index of agricultural production or even comfort of living; and a comparison with other regions somewhat similarly situated may be misleading. The Scandinavian countries, for example, lying within practically the same parallels of latitude,—such as Norway, Sweden, and Finland,—have a combined population of more than 12,000,000 people, but this population has grown and these countries' resources have been developed, under pressure of necessity, through centuries, beginning far back in primitive history.

There is also sufficient difference in climatic conditions, although the difference in recorded temperatures is not great, materially to affect agricultural production and timber growth. The 'North Cape Stream,' a branch of the Gulf Stream, flows entirely around the Scandinavian peninsula, past North Cape, down to the Murman Coast, and then turns northeastward and is lost in the Arctic basin. No ice ever forms at North Cape, whereas Point Barrow, Alaska, in the same latitude, is closed by ice ten months of the year. Portions of this Scandinavian peninsula are mountainous, but there is no continuous range of high mountains along the western coast of Europe to shut off the tempering influence of the Gulf Stream, which extends with diminishing effect far to the interior. The result is an absence of the deep snowfall found along parts of the coast of Alaska, and a somewhat milder and more moist climate in the interior. These differences, slight as they may appear, make for rather better agricultural conditions and produce splendid forests of pine and fir, instead of 'woodland,' which properly describes the growth throughout most of the interior of Alaska.

The Alaska Bureau will be alert to

defend the Territory against unfavorable comparisons, but facts in the end prove wholesome fare. It may be said that the 'Japan Current' does flow through the Bering Sea and that the ice found there in winter north of the Pribilof Islands is merely down on a visit from the Arctic Ocean. Anyhow, the ice is there.

III

Alaska, after all, is not in need of defense. Her people are not concerned with the question whether the purchase was the best bargain ever made by the United States, or the worst. They know that her resources are ample and varied and they are concerned in the effort to help develop these resources and to make homes and a living for their families.

The natural resources of Alaska are listed by the Alaska Bureau in the following order: fisheries, minerals, timber, furs, agriculture, reindeer, water power, scenery. I should change the order somewhat if it is intended to represent, which is possibly not the case, the ultimate relative value of these resources, and place scenery first. This is the one imperishable asset of Alaska in the ordinary human estimate of duration, although it is not capable of being measured at the present time in terms of money value. With this beauty of scenery is found a climate wonderfully invigorating and healthful, rigorous at times, yet free from most of the diseases common to warmer, and especially tropical, regions. Many persons prefer a climate of this character. Transportation by sea is good, considering that the country is new, and tonnage and passenger charges along the coast are reasonable. The land transportation facilities are being steadily bettered with improvement and extension of roads and trails. Communication by cable, telegraph, and

radio with all settled parts of the Territory is possible, and airplane service has been inaugurated.

The question arises, therefore, and has frequently been put to me, 'Why has Alaska not gone forward faster?' Mr. Roosevelt in the latter part of his administration had occasion to put some inquiries to me concerning Alaska, and made the statement that he hoped the rich placer deposits of gold, which were then producing many millions yearly, would last long enough for a population to become fixed and other industries established. This seemed to be in a fair way of fulfillment. Rich copper deposits were being opened, large coal areas had been located, and oil discovered of high quality but not in large quantity. The timber of south-east Alaska was known to be abundant and of excellent quality for wood pulp. Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War and recently returned from the Philippines, where he had done much to advance the development of those islands, had become interested in Alaska and was giving hearty support to the work of the Army there. Military posts had been built and garrisoned along the coast and on the Yukon, not so much for military purposes as to help the general progress of Alaska; cable and telegraph communication had been established, under direction of General Greely, Chief Signal Officer of the Army, connecting these posts and the principal towns. Work had begun upon a system of roads and trails throughout the Territory under an act of Congress. (Most of the garrisons have been withdrawn in later years, but the operation of the military cable and telegraph system and the construction and extension of roads and trails continue with marked efficiency under the War Department.) Capital seeking investment was turning its eyes toward Alaska.

Exaggerated stories presently began to be circulated concerning the great wealth of the Territory, especially in its coal deposits. But about this time a blow to its further development was dealt by the withdrawal from entry within a short period of years of its coal, oil, and timber lands. There followed, after Mr. Taft became President, a widespread propaganda under the name of conservation of Alaska's resources, especially the coal, which became political in its aspect and in its obvious purpose. It was a period of muckraking against corporations and 'predatory wealth.' The public mind became excited and confused in its ideas on the subject, not discerning the difference between 'conservation' and 'development' in Alaska, and accepting the former term apparently as synonymous with 'trust-busting.' Large numbers of people throughout the United States were led to believe that they possessed a substantial and definite money interest, payable upon demand, in the coal lands of Alaska, of which they were about to be robbed; also that the country was rapidly approaching a time when the inhabitants would all freeze to death, unless this coal of Alaska was protected for future generations. The arguments in support of this belief were about as sound as those advanced in support of the Malthusian theory of overpopulation.

Investigation followed and it was brought out that two fifths of one per cent of the coal in the United States had been used up at that time. The amount of coal involved in Alaska was about one thirtieth of one per cent of the coal areas already located in that territory. And nobody was trying to steal it! Yet it became almost worth one's reputation to express an opinion contrary to this prevailing conviction. The field of investigation was in far-away Alaska, then but little

known, and the public was easily deluded.

The writer believes in the conservation of our natural resources as he understands the right use of the term, and had no interest in the controversy beyond a natural concern for fair play and a desire to see Alaska go forward; but he had knowledge of the facts and did not hesitate to condemn the whole procedure. It is now almost a forgotten episode, except in Alaska, where the greatest injury was done. Development suddenly began to lag, then threatened to stop. It was the vain hope that the building of the railroad would help to correct this, but capital had become indifferent and sought other fields.

Recently a corporation has gone into the Fairbanks district with plans now well under way for extensive gold-dredging operations, giving a hopeful outlook in that district for the near future. Some of the proponents and defenders of the railroad claim that this would not have happened except for the construction of the road, and that this fact alone justifies the government expenditure on the project — \$70,000,000, with more to come, to enable one corporation to take out its own millions. What a change in point of view!

Alaska needs capital to develop industries and support a population, and the cry that the Government is trying to give Alaska away, which once went up whenever any mention of concession or encouragement to capital was made, is no longer popular. In fact the Government could do nothing better with Alaska, so far as its development is concerned, than to 'give it away' — that is, to grant liberal concessions and encouragement to citizens who are willing to go there, make homes, and develop the resources of the country as the settlers in the great

Middle West did. Only such restrictions and reservations as would protect the general interests of the Government, and not measures chimerically intended to protect future generations from freezing to death, should control the progress of the Territory.

Congress and the departments, apparently under threat and fear of public sentiment, seemed unable for several years to frame laws and regulations under which capital was willing to work. In fairness it must be said that conditions have gradually changed. Oil-leasing regulations became acceptable, and several companies, including the Standard, have expended large sums of money exploring for oil, so far without marked success. The coal has become of little interest except for local uses. Two large contracts for timber for the manufacture of wood pulp have been recently let in southeast Alaska by the Forestry Bureau, and this forecasts a valuable and permanent industry, with much added prosperity to that section of the Territory.

This Bureau was originally much criticized in Alaska. To some extent it is still subject to disapproval in those reserved areas which have little timber of value. But through the courtesy and efficiency of its agents, through the money expended in road improvement in the forest area, and through the present happy outlook for the wood-pulp industry, the Bureau has become very popular in southeast Alaska. The development of a wood-pulp industry within the forest reserve of this section of the Territory is of course local and will have no effect upon the railroad or upon general development elsewhere.

IV

Each year, from the Governor's report and from other sources, come

statements of small advances and improvements, with predictions of steady and greater advances in the near future, but these predictions seem slow to materialize.

The question, 'Why does not Alaska advance more rapidly?' still seeks its answer.

Considerable ink has been expended in the public press charging that Alaska does not go forward because of the large number of interlocking bureaus and the lack of coördination between them. Some ineffective efforts have been made to change the situation. As a matter of fact, this has very little to do with the state of the Territory. The bureaus function with efficiency and in pretty much the same way in Alaska as in the United States and in the Hawaiian Islands.

I have observed that Secretaries are generally willing to coördinate to the extent of taking over new activities, but are not enthusiastic about giving up any. This is only human nature, coupled with a reasonable pride in the operations of one's own department. The same sentiment has been observed in the effort for the past three or four years to bring about a general reorganization of the various departments of the government. In Alaska the reorganization of the bureaus might serve to smooth down friction in cases where activities overlap, and perhaps result in some small economies, but can have no material effect upon the development of resources.

Far more effective would be the provision of a single commissioner invested with broad powers, with limitations fixed by Congress, and directly under the President, subject to his final veto; or the investment of the Governor with such powers, backed and supported by enlarged powers in the hands of the territorial legislature. But such a departure in policy lies

probably in the realm of the impossible. Washington, speaking generically, would never give up. A solution must be sought, therefore, in paths more familiar in the history of our Government.

It must be apparent that Alaskan affairs have been muddled; too much experimenting and long-range control, not always in competent hands, form the gist of the matter and explain why this adopted child of the Republic has been needlessly backward.

What is the remedy?

Home Rule! I quote from an editorial appearing in the *New York Herald* of July 5, 1923, entitled 'Conservation in Alaska':—

Alaska will never be satisfied until it gets 'the American chance.' Some day the Federal Government must take the risk that Alaskans will know how to run Alaska and dispose of its resources. It is better that men grow through self-government than that things should be saved for their descendants through the holding power of a paternalistic government.

Just what changes or modifications might be made in the present territorial form of government in Alaska, I am not prepared here to say, leaving that subject to Alaska's representative in Congress and to other members of that body, more experienced in political organization and the science of government than I. But I offer my opinion that the local legislature should be relieved of vexatious and obstructive limitations, and given a free hand in Alaskan affairs. The men composing this body know the problems facing them and there is no occasion to keep them in leading strings. They will not see the country looted.

V

Much has been accomplished during the past three years in the way of

reorganization, stabilization, and economy of operation of the railroad. (Report on Alaska Railroad, 'Then 1923 — Now 1926.') But no considerable or permanent increase in traffic has occurred. The Secretary of the Interior states that 'the general manager, located at the railroad's headquarters in Anchorage, Alaska, has supreme authority over the railroad's affairs,' and that 'the railroad is being managed in the same manner as privately owned railroads in the States.' A privately owned railroad usually has a board of directors and an executive committee who outline a policy for the road and are responsible for its expenditures. It would seem that such a body might very properly be organized to do this in the case of the Alaska railroad, leaving to the general manager the work of carrying out the general policy and superintending operations.

It would become one of the duties of this board to organize a definite plan of colonization with an office centrally located and agents in different parts of the country. This office or agency should collect and condense all available information concerning Alaska, verify its accuracy, and distribute it in communities where it might be expected to bear fruit. Areas contiguous to the railroad should receive most attention, of course, and especially the Tanana Valley and the region around Fairbanks. It is beyond dispute that the road can never succeed financially or fulfill the purpose for which it was authorized until this valley and the country surrounding and tributary to the interior terminal are populated by a permanent citizenry many times greater than is the case at the present time. The population of this region has declined since the beginning of the railroad construction.

Every inducement should be offered

to intending settlers in the way of free railroad transportation of persons, household effects, implements, and animals; some sort of bonus, even, might be given to get them started. The cost of clearing land is high in most cases, as is also the expense of transporting products to market. The cost of transportation will improve with the extension of roads, while the growing towns of the coast engaged in fishing, mining, and other industries will furnish increasing market demands. The United States Land Office at Anchorage has this to say on the subject:—

We do not advise settlers entering upon these lands with the idea of getting their living entirely from the soil while improving their property. Unless the settler has sufficient money to carry him over that period, he must work elsewhere to provide these necessities, not obtainable on the farm. Alaska can absorb the number of settlers each year consistent with the developing of other industries in the vicinity of agricultural districts. With the expansion of these industries market facilities will be increased and the farmer properly supported. This advice is not given for the purpose of discouraging settlement, but to inform the prospective settler correctly as to the present situation.

The last of these sentences should be the guide to all information sent out concerning the Territory.

The present homestead laws appear to be liberal enough, but they should be further liberalized, if it is found advisable, not following necessarily the experiences of the past in other and more favored sections, but seeking what will bring the best results in Alaska.

It would be well if the present United States immigration laws could be amended to permit a larger percentage of immigrants from the Scandinavian countries to move directly to

Alaska, and if an agent could be sent to Scandinavia to superintend the business. Immigrants from those countries make excellent citizens and are familiar with the climatic conditions that prevail in Alaska.

With the formation of a board of directors of the railroad and a definite policy agreed upon, Congress might be asked to authorize an issue of bonds upon the railroad in an amount, say, of \$30,000,000 to run for thirty years, interest guaranteed by the Government; but only so much of the authorized total to be issued each year, and upon the approval of the President, as might be necessary to carry out the policy of the board of directors and to meet any deficiency in operating expenses. This would obviate the necessity of going before Congress each year for appropriations and would permit sufficient time to determine the value and future usefulness of the road.

It might not become necessary to issue bonds to the total amount authorized, and the traffic of the road might be developed in the meanwhile to a point where its earnings would pay the bond interest. If this could not be accomplished by the end of the appointed period, with the Government then involved to the extent of more than \$100,000,000, it might be in order to consider the saving of further expense by disposing of the road for whatever it might bring.

For the present it is essential to save the railroad to Alaska, now that we have it, and to provide for the accomplishment of the purpose for which it was constructed. The proposal to establish a different coast terminal from Seward, bringing the road out at Portage Bay, has been discussed since construction of the road was first begun. The suggestion will probably bring forth expressions of opposition,

but no harm can come from the determination of the matter finally on its merits, all the factors involved being faithfully considered.

VI

From the earliest discoveries in this far province of the North through the period of our own possession, the stories of fur, of giant moose, great Kodiak bear, vast herds of caribou, the beautiful inland waterway of southeast Alaska, the fur seal, the salmon, the glaciers, towering Mount McKinley, the broad Yukon, the rich discoveries of placer gold deep under the frost, have gripped the public mind with a romantic interest which is not readily displaced by talk of material development. This sentiment is of substantial value and may be utilized for the benefit of Alaska, and for the pleasure and happiness of great numbers of people.

Let Alaska be offered to the traveling, touring, scenery-loving public. Let the expenditures already made in Alaska, or further required, for the maintenance of the railroad and for the extension of roads and trails be accepted as contributing to this end, just as expenditures are accepted in the States for improvement of parks and highways. Let the plan of Yellowstone Park be followed in a large way without applying its restrictions to the whole Territory. Alaska will then truly become a possession of the American people. It may be used to preserve and protect big game and the countless forms of wild animal and bird life. As the Alaska Bureau states, 'The last stand of the big game in the dominion of the United States is in Alaska.' Practically every variety of fur-bearing animal and wild fowl known to the North American continent, all still in great numbers, is to be found there, as

well as some varieties not to be found elsewhere.

A policy formed upon such grounds as I have suggested might well supplant the ends enshrined in the traditional 'Develop Alaska.' Indeed, development may be well forgotten for the time being, except the development which may take place spontaneously and unaided. Progress of this type

should be encouraged wherever it may be found profitable. But the traditional slogan and the new policy are not incompatible. They may be worked together, and the limited territorial government may become a true partner of the general government. When this happy consummation is brought about, 'paternalism' will have lost its rancor.

IRELAND'S RELIGIOUS QUESTION

BY J. GANNON

'NOBODY respects the Christian religion more than I do,' Lord Melbourne declared on one occasion, 'but really, when it comes to intruding it into private life . . .' If one substitutes 'public' for 'private' in Melbourne's sentence, one gets an excellent definition of what in Ireland to-day is regarded as the perfection of good political manners.

This attitude, I admit, is not unnatural in a country where, in certain areas at least, an attempt to discuss the religious problem, however honest the intentions of the controversialists may be, is more likely than not to end in police charges in back streets and a multitude of broken heads. In Belfast — where, by the way, even football teams are labeled Orange or Green — I have lively recollections of a strike in which Protestants and Catholics fought side by side, and in order to preserve their cohesion invented the slogan, 'To hell with the man that names religion!' Their idea of religion was aptly described by an Orangeman who, in giving evidence in favor of a prisoner,

protested that his friend could not have marched at the head of a mob cursing the Pope, as he was 'never a religious man.'

It must not be thought that in everyday life Irishmen of different denominations sit glowering darkly at one another. The convention which bars as bad form in mixed company any allusion to existing divisions enables Protestants and Catholics to rub shoulders without friction. An agreement to differ is of course infinitely better than no agreement at all, but it has its drawbacks in that an attempt to investigate the causes and consequences of the differences between the creeds, even if undertaken in a spirit of scientific detachment, is certain to offend one side or the other, and not improbably will be resented by both. Yet I am convinced that the agreement is at once the most important and the most intriguing factor in Irish life, if for no other reason than that the new political entities which have been created in Ireland were delimited roughly in accordance with sectarian

groupings. Upon the ability of the majority in each enclave to arrive at an understanding with its minority depends, not only the harmonious management of domestic affairs, but the possibility of eventual reunion — or at least of a working arrangement in regard to problems common to both Irish Governments, the desirability of which is as freely admitted by Sir James Craig as by Mr. Cosgrave.

I

As usual in Ireland, things are working out in a way that confounds the prophets. Nobody who knew Southern Ireland expected that the transfer of power to a popular legislature would mean the squeezing out of the Protestant element. But few, if any, imagined that when at last an Irish State took shape a considerable proportion of Catholic priests would be perched dubiously on the fence while Protestant bishops united in singing its praises. The paradox, I admit, is less baffling than it may appear to outsiders. In theory the Treaty was a *pis aller* and even its signatories professed at the time to regard it merely as a stepping-stone to the Republic. Naturally a good many Sinn Fein priests, like a good many Sinn Fein politicians, while accepting the settlement, did not feel inclined to fling up their hats too exuberantly in its honor, and the ferocious vendettas of the civil war confirmed them in their views as to the wisdom of walking delicately.

Irish history provides singularly little evidence in support of the theory which presents the Catholic bishops as a body of extraordinarily astute politicians. On the contrary, of all the organizations which have played a part on the Irish political stage during the present generation, I think it would be

difficult to find one with a longer tally of blunders to its account than the Catholic Church. These blunders were not due, as Protestants may be tempted to assume, to a passion for ecclesiastical domination or to a desire to subordinate to its will members of other communions. Nothing could be more fantastically false than the picture by Dean Inge in his recent survey of post-war England in which he depicts the Free State as 'relapsing into barbarism' under the tutelage of a crafty and tyrannical priesthood. Politically the Church in Ireland has followed rather than led, and when it took a line that ran counter to the popular will it has invariably met with the most uncompromising opposition from Catholics who were prepared to yield it unquestioning obedience in spiritual affairs. Daniel O'Connell, the greatest champion of its rights, declared he would as soon take his politics from Rome as his religion from Constantinople, and at one of his meetings during the Veto controversy effigies of the Catholic bishops who were hostile to his views were burned in the streets of Dublin by Catholic mobs. Leaders of all popular movements, from the Young Irelanders to Parnell and John Redmond, found themselves at some stage in their careers in conflict with the hierarchy, and none of them failed on this account to secure backing from the masses for their cause.

Priests in politics may be undesirable, but it is only fair to remember that throughout the nineteenth century without priests no effective political organization would have been possible, for the simple reason that over the greater part of the country they were the only class qualified by education and training to act as leaders. Not a little of the friction which has arisen of late years is due, I believe, to the slowness of the Church to realize that

with the spread of education laymen are emerging who feel themselves competent to take in secular affairs the place which in the old days was allotted to the cleric as a matter of course.

I know Catholics who maintain that on purely ecclesiastical grounds the continuance of British rule offered more solid advantages to their Church. Under the old régime the chances of friction between laity and clergy were reduced to a minimum, while the British authorities, in order to ensure the smooth working of the administrative machine, found it good business to placate the hierarchy. A new Chief Secretary, on landing in Ireland, was less concerned to get in touch with lay political leaders than to discover exactly where he stood with the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin. I do not suggest that the bishops individually were not believers in self-government, but as a body they were by no means so certain about its implications as the general run of curates and parish priests. Their decision to range themselves against the Parliamentarians after the Easter Rebellion was due less to their dislike of partition — which a few years later they swallowed without a protest — than to their fears of what they believed to be the anticlerical bias of leaders like Redmond, Dillon, and Devlin.

One of the turning points in modern Irish political history was the Maynooth declaration by the Catholic bishops, in the spring of 1918, that the Conscription Act recently passed through the Imperial Parliament was 'an oppressive and inhuman law, which the Irish people have the right to resist by all the means that are consonant with the law of God.' This action increased enormously the prestige of the Church, especially as

the Coalition Cabinet, wisely shirking a conflict, made no attempt to enforce compulsory military service. Trouble began, however, when Sinn Féin, dropping passive resistance, resorted to physical force in order to establish the Republic. Throughout the Anglo-Irish struggle there was constant friction between the Republican leaders and churchmen who declined to admit that the shooting of police was morally justified. During the Conscription crusade a well-known theologian, Father Peter Finlay, S. J., laid down the doctrine that 'laws of Parliament may be just or unjust, binding or not binding upon the conscience; and when we Catholics doubt their justice and binding force, we appeal, not to politicians or civil courts for guidance, but to the Catholic bishops. In this sense we set our bishops above Parliament and the laws of Parliament, as every true Christian sets his individual conscience.'

Apparently it was a different thing when episcopal pronouncements ran counter to popular sentiments. The Bishop of Cork (Dr. Cohalan), who toward the end of 1920 launched a sentence of excommunication against the murderers of policemen and others, was warned by the local Sinn Féin organization not to interfere in politics. Commenting on other ecclesiastical criticisms of the I. R. A. (Irish Republican Army) and its methods, a prominent Sinn Féin paper declared: 'We are loath to accuse the bishops of treason, but it is time for Dail Eireann to assert itself.'

The heads of the Church never admitted that the I. R. A. shootings were justifiable; but some of them, as Mr. O'Hegarty — himself a thoroughgoing Separatist — admits in his book, *The Victory of Sinn Féin*, 'mixed their ethics with politics and made the case worse.' A good many

priests left ethics out of the question altogether, and used language in pulpits and on platforms which could not be reconciled either with the teaching of their superiors or with the formulas of canon law.

II

In effect the Sinn Fein position may be described, I think not unfairly, as a practical acceptance of the fundamental principle of Protestantism, inasmuch as it maintained the right of private judgment and challenged the authority of the Church to declare certain issues to be matters of faith and morals. The clash became still more acute when Sinn Fein split over the Treaty. The bishops, as they were bound to do, denounced rebellion against an Irish government established by the will of the people. Republicans — or Irregulars, as they were now called by Sinn Feiners who accepted the Treaty — repudiated flatly the claim of the bishops to forbid the exercise of private judgment in relation to the question of whether it was obligatory upon Irish citizens to render allegiance to the Free State. They put forward a theologian of their own in the person of a Catholic curate, Father O'Flanagan, who had been suspended by his bishop for his political activities. Father O'Flanagan is still one of the pillars of militant Sinn Fein, and his periodic indictments of his ecclesiastical superiors at open-air meetings in the streets of Dublin surpass in pungency any utterance I have heard from Orange platforms. Ireland, he protests, is not priest-ridden but 'bishop-ridden,' and while Republican clergy are muzzled, their Free State fellows 'are given a free leg, even to the extent of desecrating the altars of Almighty God.' On one occasion I heard him assert in reference to an Irregular to

whom the Church had denied burial. 'I would rather go to Heaven with Denis Barry than to Hell with a procession of high ecclesiastics.'

Mr. de Valera, who sets up to be something of an amateur theologian, never seemed to me to be quite comfortable in alliance with Father O'Flanagan; and I imagine his political break with Miss McSwiney was sweetened by the reflection that it enabled him to part company with the redoubtable curate.

When the bishops began, in the phrase of one of their number, to 'count the cost of the gunman's holiday,' they found themselves face to face with things even more objectionable than the oratory of Father O'Flanagan. In his Lenten Pastoral, 1923, issued after the final collapse of the armed revolt against the Free State, Cardinal Logue said that 'the plague of bloodshed, destruction, pillage, rapine, robbery, even sordid theft . . . left in the shade even the most outrageous excesses of the Black-and-Tans.' The Archbishop of Tuam, in a speech delivered about the same time, bewailed the fact that murder to-day is 'almost commonplace'; as a distinguished Jesuit put it, 'Men shot their fellow countrymen with as little compunction as they would shoot a snipe or pheasant.'

The gunman who killed for political reasons was more easily subdued than the host of imitators who, bettering his instruction, shot for private vengeance or personal profit. It sounds like a fable, but it is a true tale that a Dublin golfer, urging his caddy to look for something better than a blind-alley job, received the reply, 'I'd be out of it to-morrow, sir, only I can't get a revolver till I'm sixteen.' And behind the gunman emerged the no less sinister figure of the maker of poteen. If one section of Irishmen inaugurates a

political upheaval by burning police barracks, another finds it simpler and more profitable to darken the sky with the smoke of whiskey stills on every mountain side. Such is the pitch of proficiency which has been attained that, whereas we are importing German engineers, Belgian electricians, and Dutch builders, it was stated recently in a Donegal trial that our brewers of poteen are being offered fancy prices to cross the Atlantic and place their expert knowledge at the service of American moonshiners. In the old days the Church was strong enough to smash this traffic; up to the present the new breed of poteen-makers appear to care as little for its threats as its pleadings, though it is satisfactory to know they are acquiring a wholesome fear of the Civic Guards.

The amazing thing is that leaders of religious thought assumed that Ireland was an exception to the rule that the making of omelettes entails the breaking of eggs. Nothing is more certain than that revolutions, especially if they are fought on the lines of the Irish conflict, inevitably produce a backwash of sexual immorality. Almost the only prohibition imposed on the Black-and-Tans was that there must be no interference with women; in the very few cases where offenses of this kind were proved, ruthless measures were adopted by the British authorities. The hysteria generated by the struggle, together with the flood of illicit whiskey, has resulted in an increase of such offenses in the Free State, and illegitimate births are more numerous than under British rule. The Catholic Bishop of Galway declared a couple of years ago that he bowed his head with shame at the thought of the number of 'lapses from virtue with their terrible consequences' which had occurred in his diocese. 'I know,' he said, 'that some of our

Irish girls are becoming regular devils — girls who have gone on the streets of the big cities, who had been brought up in Catholic homes, but had become a scandal and disgrace to the countryside.' I fear it is characteristic of a general refusal to face facts that the Bishop of Galway should lay the blame, not on our demoralization or on the inability of priests and presbyters to cope with it, but on Sunday papers, 'foul stuff, the product of degenerate England.'

In the same way, in the old days, the parade of courtesans in Dublin streets after dark, which startled visitors, was always attributed to the immorality of the British garrison. The garrison has gone, but the courtesans remain. So confident is the Church that its precepts are an effective safeguard that the Free State authorities are debarred from taking measures to protect the health of their troops, which have been found necessary in other armies. The superior virtue of raw lads herded into barracks may render such precautions superfluous, but the cold fact remains that venereal disease is now invading rural areas where it was formerly unknown.

III

When the Church came down on the Free State side of the fence, steps were taken to deal with anti-treatyite fanatics in its ranks. Father O'Flanagan was the only cleric who was deprived of his faculties, but a large number of others were summarily silenced, and representatives at Rome secured the transfer from Ireland to new and distant spheres of labor of members of monastic orders, mainly Dominicans and Franciscans, who had sided with the Republican activists. There was, however, a widespread tendency on the part of the clergy,

largely in order to avoid friction with dissentients among their flocks, to keep clear of any contact with the Government—a course which not unnaturally caused them to lose influence with both sides. This attitude has been modified of late, and once again, as in the days of Parnell and Redmond, priests are appearing on platforms in support of a popular political movement, though it is now assumed, almost as a matter of course, that their part in the business is to play second fiddle to laymen.

Many Catholics hold the view that a concordat, such as that which existed in France, ought to be arranged between the Free State Government and the Vatican. I doubt if the proposal would commend itself to ministers, and I am certain it would have few attractions for the Church in Ireland, which already enjoys most of the advantages that it could hope to obtain from a formal concordat without its attendant limitations and restrictions. The clergy, though eligible, have been neither elected nor nominated to seats in the Oireachtas, and their influence is not nearly so powerful in the work of administration as it was under Dublin Castle. On the other hand, in legislative and administrative matters which have a bearing upon issues that the Church regards as its special preserve, Free State ministers pursue on their own initiative a line in keeping with that which the Church would adopt if its leaders wielded executive powers.

No episcopal pressure was required to induce the Oireachtas to prevent legislation in regard to divorce. I should say that under British rule Irish courts had no power to grant more than a judicial separation, and that divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* could be obtained only by private-bill legislation at Westminster, a procedure so costly as to

be prohibitive to all save the wealthy few. Northern Ireland retains this method, with the difference that private divorce bills have now to pass through the local instead of the Imperial Parliament. The same course was open to the Free State, and it was a foregone conclusion that in neither the Dail nor the Senate would any measure of the kind have obtained even a first reading. To make assurance doubly sure, however, ministers proposed and carried a resolution in the popular Assembly directing that the standing orders should be so framed as to prevent the introduction of bills of divorce. This decision led to a tussle with the Senate, though the controversy turned not so much on whether facilities for divorce should be granted as on the constitutional point of whether the ministerial policy did not establish the dangerous precedent of legislating by means of standing orders.

The Protestant churches made a vigorous protest, but they did not push it to extremes, though the annulment of the Marlborough marriage strengthens their contention that, while Rome recognizes there are cases in which the bond should be loosed, Free State Protestants are denied relief. Much the most formidable opponent of the anti-divorce party is the poet, Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose speech in the Senate was an extraordinarily brilliant effort, which, however, gave as little satisfaction to orthodox Protestants as to orthodox Catholics, leaving their leaders, as was said at the time, 'in one red burial blent.' On the other hand, his fellow poet, Mr. George Russell (*Æ*), whom no one is likely to accuse of obscurantism, while objecting to the method adopted by the Government, took the line in his paper, the *Irish Statesman*, that the overwhelming majority of all creeds

in Ireland were hostile to legislation that might serve to weaken the marriage tie, and that, in effect, the plea *de minimis non curat lex* covered the claims of the few who under the old system were rich enough to promote Parliamentary bills to secure divorce *a vinculo*.

The intellectuals are engaged in skirmishes with the churches on other subjects than divorce. Official Protestantism has always been suspicious of the literary movement on account of its nationalist sympathies; official Catholicism suggests that this lip service to nationalism is merely a device to cover a crusade in favor of paganism.

The charge is specifically made in an article by Archbishop Sheehan, 'A Pagan Literary Movement,' reprinted in the *Irish Rosary* for November 1926.

Our Dublin school, while professing to be Irish or Celtic, is neither one nor the other; it is but a toadstool growth on the ancient oak, a poisonous thing, skillfully charged with the subtle venom of the artistic calumniator. It is tinged with Protestant rancor, unrelieved by Protestant Christianity, and on a chemical analysis would be found to show traces of half-baked philosophies and half-held superstitions, mixed up with the squalid and unclean. Its disciples make Ireland their subject, their mine of copy, and pick up human beings from among our Catholic people. In these pages we sometimes appear as the victims of irrational terror adding 'shivering prayer to prayer,' or, as in Robinson's *Whiteheaded Boy*, as a gang of sickening snobs, a filthy crowd of sanctimonious hypocrites, hiding a very sordid soul under the garb of oral religion.

Dr. Sheehan acquits the non-Catholic leaders of the movement, Yeats, Russell, and Stephens, of the charge of 'personal grossness,' but condemns them for 'the patronage which they have extended to the grossness of others.' I confess I am a little puzzled

when I find that the writers whose grossness they are denounced for applauding are all products of Catholic training. It was certainly not Protestant rancor that inspired the picture of Dublin in James Joyce's *Ulysses*, a vision bitten in with corrosive acid, beside which the bitterest Protestant onslaught is a decoration in rose color.

There is little to pick and choose between the Irish churches in their attitude to literature, the main difference between them being that the guides to whom Catholics look assume that if English influences were eliminated the source of the evil would dry up, while Protestants have not the same faith in the beneficent effect of Gaelic formulas. Catholic Kilkenny declines to place Bernard Shaw's books in its public library. Not so long ago a leading Dublin newspaper dealt with a performance of *Getting Married* under the heading, 'Shavian Slush.' Protestant Belfast pronounced a similar ban against Nietzsche years before the war. Northern parsons use precisely the same language about imported Sunday papers as Southern priests, though I admit they have not gone quite so far as the Catholic Truth Society, which has given its official blessing to a scheme for licensing venders of books and papers that in practice would subject the sale of reading matter to restrictions almost as severe as those which limit the purchase of laudanum and cocaine.

There is a spice of truth as well as wit in the remark of a Dublin cynic, that Ireland has less to fear to-day from Anglicization than from 'Los Angelesization.' We are, however, taking measures to safeguard against this danger. In films exhibited in the Free State nothing is permitted to appear which would suggest that such an institution as a divorce court

exists anywhere in the world. In our picture theatres all marriages are indissoluble, and irregular unions are unknown — a prohibition which ensured the banning of Chaplin's 'Woman of Paris' until by excisions and changes which reduced the story to nonsense the position of the heroine was regularized. This kind of thing is carried so far that the prolongation of kisses is forbidden, and film lovers, instead of clinging to one another ecstatically, are constrained under the stern frown of the cinema censor merely to touch lips and part.

These things are the offspring less of Puritanism than of prudery, which is nowadays almost the one bond the heads of all our creeds have in common. Their sense of perspective is so warped by this bias that robbery under arms produces no fiercer ecclesiastical tirades than those directed against the users of lip sticks; and to listen to the thunders provoked by the short skirts and artificial-silk stockings of the latter-day country girl one would never imagine that the Irish peasant woman had gone kilted to the knee for centuries, and in the Gaelic-speaking districts, whose chastity is exalted, wears as a rule no stockings at all.

Speculative unbelief, against which Catholicism elsewhere girds on its armor, does not trouble the peace of the Irish priesthood. Up to the present the only hint of a challenge to their authority has been in political matters; and I think the events of the last five years have convinced the clergy that to insist upon clerical leadership in the management of secular affairs is to run the risk of sacrificing the substance for the shadow. Educated Catholics deplore in private the parochial outlook of the majority of their spiritual guides, and resent their neglect of literature and art and their suspiciousness of innovations that do not

conform to stereotyped ideas. Some day these things may become a menace; so far they have proved a source of strength rather than of weakness, for it is largely because the preferences and prejudices of the great majority of Irish priests are also those of their flocks that their pastoral authority is so unquestioningly accepted.

IV

It was said during the Home Rule campaign that the two most surprised people in Ireland the morning after self-government became a fact would be the Protestant who found his throat had not been cut during the night by his Catholic neighbor and the Catholic who found he had to go to work as usual. This was certainly true of the Free State. Whereas a large body of Catholics took up arms in protest, Protestants speedily made the discovery that, in the words of one of their prelates, 'men of all creeds are freer than ever before to dedicate themselves to the service of their country.' Fifty years earlier the final overthrow of Protestant ascendancy by the Disestablishment Act, instead of destroying the Church, as all its spokesmen had prophesied, proved its salvation by deepening its spiritual life and increasing the devotion of its members. The new departure breaks the last evil tradition of the pre-Disestablishment era by ending the abnormal state of affairs under which the religious minority in the South was synonymous with the political minority. Free State parties are still in a state of flux, but, whatever their final form may be, it is certain that the line of cleavage will not be sectarian.

The future of Southern Protestantism depends upon Protestants themselves. 'Our Church,' the Archbishop of Dublin said, 'will have the position

she is worth — that and no more, but no less.' The tact of its leaders and the unanimity with which they have rallied to the support of the new régime have done much to increase their prestige and extend their influence. It is well there are skilled hands to take the tiller, for the prospects of smooth sailing are anything but hopeful. There has been no attack on rights or privileges, nor is there likely to be, but the exodus of so many of the richer Protestants is a heavy drain, and the problem is complicated by the fact that a large proportion of the new generation seek abroad better livings than can be made at home. And this loss is complicated by mixed marriages, for in recent years Catholics are prohibited from entering into wedlock with Protestants unless provision is made that the children of the union shall be brought up in the Catholic faith.

The worst fear of many Protestants to-day is that they may be forced to sacrifice things that seem to them infinitely more important for the barren honor — as they regard it — of laying the foundations of a Gaelic civilization. I doubt if the fear is well founded, because, as far as I can see, the majority of Catholics are not particularly attracted by the idea of building a Gaelic Jerusalem in Ireland's green and pleasant land, and have yet to be convinced by the language enthusiasts that the speaking of Irish is essential to national salvation. Curiously enough, it was Protestants who were the most strenuous hot-gospelers of this dogma. The Gaelic League owes more to the missionary zeal of Dr. Douglas Hyde, the son of a Church of Ireland rector, than to anyone else; the historical background of the movement was provided mainly by Standish O'Grady, another Protestant; non-Catholics like Synge, W. B.

Yeats, Æ., Lady Gregory, and James Stephens created the literary atmosphere from which the new faith derived its sustenance.

Sinn Féin nailed the language flag to the mast in its quarrel with Great Britain, but with relatively few exceptions its leaders knew little more of the tongue than the stumbling sentences which served, in Mr. Bernard Shaw's phrase, as a Gaelic collect to preface their English speeches. If they were not prepared to learn Irish themselves, they soothed their consciences, once they stepped into office, by decreeing that the new generation should be dosed with it in double measure. I think few will now deny that the process of forcible feeding was speeded up too fast. Only a minority of elementary teachers had mastered the rudiments of Gaelic, and the short spell of intensive training which was all that was possible before the subject became part of the curriculum was wholly inadequate. The result is that throughout the country to-day bemuddled instructors are dinning into the ears of dazed pupils, with the aid of absurdly bad textbooks, what they call Irish, but what is at the best a kind of Volapük, stuffed so full of borrowed words and phrases that it has been sarcastically described as 'a language intelligible only to those who know English.'

The cry is now being raised in certain quarters that compulsory Irish in Protestant schools amounts to an act of political and religious tyranny, and it is urged that its imposition constitutes a violation of the Anglo-Irish treaty. This seems to me sheer nonsense. So far, I am glad to say, the heads of the Church of Ireland have not given it official backing — indeed, the crusade of the enthusiasts is directed as much against their own bishops as against the Gaelic League.

They protest, no doubt sincerely, that they are not animated by sectarian motives, but it is obvious to anyone who knows Ireland that their agitation, if it develops as it has begun, will be used to rekindle the dying embers of sectarianism, and equally certain that if it does, and if Irish becomes a bone of contention between the creeds, we may bid farewell to any hope of obtaining a modification of the existing educational programme.

If there has been no organized campaign on the Catholic side against the Gaelicizing of education, there has been no lack of plain speaking by Catholics, large numbers of whom are discovering, to their horror, that after three years of the new system their children are leaving school with a knowledge of neither Irish nor English. The worst blot on the Free State is that since it came into being the standard of education in the primary schools has dropped to a lower level than at any time within living memory. Other causes may be at work as well as the overloading of the programme with Irish, but popular opinion is convinced that the worst of the mischief is due to Irish and Irish alone.

Under an educational system where anything in the nature of popular control existed, I am satisfied this state of affairs could not have arisen. But in Southern Ireland the churches, Catholic and Protestant alike, are agreed that bureaucratic dictatorship is infinitely preferable, from their point of view, to even the shadow of democratic rule.

Even so mild a proposal as a local rate for the cleaning and heating of schools, which would still leave the churches in effective control of the teaching, was rejected lest it might prove the thin end of the wedge. Recently a body of elementary teachers declared that the country schools, all

of which are under clerical management, were 'a standing disgrace to a civilized community' in their failure to provide in many cases even the most primitive form of sanitary arrangements for the wretched boys and girls, who were nevertheless expected to acquire habits of cleanliness and the moral virtues. Clerical dominance may have safeguarded faith, but in the light of the last ten years it does not seem to be equally successful in regard to morals, and I imagine no one will dispute that the general level of Irish education is disgracefully low.

V

Northern Ireland, unlike the Free State, has used its self-governing powers to set up local educational authorities, who are empowered to establish rates to supplement the contributions from the Central Government. It was laid down that teaching was to be undenominational, but the Protestant churches by a well-directed organization compelled the Northern Cabinet to provide for Bible teaching at the State's expense, thus securing their full demand, while neatly dishing the Catholics, who have almost ceased to count for the time being as a factor in Ulster politics as a result of their folly in yielding to the clamor of their extremists to boycott the new Government.

Presbyterians have also scored heavily over the Church of Ireland, which is handicapped by the fact that, while the great majority of its hearers are inside the Six Counties, the Church is organized on a basis which allots two thirds of its bishops to dioceses in the Free State. The practical abolition of landlordism has also weakened its political as well as its social influence in the North, for the leaders of Belfast business, who have obtained control

of the new governmental machine, are Presbyterians almost to a man, whereas even twenty years ago the Episcopalians had almost a monopoly of parliamentary representation.

There is no open friction between the denominations, nor, I think, is it likely to arise, unless the right of Presbyterianism to lead is disputed by other Protestant sections. The holders of this creed made it clear from the first that they were determined, not merely to be the power behind the throne, but to insist that ministers should yoke themselves openly to the chariot of the Church. They are now seeking to better their score over the Education Act by compelling Sir James Craig, in spite of his declaration that so long as he is Prime Minister he will not touch controversial temperance legislation, to introduce a local-option bill on the Scottish model, preliminary to a measure of prohibition as drastic as the Volstead Act.

Presbyterianism is the more determined to raise the Prohibition banner as its official leaders see in a movement of this kind—upon which, theoretically at least, all their sections are in agreement—the best hope of avoiding a bitter quarrel upon questions of doctrine. In principle Irish Presbyterians still look to Scotland as their spiritual home, but of late years American influences have colored in an increasing degree their outlook, and provided them with inspiration and driving force. The Prohibition crusade established new bonds between Ulster and the Middle West; and it was a foregone conclusion that Fundamentalism would make converts in the Six Counties, more especially as it was not a question of transplanting something new, but rather of applying the methods of large-scale production to a native article.

The first onslaught of the Ulster

Fundamentalists was inspired by divinity students, who complained that some of their professors were introducing modernist heresies into their lectures. This was followed by a hail of leaflets issued by a body known as the Presbyterian Bible Standards League, under titles such as 'S.O.S. to Irish Presbyterians,' 'Faith or Infidelity: Which Is It To Be?' 'The Assembly's College a Seed Bed of Rationalism.' The accusers refused to bring forward proof of their charges, which, according to a committee appointed to investigate them, were based on the assumption that 'when a professor chooses a textbook he commits himself to every statement in it.'

The attack on individual professors, however, was only a preliminary to a concerted campaign against the recommendations of a committee appointed by the Assembly to revise the questions put at ordination and to alter the formula of subscription to the Confession of Faith. It is objected that the term 'Word of God,' in reference to the Scriptures, and also the doctrine of the Holy Trinity have been so whittled down that 'any old-fashioned Unitarian could subscribe to the proposed questions.' Another grievance is that the committee declined to make the Virgin Birth one of the tests at ordination, in spite of the fact that 'the great Presbyterian Church of the United States . . . has added this question.'

When the issue came up for discussion at the General Assembly last June, the public galleries were packed with a mob which howled down members who had the temerity to speak in favor of revising the doctrinal constitution. After prolonged and passionate controversy, the Assembly shirked a decision by referring the matter to a reconstituted committee, which is to report next June. To

judge by the ardor with which the Fundamentalists are mobilizing their resources, the prospects of a compromise are almost negligible. The spirit of faction, which in Catholic Ireland makes havoc of political combinations, finds in the Presbyterian North its most congenial expression in heresy hunts and theological battles. Once the spirit is properly roused, few things are more difficult than to restrain the fury of internal divisions from destroying the foundations of the Church. It is, I am convinced, in the hope of avoiding or at least of postponing domestic conflict that the temperance reform issue is being pressed with such vigor. Whatever damage may be done to the political fetish of Unionist solidarity is in the eyes of the shrewder Presbyterian leaders a small thing in comparison with pursuing to the bitter end a struggle that might endanger the Ark of the Covenant.

VI

A survey of the Irish churches in action does not provide much evidence in support of the view that, if the whole island had been included in a single political system, leaders of the various

creeds would have speedily adjusted their differences, to the extent at least of ensuring the smooth working of the new state machinery. Everything, I fear, points to the conclusion that, instead of the agreement to differ which is now gradually taking shape, even minor political clashes would have been complicated by the introduction of sectarian bias and bitterness. Partition has certainly not eliminated this bias, but the controversies between Republicans and the Catholic bishops and Sir James Craig's troubles with official Presbyterianism are opening the eyes of Irishmen to the fact — which ten years ago would have been regarded as the wildest paradox — that the political dominance of a creed creates difficulties for its adherents, which may be even more perplexing than the effects of this supremacy upon members of other communions. The prospects of Irish unity, as I see it, depend less upon the willingness to offer political concessions than upon the ability of the majority in the Free State and Northern Ireland to delimit the sphere of their respective churches in secular affairs, on lines that will make possible the fullest and freest coöperation of citizens of all creeds — and none — in the service of the nation.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PROOFREADING THE BIBLE

A WHILE ago I added to my collection of various versions of the Bible the new translation of the New Testament made by Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed and issued by the University of Chicago. Only recently did I have a conjunction of the three unities — time, place, and circumstance — which enabled me to put my feet up on my desk and settle down to a long-anticipated reading of this interesting work.

I had not read far when I came across a typographical error. And then another. And then a positive crux calculated to entangle the mind of the best Shakespearean guesser. From that moment my intention of enjoying the story went by the board. Instead of a Bible reader I had become a proof-reader.

In the hope that the next edition may be a little nearer to perfection, and that the present edition may be called to the attention of collectors who like books because of the flaws in them, let me mention a few errata.

In the First Epistle to the Corinthians, i.7, the word 'waiting' looks strange without an *i* in it, as follows: 'and there is no gift that you lack while you are waiting for our Lord. . . .' Again, in the same epistle, in the second verse of the sixth chapter, the word 'Christians' seems much lacking without a *t*, to wit: 'Do you not know that the Christians are to be the judges of the world?' In the Gospel of Luke, vii.25, there is an error which could only be authoritatively corrected by referring to Professor Goodspeed's manuscript; in which regard it is in the nature of a Shake-

spearean crux and more than the ordinary typographical error. Having entirely miscarried, it has to take on whatever meaning one's imagination may be able to invest it with, namely: 'Men who wear fine clothes and live in luxury you find in palaces.'

As this is a crux I am going to take the liberty of solving it. I think the line should be 'Men who wear fine clothes and live in luxury you find in palaces.' That strikes me as a very good piece of Theobaldian divination, a veritable pass of pate, and I am going to let it go at that. Only trusting that when a new edition comes out, corrected according to the original manuscript, I shall find that I am right. I think I have been right in some of my better-known literary emendations; but I must admit that I never expected to see the day when I should be solving cruxes in the Bible.

My valued friend, Professor William Lyon Phelps, stated, all apropos of nothing, in his department in the September *Scribner's*, the following bald fact: 'Nearly all publications have typographical errors except the Authorized Version of the Bible and railway time-tables.'

What prompted him to set down that remark to stand isolated and alone in his department I do not know; but, striking my eye just when I was engaged in making corrections in a newly printed Testament, it seemed to me to be a sort of *défi*, a challenge from the champion of the Authorized, saying to one and all, 'Come on with your corrections.' I know he is the last person in the world to issue a *défi*; but I was in the mood to take up the challenge, and

in spite of the apparent hopelessness of the thing I believe I almost made out a case.

In Matthew v.14 of the Authorized Version we read: 'A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.' Now, as anyone with a proper education knows, the article 'an' is wrong in this connection. Before words beginning with a consonant sound the 'a' should be used, and before words beginning with a vowel sound 'an' is invariably right. Any good university will bear me out in this statement.

I make haste to accede to what the opposition will now bring forward in defense: namely, that as an Englishman drops his *h*, and 'hill' in this case would begin with a vowel sound, the use of 'an' is correct. The Londoner reading the Bible would possibly say 'an 'ill,' and this would be phonetically orthodox. This I grant. But in that case I want to know why it is that in Joshua xxiv.33 we read: 'And Eleazar the son of Aaron died; and they buried him in a hill. . . .'

In Exodus xxviii.32 we are told: 'And there shall be an hole in the top of it, in the midst thereof. . . .' This might be correct upon the theory that the Englishman would speak of it as 'an 'ole.' Admitted. But at the same time I must point out that in 2 Kings, xii.9, it says: 'But Jehoiada the priest took a chest, and bored a hole in the lid of it. . . .' If the other is correct, this must be wrong; it should be 'an hole.' I have a Geneva Bible printed by the deputies of Christopher Barker in London in 1597, an interesting volume containing much handwriting over three hundred years old, and a copy of an old English hymn in the Old Court hand. This Bible tells me that the priest 'took a chest and bored an hole,' thus differing with its successor.

Whether an Englishman's dropping his *h* constitutes a typographical error

might be open to question, I admit. My argument simply is that both these usages cannot be right; one of them must be an error. And if an Englishman is going to drop his *h* he ought to do it consistently, especially when he is doing it in print and in translating the Bible.

It might be contended that the English language was in a stage of transition, of indetermination between 'a' and 'an' in the presence of an *h*. But Shakespeare, who wrote at the same time, always says 'a hill,' 'a hole,' 'a holiday,' 'a horse,' and so on, consistently. Imagine his saying:—

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop an hole to keep the wind away.

Or imagine Richard exclaiming:—

An horse! an horse! my kingdom for an horse!

An inexperienced faultfinder, disposed to make light of Professor Goodspeed because of a few typographical errors, would be likely to leap with joy when he found that in the First Epistle General of John a whole verse is missing. It is that familiar seventh verse of the fifth chapter: 'For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one.' This is simply absent, the translator saying nothing about its absence.

But this is not an error. The verse does not belong in the Bible—at least, not in the opinion of high authorities. It does not appear in any of the ancient manuscripts. It appeared in a Latin manuscript of the ninth century and a Greek manuscript of the fifteenth. Sir Isaac Newton wrote a dissertation upon it; but what he said was not included in his printed works.

Professor Goodspeed has made a new translation from the most approved Greek text; and as this passage is not in the original it naturally does not appear

in the present New Testament. All of which would suggest that one needs to go slow in finding fault with the modern Bible editor.

This new translation of the New Testament is very successful in attaining the quality it aims at — readability. It was not prompted by any desire for mere novelty, but has behind it reasons both scholarly and literary. Remarkable discoveries of Greek papyri since 1897 have enlarged the knowledge of the language of the common people — a vernacular quite unknown to earlier translators of the Bible. The New Testament was not written in the classical Greek, nor in the literary Greek of its own day, but in the Greek of the streets and of everyday life; and yet classical and literary Greek were the only references the early translators had in trying to work out meanings. Thus the modern scholar found opportunity for a more correct rendering; and, as the original was in an informal and familiar vein, it is proper that the translation should now be in a free and up-to-date English. This American translation is for the minds of our own people.

In one point I find fault with Goodspeed, and that is in his frequent use of the word 'dollar.' He translates everything from pennyworths to talents into dollars, and sometimes with startling results. For instance, there is the passage in Matthew where Jesus, in order to pay the temple tax, tells Simon, called Peter, how he is to raise the money. The Authorized Version quotes Christ as saying: 'Notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money. . . .'

The modern version has it: 'Take the first fish that comes up, open its mouth and you will find in it a dollar.'

This is simply taking liberties with

Uncle Sam. For Christ to have produced a dollar from the mouth of a fish in the Sea of Galilee, even one of the first official Liberty dollars of 1794, would have been a miracle indeed.

In proofreading, the most remarkable feats of conjecture and true insight have been achieved by the editors of Shakespeare. As the first edition of his works was very faulty and his own manuscript had been lost or destroyed, the correction of errors resolved itself into the task of reading proof without the author's copy to refer to. This state of affairs has been the source of much happy inspiration as well as small-minded ingenuity; and it has often beclouded the text by leading commentators to think that errors existed where there were none. It is easy for a man who cannot understand Shakespeare to think that the fault lies with the typesetters rather than himself. Theobald is generally considered to have made some of the aptest hits in this sort of proofreading, solving some baffling cruxes.

But to my mind one of the most remarkable feats in this line is that of Rendel Harris in discovering and evidently solving a crux in the New Testament. It is worth taking a glance at.

In the First Epistle General of Peter, chapter three, occur these verses: —

18. For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit:

19. By which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison;

20. Which sometime were disobedient, when once the longsuffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved by water.

Here we have Peter seeming to say that Christ, who died for all men, went and preached in prison to certain disobedient ones in the time of Noah and

the ark — all of which does not seem to hang together and give the consistent sense that we might expect. In this juncture Rendel Harris had an idea: he conjectured that by an error of the eye the name of Enoch had dropped out of verse 19. Professor Goodspeed has corrected the passage according to Mr. Harris's suggestion, with the following very lucid results: —

For Christ himself died once for all, for sin, an upright man for unrighteous men, to bring us to God, and was physically put to death, but he was made alive in the Spirit. In it Enoch went and preached even to those spirits that were in prison, who had once been disobedient, when in Noah's time God in his patience waited for the ark to be made ready, in which a few people, eight in all, were brought safely through the water.

Here we have the salvation of the whole world by Christ contrasted with the saving of only eight people in the time of Noah, when Enoch, in a like 'spirit' with Christ, tried to save all by preaching in the prisons.

As a tamer of cruxes I extend to Mr. Harris greetings and salutation.

WOOLWORTH AND I (AND ADELE)

It is very quiet now at home. I am having an annual respite from tempestuousness. That is why I have grown to love Woolworth — he is so captivatingly quiet. True, in moments of excessive vivacity he does snap himself, but such exuberance is rare, and it is not annoying — after you find out what it is.

Adele left me with her customary trepidation. She always starts on her vacation convinced that some calamity, directly due to my inherent genius for stupidity, helplessness, and disorder, will quickly overhaul me. Yet I always survive summers.

By now you know that Adele is my

wife. Verily she leads me into long, devious discussions which tear me from my work, tie my thoughts and emotions together in hard knots, rouse me to bigotry and secular expletives — and then placidly goes to sleep at the most critical moment, just when I am thoroughly aware and ready to argue really well.

But at last Adele left me with Woolworth, convinced that we should burn the house down between us, pull up the lawn by the roots, demoralize the kitchen, and finally commit some spectacular, but perfectly witless and superfluous sort of hara-kiri together — Woolworth and I.

By now you probably do not know that Woolworth is a goldfish. In fact, he is a ten-cent-store goldfish and he circulates in a little ten-cent bowl in the bottom of which ten cents' worth of pebbles occur. Woolworth is a typical American. He chews all the time — gum, I suppose. But he chews incessantly, and that is mastication without digestion or assimilation, and that is typically American.

Furthermore, like a rocking-chair, which is typically American too, Woolworth symbolizes movement without progress. For he swims round and round and round, but gets nowhere to speak of, unless you count in the movement of the earth or of our universe, and begin to consider Einstein's plane-of-reference business, which is all very nice, but entirely too technical for a goldfish.

Then, tired of circulating, Woolworth stops suddenly, half reclines upon the pebbles on his what takes the place of an elbow, and chews and meditates there at the bottom of his bowl. He meditates very profoundly. I flick my finger against the outside of the bowl near his face and he ignores it. He is in some sort of East Indian trance, I am sure. He looks positively esoteric. Undoubtedly he could hold

his arm up above his head until his finger nails penetrated his palm if he had a palm, and finger nails, and an arm.

I reach a finger into the bowl and playfully poke him in the back. At once he leaps, affrighted, then recovers his dignity. This retrieved, he regards me with a mixture of solemn anger and disdain. He plainly asks why his profound cogitations should not be respected, which is much more sensible than asking, as flappers do, 'Whadye mean, the goldfish kicked you?'

Woolworth presents an anomaly in nutrition. This is a sore puzzle to me. For my daily work leads me into the abstruse field of protein intake, vitamins, mineral balance, and calories. But Woolworth knows nothing of these things. He disdains them. He has passed that rudimentary stage, for he has so solved the problem of nutrition that he does n't have to eat at all. At least, so far as I can see, he has not eaten a morsel these ten days and he is still active and his color normal.

Perhaps Adele fed him a biscuit occasionally. I am trying to find out, but the mails are slow. Meantime I change his water daily and hope that he finds lots of microbes in it, while at the same time hoping that I get very few from the very same water. I have a suspicion that he gets out and raids the ice box late at night while I sleep. He has a sly and crafty look. Somehow he appears to be just the sort of goldfish who would do a thing like that.

But most of all I bask in his silence. He is so utterly quiet. He never involves me in irrelevant discussions wherein I make rash, absent-minded, incriminating statements because I am trying doggedly to hold my thoughts elsewhere and control my emotions at the same time — trying to solve a problem or complete an article.

He likes the room, the carpet, the wall paper, the curtains, the house. He

expresses no desire for a new refrigerator. The gas stove seems adequate to him and a few stairs do not impress him at all as reason for agitation or fatigue. He is courteously indifferent to the state of my immortal soul.

Hot weather does not annoy Woolworth. If he thinks the grass needs cutting, he is too sedate and tactful to say so. He is quite sure, apparently, that I do not get a clean handkerchief oftener simply because I do not happen to provide myself with a clean handkerchief oftener.

He is also aware that, since I am a nutrition chemist, I shall probably eat atrocious food combinations and he never insists that I eat lettuce and spinach. Instead he instinctively knows that I get my joy out of life and my salary by insisting that other people eat lettuce and spinach.

Woolworth has not yet asked me for money, either. He is so inexpensive as to be positively awe-inspiring.

His noiselessness soothes, quiets, and caresses me with calm. True, when he suddenly turns a corner he snaps himself like a tiny whip and sometimes splashes a drop of water on the floor. But he seldom does that. It is only on very rare occasions that a spasm of undignified skittishness overtakes him and leads to unseemly conduct.

Woolworth is an Oriental mystic, and mystics are wise. Time means nothing to him. He never hurries. He is made with one speed. He has solved the riddle of living without nourishment. He thinks profoundly, but he is wise enough to keep his thoughts strictly to himself.

Oh, that he might inspire me! For when and if Adele sees this she will want to discuss it. If I had the wisdom of Woolworth I'd never have written this out at all.

I must go and give Woolworth more water to chew.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

SHORTLY after their marriage in China, **Eleanor Lattimore** and her husband planned a wedding trip that would take them over the ancient caravan routes to Chinese Turkestan. Needless to say, it was not to be polite travel. They gathered their forces at Kweihwa, and there on the eve of departure their camels were commandeered, the railway cut, and they themselves interned by the local war lords. Captivity lasted for six months. Eventually Mr. Lattimore got free, and, after dodging through the defeated Christian Army, set out for their goal in advance. Mrs. Lattimore was to meet him in Kashgar. To do so she had to put herself in the hands of Tatar drivers and travel for seventeen days through a Siberian wilderness in weather forty degrees below zero. It is not uncharacteristic of the age that this Odyssey should have a heroine rather than a hero. ¶The venerable author of 'An Ancient Priesthood in a New World' is an American Roman Catholic clergyman of more than national prominence. For over thirty years he has ministered to his large flock with gentle devotion and untiring zeal. Renowned for his intellectual attainments, he has held a high and responsible position in his Church. A man of God and a lover of the people, he is esteemed by all who know him. He has been widely recognized as a deep student of human problems. His brilliant, versatile mind is forever seeking their solution. Other articles from his pen will appear in subsequent issues of the *Atlantic*. **John Hearley**, who drew up the Preface to the series, has had considerable experience with the press, here and abroad. Formerly he was in charge of the United Press Bureau at Rome. Upon our entering the war he was attached to the staff of Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page at our Italian Embassy, and later became Acting Commissioner in Italy for the Committee on Public Information. ¶After graduating from

Harvard three years ago, **Walter D. Edmonds** returned to his home in upstate New York, where, working on his farm and among the survivors of the old canal days, he has heard the tales and seen the people who make fiction possible.

* * *

The thirty thousand manuscripts which come to the *Atlantic* annually are ample evidence of the elemental urge to write. **James Norman Hall**, who has pursued his muse north, south, east, and west (eventually coming to rest in the Society Islands), knows the passion of old. ¶The Reverend **Edmund A. Walsh, S.J.**, is vice president of Georgetown University and regent of its School of Foreign Service. For several of the war years Father Walsh worked in Russia, first with Mr. Hoover, then dispensing the great relief fund contributed by American Catholics. From every authentic source — literature, newspapers, documents, and individual testimony — Father Walsh has gathered the materials for his successive articles on the fall of the Romanovs. ¶The wife of a United States Naval Officer, **Grace Zaring Stone** knows each of the Seven Seas by sight, sound, and smell. She is now in the Orient to be near her husband, who is serving with the Yangtze Patrol. **Captain B. H. Liddell Hart**, successor to Colonel Repington as military critic of the *London Daily Telegraph*, tells us what went on behind the German lines in times of crises. **Bernard Iddings Bell** is president of Saint Stephen's College. When submitting the present manuscript, he stated with proper modesty that, though he had been writing verse for some years, he had till now 'kept the results carefully concealed.' But truth will out. **Kenneth Griggs Merrill** took time off from his duties as manager of a Chicago manufacturing plant to wend on a very modern pilgrimage to Canterbury. 'Neon,' the anonymous English expert on aviation,

observes, from incontrovertible and tragic evidence, that it is the wind more than any other single factor which obstructs the success of long-distance flights.

* * *

That R. H. Mottram has a singular understanding of the French and English temperaments, especially as they were brought in recent contact, all readers of his war trilogy, *The Spanish Farm*, will agree. Stonewall Brown was one of the many who forsook home, business, and caution to take part in the Texas Oil Rush. Edith B. Spaulding makes her first appearance in our columns. The title of her verses, she explains, comes from the Scottish Gaelic, and *a bhata* means 'of the boat.' ¶As a postscript to Mrs. Downes's paper, 'The Cost of Illness,' published in the October *Atlantic*, Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia, one of the best-beloved of his profession, tells us in a few words just what illness costs the doctor.

* * *

Colonel Wilds P. Richardson, of the United States Army, lived for twenty years in Alaska, engaged for the greater part of that time in the work of road and trail construction under the direction of the War Department. He writes us:—

The fact that I served twenty years in Alaska willingly, beyond the usual requirement of detail, ought to be proof enough that I love the Territory. Exaggerated stories of the wealth of the Territory have been constant. There is wealth there, but it is not to be had without properly systematized and safeguarded labor. Its population has dwindled and still is dwindling. There are reasons for these conditions, which I have tried to point out, with suggestions of remedial measures.

An Irish correspondent, J. Gannon, is said by those who know to be 'far and away the best journalist in Ireland.' His facts, we think, have the advantage of being true, and that is saying much for a paper on this complicated situation.

* * *

Seldom has an article been greeted by such a storm of genuine and interesting protests

as came to us in response to 'The Unknown Soldier,' by James Truslow Adams, published in the November *Atlantic*. Although the author aimed his charge at mediocrity rather than at the Memorial, it was felt that his criticism had scored a double hit. 'What we are objecting to,' wrote a Chicago reader, 'is the linking up, in any manner, of a purely patriotic sentiment with those phases of life (we might add of literature, as well) of which none of us should be proud.'

The limits of space forbid our doing justice to this correspondence, of which we can print but a few salient selections.

PASADENA, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

You see, it's this way, as *Life* would say. Like many others of your family, when we are through with a copy of the *Atlantic* we pass it on to find other readers before it finally meets the junkman face to face. Though I confess to a mild resentment, as an intrusion on my reading, on finding passages marked in a book from the Public Library, I venture to sometimes mark one or two titles in the index of the *Atlantic*: a single mark—a sort of cum laude—for a notable article, and a double mark for greater distinction. Now here is where I made a mistake. When half through reading 'The Unknown Soldier' by James Truslow Adams in the November *Atlantic*, I was so taken with its charm that I at once turned to the index and gave it my magna cum laude (thus: <<The Unknown Soldier>>), but a little later wished that I had not gone so high in degree.

While I think more of the Common Man than I imagine Mr. Adams would have me, I enjoyed his early gentle sarcasm,—the New Jersey commuter, Mr. Coolidge in chaps, the cockroaches and all,—but I could not go the full length with him. His devoted reader, far be it from me to suggest that Truslow Adams ever missed a point, but he at least seemed to swerve a bit when, to clinch his argument, he left the Common Man and came down to comparing the individual common man with the individual great man. Of course, all will admit that the unknown X Y back in the days of Lincoln is never 'really going to be a better hero . . . than Lincoln himself,' and none will claim that 'the career of an ordinary sailor is more of an incentive to ambition than that of Nelson.' But it is not the common man that is celebrated in literature or that lies in the Unknown Soldier's grave, but the Common Man—that is, Everyman. Was Lincoln greater than all the men he led?

Was Nelson greater than all the sailors under him? Does not the greatness of the greatest of the earth rest on the countless host before him and about him?

There is, as Mr. Adams suggests, a good deal of twaddle in our adulation of the Common Man, and it makes one sick to see common men in high places magnifying their kinship with the Common Man; but do we want to turn about and refuse to recognize that the Common Man still moves the world, not the least of his achievements being the production of the greatest of men?

D. C. S.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Adams, in the November issue, says that our canonization of the Unknown Soldier represents a deplorable tendency to glorify the common man at the expense of the leader. In magnifying the virtues of the private, he goes on to say, we are belittling the qualities of the general; in paying homage to the humble, we are dethroning the great ones of this earth. Mr. Adams apparently believes that, in the first place, mankind is divided irrevocably into two classes mutually exclusive of each other, the few great and the countless common; and that, in the second place, when we give honor to the common man it is because of his commonness. In other words, we are merely indulging our inferiority complex.

While undoubtedly this tendency does exist in American life, I do not believe that the idealization of the Unknown Soldier is an instance of it. On the contrary, in honoring him we are paying tribute to the hero in ourselves. Though most of us don't know him, we feel that he is there. For however common we may be, does not our capacity for admiring heroism in others attest the same capacity, at least potentially, in our own breast? Else what power is it that, since the dawn of history, has made men, from the greatest of them to the least of them, ready to lay down their lives for their country? The division that figured most conspicuously in the battle of the Argonne was drawn principally from New York's East Side. When we honor the Unknown Soldier among them, it is not for his common, but for his uncommon qualities. The fact that one presumably no greater than we can rise to such heights enhances our faith in human nature and in ourselves. When in the past we have singled out for admiration the recognized leaders and captains of state, the Cæsars and the Napoleons, it has been for the same reason as that for which we now honor the Unknown Soldier. They, like him, were our own representatives.

Mr. Adams says that we are fond of picturing our presidents and other men of note occupied in

lowly and manual labors. He evidently believes that we choose to honor Lincoln because he was a rail-splitter, or Coolidge because he can wield a pitchfork. If this were the case, why do not we honor all rail-splitters and all wielders of the pitchfork? The reason we like to refer to Lincoln as the rail-splitter is because his rise to greatness from humble beginnings indicates the triumph of character over circumstance, of ability over lack of opportunity. We do not honor him because he was born in a log cabin any more than we honor Jesus because He was born in a barn.

When Jesus chose His followers from the humble walks of life, it was, again, not because they were common men, but because they possessed qualities which He prized. For the same reason we choose for our hero the Unknown Soldier.

Mr. Adams and others of our critics complain that our democracy tends to reduce all its citizens to a drab mediocrity and then to set up on a pedestal and worship that same mediocrity. Yet we mediocre worshippers of mediocrity have numbered among our presidents in less than a century and a half two great benefactors of the human race, and I think history will add two more. Can any other form of government show such a record?

MARGARET LEE WOODBURY

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Upon reading the article of James Truslow Adams, 'The Unknown Soldier,' I was forcibly struck with one statement of the writer, viz: —

'America pretends to worship education, but I cannot recall a single photograph of any President with a book in his hand.'

I am inclined to believe that Mr. Adams's experience in viewing photographs of the chief executives of the nation must be of somewhat narrow extent, for in most of the famous portraits of the Presidents (from which photographs are generally reproduced) a book (or books) is, as a general thing, in evidence.

I have in my possession a book entitled *Lives and Portraits of the Presidents from Washington to Grant, with portraits by Alonzo Chappell*. While, it is true, this book is somewhat venerable in character, having been copyrighted in 1873, yet the portraits are reproductions of likenesses obtained from authentic sources; and from the Father of his Country down to Andrew Johnson, with three exceptions, all show books. Washington sits with his hand on a closed volume, John Adams has an open book in his left hand, while John Quincy Adams leans hard on a pile of books. Thomas Jefferson is presented with a book lying carelessly on the floor at his feet, as though he had just ceased reading it. James Monroe also has one at his feet, while Andrew

Jackson leans an elbow on a closed book with a slip in its pages, where presumably he had marked his stopping place.

John Tyler again holds a book on his knee, while James K. Polk sits with an open book held with both hands, and looks as though he had just glanced up from its pages. Franklin Pierce has one on his knee (evidently a favorite pose of the artist). James Buchanan stands holding a book, while the great Liberator sits with a lengthy scroll on his knee, perhaps the Emancipation Proclamation. James Madison, Martin Van Buren, and Andrew Johnson are all portrayed with a book or books on the tables by which they are either sitting or standing.

The only portraits remaining, where no books are in evidence, are those of the first Harrison, Zachary Taylor, and Ulysses Grant, the two latter being military in character and President Harrison drawn in outdoor dress.

I have not in my possession any photographs of subsequent Presidents, but think a search might disclose that even these latter would be portrayed with books. However, I think this list sufficient to controvert the deduction sought by Mr. Adams to be drawn from his statement above quoted, and to disclose that not all presidential photographs are lacking in the intellectual atmosphere.

Very truly,

ELIZABETH H. RYAN

* * *

The plight of the women's colleges, as stated in the leading article of the November *Atlantic*, seems to this critic inevitable.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Nothing, not even money, can ever make the women's colleges equal to the best colleges for men, because the former can never assemble such distinguished faculties. No amount of money could lure to their midsts, in any numbers, the first scholars of the country. How many great chemists or economists — whatever their devotion to women's education — would cut themselves off from young men, from shaping the careers of future chemists or economists? The girl's career is dubious; marriage may interrupt it. This is no argument for her having poorer teachers, but it is a good reason for a great scholar's not *confining* himself to girls.

The women's colleges can never, through their women professors, equal the best colleges for men, for they cannot get enough professorial timber. Not that women are duller than men. But most women teachers are unmarried. Whether they are single from choice or not is immaterial. The fact is that they have missed the great experiences of

marriage and parenthood. Compared to the men professors, they seem limited, often constricted. (The outstanding unmarried women of this country are exceptions.) This limitation is one reason, I believe, why some women have not been advanced in coeducational colleges. Though there may be, for aught I know, discrimination against women, I have never seen, in the two coeducational universities where I have taught, a professorship withheld from a woman who was adequate to it, judging her case absolutely. (Whether she was as able as some men professors is irrelevant here.)

Since I have neither a professorship nor a husband, I belong to the group whose limitations I have been describing, which fact should strengthen my testimony.

Since the women's colleges by themselves cannot give the best education, the best intellectual future for girls lies in two directions — the coeducational college, vastly improved over its present state, and a joint arrangement, like that at Harvard and Radcliffe.

CATHARINE BANCROFT BEATLEY

* * *

How it feels to be alive.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mary Hamilton's account of the conversation, 'The Right to be Happy,' in the October *Atlantic*, set me to thinking to-night. Why am I so happy? Never before have I stopped to analyze my feelings, to figure it out, but to-night I have.

First of all, I believe that happiness is a state of mind — it is something to be cultivated, like any other art. We may all be happy or unhappy, right now. We may cultivate a happy frame of mind by learning to appreciate little things, by having a deep sense of gratitude for the things that we do have — this, with a sense of humor to carry us over the really bad places, and with some imagination, for the ordinary person will mean happiness. It has for me, I believe.

Fate has tried to cheat me of happiness by making me too plain-looking for a woman. All women ought to be pretty. I'm not. I have to work every day and I live alone in a cheap boarding house. But on the other hand Fate has given me some things to make up for what I lack. First of all, I have perfect health, and imagination.

Every morning I awake with that glorious feeling that I am alive and can be up and doing. Every morning I arise at seven o'clock and at seven-thirty catch the car at the corner, and hang on a strap all the way down town. Never once has that trip failed to thrill me. Such interesting people get on my car — all kinds, you

know. There is one man — I call him Frank Johnson in my mind — who always looks so worried and unhappy. Do you know why? I have it all figured out — just about. Some day I may get the details straight from him. I know that he has either a sick wife or ten children. Not both, however. I am not certain whether it is the sick wife that worries him, or whether he is in constant fear of another offspring. This morning we were both hanging on to the same strap, and if I had known then that I was going to write to you to-night I might have said to him rather casually, 'Oh, by the way, Mr. Johnson, how is your wife?' Now if he had said that there was nothing the matter with his wife I would have known that it was not the sick wife that worried him, but the other. Maybe to-morrow morning — but to-morrow morning it may be that Alice will be punching me in the ribs. I know that her name is Alice, or her sister's name is, because one morning she had a slicker on and across the back was written the name. The only trouble being that the slicker was much too big for her, so maybe it belonged to her sister, certainly not her brother. I wish that I could tell you about Alice. She always fills me with the joy of living. Her get-up and breezy ways — mere words fail me. I'm very fond of her and I am keeping an eagle eye on her, too. Some day she is going to have a worried look and I am going to help her if I can. That's where I can use my college education. I can't help her now — she is one of the kind that will have to find out things for herself. She is sure to find out, too. Well, when she needs help, she is certainly going to get it from an unexpected source.

I must go on — you will tire of this.

Most people would say that my life at the office was very humdrum, the same thing every day, but I could write an entire book showing how vastly different each day is and how sweet and interesting. At five o'clock I start for home. I always walk five to ten blocks of the way each night. I love it when it is bright and sunshiny and I adore the rainy days and the cold, peppy days. On the bright days it's pleasant to stroll along and look in the shop windows and breathe deep. On cold days I like to rush along and say 'Hello' to all the newsboys and 'Pardon me' to all the people that I bump. When I get home and have bathed, I count my money, to see if I will have a big dinner, or a small dinner and a show, or just a milk shake and a pleasant evening at home. Saturday is pay day, so the end of the week runs to milk shakes and pleasant evenings at home. The fact is, this is Friday night.

Well, after saying all this it does not seem to me that I have really said or explained why I am so happy. Almost every day I get a chance to give someone a lift, someone who is really out of

luck. I think that is important, too, not to think of one's self too much. But if I were going to state, like one might state an algebra problem, what makes for happiness, I would say: —

1. Good health.
2. The ability to appreciate and enjoy little things.
3. A deep feeling of gratitude for what one has.
4. To honestly like people.
5. Work, sleep, food, a sense of humor, to thoroughly enjoy whatever you are doing now. Sometimes you have to make up your mind to enjoy yourself, but you can make it such a habit that soon, down deep, you begin to feel the joy of living in everything that may happen, little things and big things. Then, with a sense of humor, you can get to liking unpleasant things, so that even when the dentist is pulling your tooth you feel quite thrilled and say, 'My dear, *this* is life.'

DORIS MAYER

* * *

A home on the rolling deep.

ON BOARD 'HIGHBALL II'
HUNTINGTON, WEST VA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

There is a human appeal in the 'noncommercial advertisement' appearing in the *Atlantic's* September Contributors' Column. I am constrained to wonder: where has R. H. Wheldon been all my life? 'Someone who dislikes automobiles, newspapers, radios, commercialism.' . . . Those four major commodities are discordant notes in the scale of my well-being.

Radios? 'Who wants a worm, let him have it' — so last Christmas Santa Claus parked a radio in the bosom of a hitherto perfectly peaceful family (and the family says it's a *good* radio, capable of carrying on simultaneously with three distant stations *some* of the time, *all* of the time broadcasting the mediocre music of our own Main Street), and the worm has turned! My room on the third floor is nearing completion.

Newspapers? 'From plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord deliver us.'

Commercialism? At present suffering an acute attack, whose cloak is Flood Control by Reservoirs, which Congress may pay for, by whose power private interests may profit.

Automobiles? For years past ours has been a cabin cruiser whose dustless highways are a thousand miles of the beautiful Ohio River; a thousand miles more of the tawny untamed Mississippi, with their combined network of navigable tributaries. There one learns to love not the works of 'Mozart, Spengler, and Hardy' the less, but the Infinity of Music, Philosophy,

and Poetry more, for nature is eternal, and the rivers reach the sea. . . . We wonder if R. H. Wheldon has a boat?

Sincerely,

H. WYATT WASHINGTON

* * *

Mass education.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article on 'Chaos or Cosmos in American Education' in the October *Atlantic* interested me deeply. As a teacher in a public high school, I see one phase of public education and my experience leads me to agree with much that Dr. Holmes says. I should like, however, to comment on his dictum that American teachers seem not to have an ambition to develop thoroughness in their pupils.

I concede that the results we obtain do in some respects lack the thoroughness we would like them to have; but consider the conditions under which we try to teach. Compulsory education and general prosperity have enormously increased our high-school population. This increase includes young people of many different nationalities, from sharply contrasting home conditions and with divergent personal ambitions; or perhaps with no personal ambition yet existent. These young people vary as to intellect from the very bright to the very slow. In high school they are registered in any course they happen to select, with no method on the part of the school to ascertain whether the pupils' abilities are suited to the courses chosen. Naturally many misfits occur, and failure and discouragement are inevitable.

During the period of this great increase in pupils came the World War, which, for several years, put an end to the erection of school buildings. Principals had to accommodate in any given school perhaps two or more times the number for which the school was planned. Some arrangement such as our Chicago shift system was adopted. The building was in use from 8 A.M. until 5 P.M., and two or more teachers used the same room and the same desk. At least one third of the day a teacher was out of her room, and so could not use her desk or the various materials in her bookcase. Often she had no place and no time to meet pupils who needed help. Studying was done by hundreds of pupils in large assembly halls, not always well lighted or well ventilated, and often with no desks for writing. In some Chicago high schools these conditions have been improved, but in others they still prevail.

With the large increase in school population came the big class, forty to fifty pupils. Some principals strive to keep the size of classes down

near the official average of thirty-five pupils per teacher; others are evidently indifferent as to size of classes, and a teacher may have even six classes of over forty pupils each. Thus the teacher's load varies from 175 to 240 pupils.

Think of the effect of these large classes on a teacher's standards. She starts in with high hopes of what she can accomplish with her pupils, and meets a class in a forty-five-minute recitation period. Ten or fifteen minutes at the least must be given to taking the daily attendance, calling for and signing admits for returned absentees or for a tardy pupil. Perhaps thirty-five minutes are left in which to find out which pupils have and which ones have not done some creditable preparation; thirty-five minutes in which to have pupils demonstrate geometry propositions, practise speaking a foreign language, or make a report on some special topic. Not more than six or eight pupils can be called upon for such exercises in a period and the pupils soon learn that they are likely to be called upon only twice or three times a week. A good many of them soon question: 'Why study every day?'

The situation is further complicated by the fact that teachers are urged to give few failure averages at the close of a term. In some cases a teacher's efficiency rank is determined largely by the percentage of pupils she passes. Some principals are courageous enough to stand for quality rather than quantity, but the schools of a great city are a unit to a certain extent, and all suffer when high executives set as the goal, not the mastery of subject matter, but the securing of a passing grade. Again, the effect naturally is to make the teacher feel that she is unwise to try to maintain a standard demanding thoroughness.

Since the size of the classes prohibits hearing pupils often in oral recitation, many teachers assign a good deal of written work. The perusal of the greater part of this must be done outside of school hours, as teachers have few, if any, free periods during school hours. A high-school English teacher reports that it would necessitate over thirty hours outside of school if she were to read with helpful comment and correction one short theme for each student once a week. Such revision is necessary for thorough composition work by the pupils, but the teacher who spent such an amount of outside time on essay correction would so suffer from eyestrain and nervous fatigue that she would have no enthusiasm for the classroom.

A questionnaire answered last year by many local high-school teachers showed that a majority of them feel that they cannot maintain their standards in the big class in the big school, especially in subjects which are intended to develop diversity or originality, or to perfect individual

performance in a difficult activity. The teachers reported that the method used was largely mass instruction. Mass instruction leads to thoroughness only in subjects in which relatively simple activities are repeated time and again.

The coming of the big school has changed the emphasis in the school from education to administration. The big school, from the teachers' point of view, has 'factory-ized' education; it has created lock-step methods, and made uniformity an ideal.

Sincerely yours,

MARION C. LYONS, *Ex-President*
Local No. 3, American Federation of Teachers

* * *

Pestiferous pets.

BROCKENHURST, HANTS, ENGLAND

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In this age improved by numberless organizations for the investigation and uplift of everything from the house fly to 'Our Literary Slums,' I beg to plead for the formation of yet another. It should be known as 'The Society for the Prevention of Petty Persecutions Perpetrated against Paid Persons by Pestiferous Pets.'

This society would investigate and report on cases of wealthy old women who, soured against their own kind, lavish all their devotion and affection upon the more effeminate variations of the animal kingdom. For some reason cats seem the animal most often idolized. Now, a properly trained cat is a clean, self-respecting individual, yet no animal more quickly becomes a fussy, cantankerous, silly brute when its every whim is regarded of religious significance.

I know of one instance where a woman's niece is expected to rise from her bed between twelve and two each morning and escort the cat downstairs to the front door. The fact that Sir William chooses this rather peculiar hour for commencing his night rambles is regarded as a sign of his aristocratic tendencies.

There are penurious old maids who, while half starving themselves and such persons as are unfortunate enough to be their companions, will feed some sleepy little dog upon the fat of the land.

Too often have I been present when that scene so well told by Mrs. Gaskell has been reenacted. Remember that the Cranford ladies were taking tea with the very Honorable Mrs. Jamieson. Carlo, the small dog, received his tea first, the entire cream pitcher being emptied into his saucer. The Cranford ladies waited for their tea to be diluted with milk, and were then asked to admire Carlo's intelligence and good sense in

declining to drink anything but tea served with cream. Mrs. Gaskell aptly remarks, 'But we silently thought we were quite as intelligent and sensible as Carlo.'

It should be remembered that charity begins at home, and that in all probability most of us are more closely related to our human kind than to even the most deserving of our pet animals.

Sincerely yours,

PEARL ELMER

* * *

Very gratifying is this testimony from one of our charter members.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Editor, the Atlantic Monthly

DEAR SIR: —

Reading your notes in the November number as to the earlier days of your excellent magazine, I am strongly reminded of an incident in my early life.

When your first number appeared, I had just emerged from the starvation period which then seemed to be an essential part of a young lawyer's career — and had just started to enjoy the comfort of boarding in a private family here. A few days after arrival, I sat down in the parlor and picked up a copy of your first issue, then utterly unknown here, and chanced to open at the article by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes of blessed memory.

As I read I commenced to laugh, and the more I read the more I laughed, and had such a violent time that the 'landlady's daughter' finally rushed in, fearing that I had gone off into a fit. I begged her to read also and soon there were two young people loudly laughing in chorus till we finished the article. I loved Dr. Holmes from that day.

When the lecture habit prevailed in old times the good Doctor came here and delighted us with one of his most remarkable productions. It was in the summertime and the great hall was crowded. But no Dr. Holmes was in sight, his train having been delayed. The waiting committee finally gave it up as hopeless — when the famous man suddenly dashed into the hall alone, in his traveling duster, satchel in hand, and rushed down the centre aisle to the vacant platform, threw his duster upon the floor, apologized, and then quickly had his admiring audience in an uproar.

I am the oldest lawyer in Ohio and still active as a counselor, and so forth — no more trials. Ninety-seven and one-half years old.

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD P. BRADSTREET